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SKETCHES OF
OLD DUBLIN

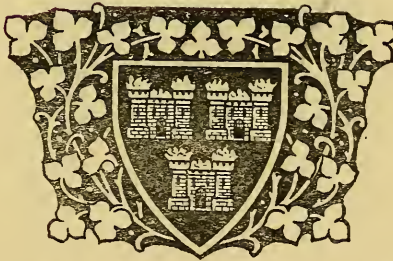
SKETCHES OF OLD DUBLIN

BY

A. PETER

AUTHOR OF "A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE MAGDALEN CHAPEL"

2079.118



SEALY, BRYERS AND WALKER
MIDDLE ABBEY STREET
DUBLIN

SEALY, BRYERS AND WALKER
MIDDLE ABBEY STREET

1907

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J. B. O'Reilly
July 5, 1908
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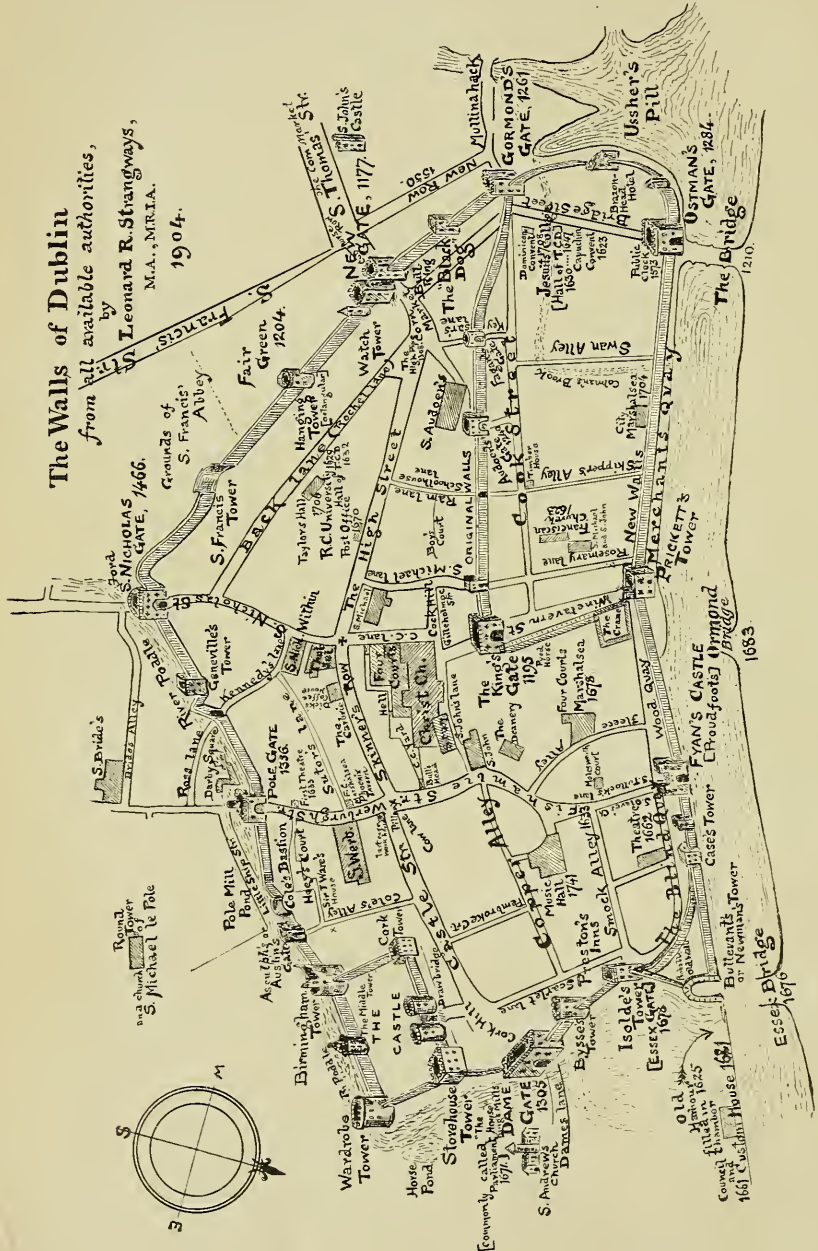
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The Walls of Dublin

from all available authorities,
by Leonard R. Strangways,
M.A., M.R.I.A.
1904.



SKETCHES OF OLD DUBLIN.



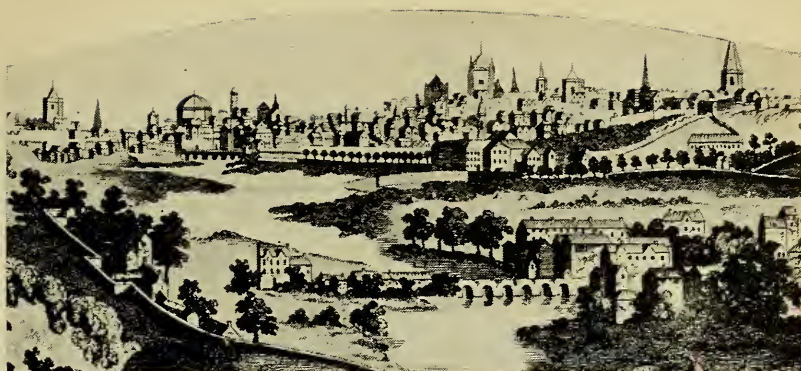
DUBLIN : ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WITHOUT boasting too much of the matter, we may fairly claim that during the last week in August a great centre of attraction is our City of Dublin. To it at that time most of the great railways and large ships of the sister country are conveying vast numbers of people, and among the inducements put forward for the pleasure seeker, the Dublin Horse Show figures largely. But, indeed, in these latter years all through the summer days, from the merry month of May until autumn comes, the streets and thoroughfares of the metropolis are crowded with visitors. Dublin has become a tourist resort, and while the Horse Show draws hither much of the rank and fashion, their numbers are but meagre in the aggregate, compared with the thousands of plainer folk who spend a few days, or maybe hours, during the travelling season. We are, therefore, in evidence before a great multitude, whom we have induced to visit us by reason of what we have to show them, and to whom our guide books and hotel advertisements have appealed with a force that impelled them to come. And what do they see when they are here? We are accustomed in these times, and indeed sometimes do it ourselves, perhaps, when abroad, to

hearing how certain places were "done" in so many hours, and a fair acquaintance made with towns of note, by a sojourn within their borders, that could be counted by minutes. A good many of our visitors are of this description. We know they arrive on shore and are shown round, and in a brief period are back at their starting point. It is an excellent way of seeing a city, one gains a fair knowledge of its size, the number of the principal public buildings, the movement in the streets, the appearance of the inhabitants, the apparent prosperity that exists, and the amount of life and stir that belongs to the place—all this can be gleaned in a few hours' drive through a city like Dublin, but not much more.

To the few that carry the past history of the localities in their mind, there may come some deeper feeling for a moment, but history has a way of hiding itself, and somehow the present is always the most in front, and demands most notice and attention.

Dublin has many histories wrapt in the stones, and names, and places within her boundaries, that tell of stirring deeds, splendid scenes, dire disasters, and lofty men of old. There are a thousand years of history in the streets of Dublin. For ten long hundred years have men trodden her paths, and built, and fought, and lived and built again, until as time went on the city grew and prospered. Fire, famine, disease, and the sword laid the town of the Ford of the Hurdles, the Bally-Ath-cliath of the ancients, low many a time and oft, but ever again she rose with greater strength, and emerged fairer and grander, and larger, with handsome edifices, fine thoroughfares, and all the semblance of a place growing in importance and wealth. Let us look at the Dublin of to-day. The wave of architectural development that passed over the city in the middle of the eighteenth century, which widened our streets, planned our leading thoroughfares, and



DUBLIN FROM THE PARK IN 1753.



SPEED'S MAP—DUBLIN IN 1610.

gave a distinctive character to the metropolis, has left many tokens besides in the splendid mansions that the nobility of Ireland there erected for themselves near the seat of government. These houses have for the most part been turned into places of business or Government offices, but their outward form remains and adds dignity to the locality where they are situated.

From the same period also date many of the fine institutions devoted to charitable purposes, which in these latter times have been metamorphosed and enlarged to render them suitable to the greater requirements of an increased population. The narrow streets and darkened shops, with which the citizens were satisfied a century back, have given place to broad paths, bright windows, and handsome buildings, where the trade of the city is carried on under conditions that would fairly astonish our forefathers. There are churches of every denomination, including a fine Synagogue, built within the last few years, and places of amusement are to be met that equal those of other centres of civilization. Round College Green there clusters, in close proximity to old Trinity, and the former Parliament House, a group of palatial banking houses that vie with each other in the adornment of their premises, and close under the shadow of St. Patrick's Cathedral a vast scheme for improved dwellings for the poorer classes, combined with other advantages, is being at present carried out through the munificence of Lord Iveagh, that will prove of inestimable benefit, and which, together with works that are undertaken by the Municipal authorities, will transform this quarter of the metropolis. We have now also a handsome National Library, together with a splendid Science and Art Museum. There is a National Picture Gallery, at this moment in process of enlargement. There are scattered throughout the city smaller libraries, technical schools, and other places for public instruction and improvement,

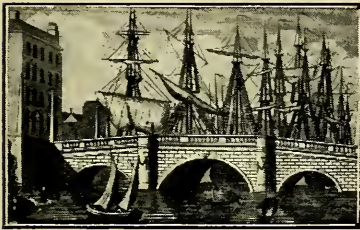
and there are, of course, all the educational opportunities provided that are now regarded as necessities. In the streets, too, one sees the keeping up with the age. The electric tram service is admitted to be one of the best in existence, and by its means all parts of the suburbs have been brought into close communication with the city and each other. The public and private vehicles are well kept, the people as a rule well dressed, and there is a general air of brightness and animation that has fairly earned for Dublin a claim for a Continental charm.

It would not do, in this brief sketch of the Dublin of to-day, to omit the open spaces or parks that have in recent years been made beautiful, and now, adorned with flowers and lakes, are such an attraction to the wayfarer, and a real blessing to the poor and weakly. Of the cultured side of Dublin life there is not space here to speak, but music, drama, and learning have many votaries, and nowhere, perhaps, is there more refinement and taste than in the hospitality for which the residents are renowned. So much for the Dublin of the twentieth century, and in the midst of all that is modern, and as we say "up-to-date," it is still refreshing to find peeping out here and there little bits that bring us back to times so different and conditions of life so strange, that we pity the worthy people who lived in and through them, although the good folk did not in the least pity themselves, but, on the contrary, congratulated their lot in living in the age in which they found themselves.

We have in Dublin a Cathedral that recalls the day when Sitric the Dane ruled over Dublin, and when Donatus, his bishop, helped in erecting a church on the site of the present Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Christ Church. The Castle of Dublin brings us to the early years of the thirteenth century, when Henry II., King of England, gave orders for the building of a fortress for the protection of his newly-



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, DUBLIN,
WHEN IN FLAMES, 1792.



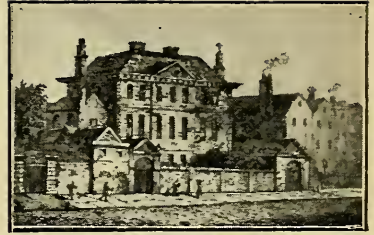
CARLISLE BRIDGE
(Early in 19th Century).



OLD CUSTOM HOUSE, WELLING-
TON QUAY, 1728.



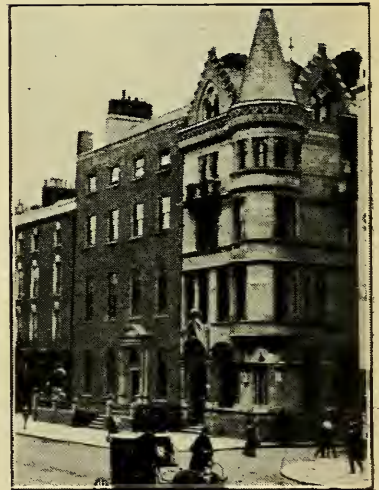
ROYAL COLL. OF SURGEONS, 1821.



MOIRA HOUSE IN 1811.



THE THOLSEL IN 1728
(See page 80),



DROGHEDA HOUSE.

established capital, in his newly-acquired Kingdom of Ireland. The Well of St. Patrick, of which recently new discoveries have been made, takes us by tradition much further back in the dim history of the past, for was it not about A.D. 448 that an Irish king, with many of his subjects, was here baptised by the good saint himself, although later authorities venture to dispute his presence in Eblana at any period. In a present busy portion of the city is the site of an ancient religious house known some eight hundred years ago, and afterwards, as the Abbey of St. Mary's, and the memory of which remains in adjoining streets being known as Upper and Lower Abbey Street.

To antiquaries the wonders of the Portlester Chapel, part of the sacred edifice dedicated to St. Audoen, presumably in the twelfth century, are very familiar, and the curiosities at St. Michan's remind us that the church which bears the name of the Ostman saint, is believed to have been built during the days when his countrymen founded the city of the Black-Pool—Dubh-linn. But there are a score of other memories of olden days that are thus linked into the present, while other great events have left no trace behind them. We can in imagination see King Henry II. feast the Irish chieftains nigh Hoggen's Green, when he won their allegiance in a truly diplomatic fashion. When King John came to Dublin (1210), the boundaries did not exceed one mile in extent, it is said, and the visit that Richard II. paid in 1394 was marked by his creating four Irish Princes at the Parliament that he held in person. The crowning of Lambert Simnel, and the rebellion of Silken Thomas, are recorded in history, and the advent of William III., and James II., bring us to modern times. There are many quaint old customs of the Mayor and Sheriffs, and the city guilds, that would make pleasant reading if space permitted the telling, for they made a brave show in the olden days with their

processions and banquets, and rules about apprentices, and directions for the observance of public order.

Those were strange days when people stood in the pillory in the streets of Dublin, or were whipped through the city as punishment, when a young girl was executed in St. Stephen's Green for the slight offence of stealing a calico gown, and also four pirates in the same place for murder on the high seas. There was the old Dublin full of shops, with their sign boards and quaint designations, the coming and going of the sedan chairs, the conflicts between the men of Ormond Market and the College boys, the meeting of the city fathers at their new tholsel, the days when the archbishops held high state and power in their Palace of St. Sepulchre, when bonfires were lit to celebrate the return of Jonathan Swift from England, when Addison, Steele, and Tickell might be met and spoken with, when the old Parliament House was filled with crowds of enthusiastic listeners as the great orators of the day held forth, and the traffic in the street outside was stopped to allow of the coming of the Lord Deputy, and the members of the Lords and Commons.

Dublin has much to tell to those who care to know, but our summer visitors will hardly do more than glance upon the surface of things, and, indeed, life goes too swiftly in these times to allow of much lingering on bygone days, but to some few it may happen to please to throw a look back over the thousand years that separates and connects old and new Dublin.

THE FOUR GREAT LIBRARIES OF DUBLIN.

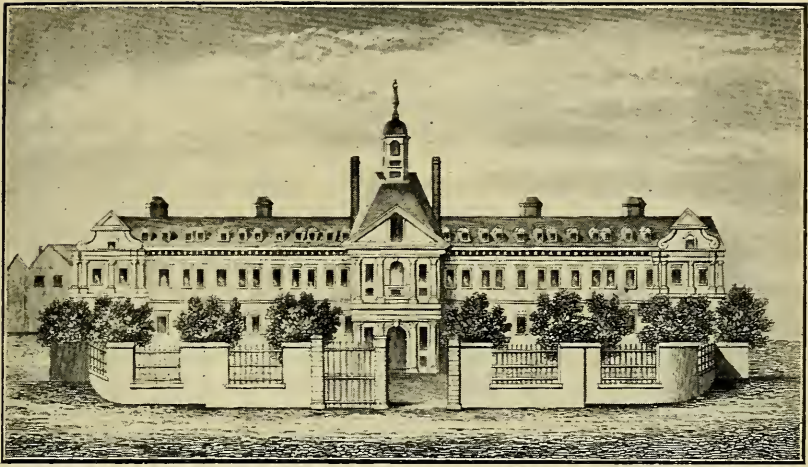
I.

TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY.

THE Library belonging to Trinity College has recently been the subject of considerable notice in the daily papers, and without in the least entering into the pros and cons of the question that brought it under discussion, it might be of interest at this moment to glance briefly at its history, and to learn something of what it contains. It may be presumed that every citizen of Dublin has visited this "king's treasury" that the University owns, for whatever restrictions there may be regarding the privilege of studying therein, none exist as to viewing it and its contents. Travellers from far and near find their way to the stone building on the right hand side, as one enters from College Green, and which has undergone various alterations to suit its requirements as time went on, and the volumes increased. Within its walls lie the world-famed *Book of Kells*, the *Book of Armagh*, and the *Book of Durrow*, unique treasures enough to stamp distinction on the land that produced, and the country that owns, them. But in the College Library there are innumerable other wonderful works, and a lifetime could be spent in gaining even a slight acquaintance with them all. Ascending a staircase one enters a noble apartment, stored with books on either side, and adorned with busts of great men, benefactors, or illustrious sons of old Trinity. Looking upwards in the gallery can be seen more books, and if perambulation is permitted and extended, a faint idea of the

quantity of literature that is gathered beneath its roof can be gained from the piles of volumes everywhere to be seen, and which are not yet sorted or arranged.

When it is remembered that all modern writings must perforce find their way in the first instance into this great Bibliotheque, and that writers now-a-days are legion, it will be understood that the task of grasping with even a moiety of what comes to hand is no slight business, and with book-shelves already occupied with an accumulation of three centuries, the placing of new additions where they can be seen must often be a difficult matter. It is of particular interest in this year of grace, 1900, that has been essentially "a soldier's year" in these countries, to recall that it was from a band of soldiers almost the first incentive came to form a library in Trinity College. It would appear that exactly three hundred years ago the College Library might have been placed on a single shelf, for there have come down to us but the names of forty volumes that it then owned, but in the following year, 1601, the officers and men of the army of Queen Elizabeth in Ireland, gave out of their "deferred pay" a very considerable sum, to purchase more books for the College newly founded by their Royal mistress. We get at this point a picture, from records preserved, of Luke Challoner and James Ussher, journeying over to London, a great distance in those days, proud in the possession of funds, and having for their object the selection of suitable volumes to bring back to Dublin with them. How in London these two great Irishmen chanced on Sir Thomas Bodley, is a matter of history, and what talks and consultations took place over what was required for Oxford, and what should come to Ireland, can be conjectured, but the meeting of Ussher and Bodley, both bound on the same errand, is considered to have been of advantage to each. Space does not here permit a detailed account of the many gifts and benefits



TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN
(in 1728).



CAMPANILE AND LIBRARY, T.C.D.

that came to the Library in subsequent years, but, the first notable increase to its importance was, of course, the obtaining of Archbishop Ussher's own collection of books and MSS., which, after many difficulties and dangers had been overcome, found their resting place where the original owner desired them to be.

This valuable library was obtained by money given also by soldiers, who desired to imitate those who went before them, and who subscribed more than £2,000 to purchase it from the agent of Ussher's daughter, Lady Tyrrell, to whom he had left it (1656) in lieu of any other property, having previously lost all he possessed. It was not, however, until after the death of Cromwell, that the Archbishop's books were removed from the Castle, where they had been retained, and conveyed over to the authorities of Trinity College.

In 1671 we find that Lady Bath gave some very handsome books to the Library, having bought them specially for the University, of which her husband, Henry Bouchier, had been a Fellow, and some fifty years later came the bequest of about four thousand volumes from Archbishop Palliser, of Cashel. One of the early Vice-Provosts, Dr. Claudius Gilbert by name, put together in his lifetime a most valuable collection of works chosen with the special object of bestowing them on the College Library, which was thereby enriched by some 13,000 books at his death. Dr. John Stearne, Bishop and Vice-Chancellor, gave MSS. of great value, which included many papers of much interest that had belonged to Dr. John Madden. In quick succession came to the Library the Celtic books of Edward Lhuyd, the 20,000 volumes from the library of M. Greffier Fagel, of Holland, and the choice specimens bequeathed by Henry George Quin.

While some of these gifts were bestowed by friends who, from the love they bore to their Alma Mater, gave of their most cherished belongings, the authorities,

themselves, from time to time purchased such additions to their store as their funds permitted, and were acquisitions to their shelves. The privilege that the Library has enjoyed, by Act of Parliament, since 1801, of the right to a copy of every book published in the United Kingdom has, of course, in recent years, largely increased the number of volumes under the roof of the Library building, and when, in August, 1891, these were counted up, they reached a total of considerably over 200,000.

The Manuscript collection is a most interesting one, and contains many original and unique specimens. There are Egyptian papyri, Greek and Latin Biblical MSS., fragments of palimpsest, tenth century copies of the Gospels, the *Codex Montfortianus*, the *Codex Usserianus*, the *Garland of Howth*, and a number of others works, besides those mentioned before, that are world-renowned for their marvellous beauty and workmanship, at the head of which stands the incomparable *Book of Kells*, which has been described by an eminent authority as "the most beautiful book in the world."

The foundation stone of the Library, where we know it at present, was laid in 1712, and it was completed in 1732, the Irish House of Commons having helped in its erection by large grants of money. There are several other interesting and curious things in this great Library besides books, for have we not here the harp of Brian Boroinhe, some ancient gold and silver ornaments, the "shrines" or cases of the books of Drimna, and Mulling, and the leather satchel that enclosed and protected the valuable *Book of Armagh*.

There is also a large, handsome bookcase that came thither a few years back, which formerly stood in the House of Lords in the Parliament House opposite. Another relic, too, of the House of Commons, to be seen in the College Library, is a framed roll of autograph

names of the members of the Irish Parliament from the year 1773 to 1790. In a brief account, such as this, much that is famous must be omitted of the contents of the College Library, but enough has been named to reveal what a store-house of learning has been gathered there, testifying to the affection felt by men of old for the place where they strove for knowledge, and where for many generations the wisdom of the ages has been provided for all those whose good fortune entitles them to seek it at the fountain head.

II.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

THERE is something eminently aristocratic about Northland House, the home of the Royal Irish Academy in Dawson Street. There is insensibly a feeling that it is a nobleman's mansion, a sensation that is sustained by the aspect of the respectful porter who at our approach rises from his seat in the spacious hall. Passing straight onwards with a glance at the fine portraits on the wall of former presidents, or great men connected with the Academy, and with an upward look towards the beautiful stuccoed sides of the staircase, one reaches the door of the library where on entering it is dimly realized that a student's paradise is here contained. On all sides there are books ranged round the room in shelves in deep recesses, and in book cases of ample dimensions. A winding stair leads to a narrow gallery that extends round the sides of the apartment, and here, too, are shelves of closely packed volumes. There is also an inner room, along the walls of which are numerous works written long years ago. There is a curious old world atmosphere in the Library room

of the Irish Academy House, and so it scarcely seems strange to hear the old native tongue sometimes used by those present, and to notice that the entries in the readers' book are mostly filled in with Celtic characters.

There are never many readers in this curious, wonderful Library, and yet the best known of our Irish writers seek here the knowledge that may not be obtained elsewhere. There is a great absence also of what may be called bright-coloured literature, for the general tone of the binding is what might in modern parlance be termed "Khaki," only deeper hued in that terribly depressing shade so much beloved and provided by publishers of a century ago. On the fine table in the centre are the current numbers of modern periodicals, English and foreign, that bear on matters scientific or antiquarian. Not here will be found varied coloured magazines or the weekly illustrated papers that treat of the fashions and follies of the time. We are in learned company, and the air is full of the wisdom of the past ages.

In the recesses before alluded to are writing tables, and from here can the searcher and worker carry away with him into the outer world some of the many bits of knowledge that have lain hidden between the covers these long years. To attempt to tell what this library contains would take many pages, and it would be only the earnest student that would care to labour among its treasures. Of all that relates to Ireland, and her past, here, if anywhere, the records will be found.

When the august body composing the Academy first met in this place, nearly half a century ago, the late Bishop of Limerick (Charles Graves), who was one of the secretaries at the time, spoke thus: "Science and literature have many departments, not one of which is undeserving of regard so long as it is cultivated in a liberal and philosophic spirit; but the history of one's own country, and its language, has especial claims on

our considerations, unless we choose to renounce the name of Irishmen. It is no morbid feeling which leads us to turn with a longing and affectionate interest to the ancient history antiquities of our own country. It is no fond national conceit which inspires us with the desire to gather and preserve those of its scattered records, which have escaped the tooth of time, the ravages of barbarism, and the persecuting rigour of a miscalculating policy."

Animated by such feelings it can easily be understood what a storehouse of things Irish has been collected together. It is, of course, remembered that a few years back the Academy parted with a number of wonderful objects, that had previously filled their museums, but now are included in the larger national collection in Kildare Street. But all matters literary were retained, and so the library is still unique and exceptional in the books and works it possesses regarding Ireland. The Royal Irish Academy owes its origin to the amalgamation of two learned societies that had their rise in the University of Dublin toward the close of the eighteenth century. The first was known as the "Palæosophers," and was founded in 1782. The second was established a few years after, and the members called themselves the "Neosophers." The object of both societies was of a literary nature, and for the investigation of science. By 1785 the two joined forces and were granted a patent for their incorporation as the Royal Irish Academy. The first place obtained by the academy for their meetings was the "Navigation House," Grafton Street, and here they remained until 1852, when they moved to No. 19 Dawson Street, which had been the town residence of Lord Northland, who had built it. He was Thomas Knox, M.P. for Dungannon, and was raised to the peerage as Baron Welles in 1781, and created Viscount Northland in 1791, which title became merged in that of the higher dignity bestowed on his son, who in 1826

was created a Peer of the United Kingdom as Baron Ranfurley.

Before the union of the two societies, it had been the custom of the "Palæosophers" (who investigated ancient learning, more particularly in relation to the Church), and the Neosophers to meet at each other's houses every fortnight, when they dined, read papers, and discussed various subjects. After 1785, however, the members for some time met at the Earl of Charlemont's splendid residence in Rutland Square, and when the letters patent were obtained, Lord Charlemont was elected the first president of the new academy. In what are called the *Transactions of the R.I.A.*, which now number a large number of volumes, there are collected together most valuable essays and papers on various scientific subjects, which have been read before the Academy by the most eminent men of the country and time. The ancient Irish manuscripts collection is very rich—the Academy owning, among others, *The Leabhar Breac, or Speckled Book*, the *Book of Leacan*, and *Book of Ballymote*.

Of the *Book of Leacan* it is related that it originally formed part of Archbishop Ussher's library, and so passed into the possession of Trinity College, and was included in their catalogue in 1688. It would seem later to have been brought to Paris in the reign of James II., and it was in 1787 sent by Abbé Kearney, of that city, to the Royal Irish Academy. The *Book of Ballymote* likewise, was formerly owned by the College, but being lent, it disappeared for a time, and when found again at Drogheda, it was purchased by Chevalier O'Gorman, and presented by him to the Royal Irish Academy in 1785. Many bequests and gifts have come to the Academy from time to time, and several private collections have fallen to its share. It must not be forgotten that the MSS. of the *Annals of the Four Masters* is one of the treasures of the Academy, and a few lines

quoted from the late Rev. Professor Stokes gives us an insight into other important works of reference. "In the Royal Irish Academy," said Dr. Stokes, a few years ago, "there is a collection of about one hundred and twenty MSS. volumes containing the history of every parish in Ireland, written by the most competent hands some sixty years ago. To it the great scholar and antiquary, Dr. John O'Donovan, was the largest contributor."

"Before any man writes his parochial history he ought to get a glimpse of these volumes, which are open to public consultation upon due application to the Academy. There you will find modern, mediæval, and ancient history all mingled, and told in a most interesting, natural, and chatty manner, together with the authorities quoted in full. These letters are called the *Ordnance Survey Letters*. One volume alone has been published. It is called *The History of the Parish of Templemore or Londonderry*. It is most useful for the local history of Londonderry and Donegal; but, alas, the publication of it was stopped by the Government on the ground of economy; and as we are "mere Irish" the publication of these letters was never resumed. The English Treasury has often been pressed on this point, but they have never acceded to our requests. Resort, then, to the Academy. Consult the *Ordnance Survey Letters*. They are arranged county by county, and you will be largely qualified to tell your parochial story. The other day, for instance, I was looking at the volume of the *Wicklow Letters*, and I was surprised to see how fully the stories and traditions of the Wicklow parishes are there chronicled." Among the works obtained by purchase was a collection of Irish manuscripts bought in 1844, among which were Gaelic treatises on medicine, and the *Leabhar-na-Huidhre*, dating from the twelfth century.

We are not attempting to give more than a general outline of what may be seen in this most interesting

Library. We come upon the *Red Book of the Exchequer* and *Calendars of State Papers*: we meet with *Dublin Penny Journals* of bygone years; we notice books from the Larcom bequest, and volumes that came from the Hudson and Kirwan collections. The library of Thomas Moore has here found a home, and the great pamphlet collection of Mr. Haliday occupies many shelves from their number.

This wonderful gathering of leaflets and pamphlets deserves special mention. Mr. Charles Haliday was a well-known Dublin merchant, who died in 1866. He was a man of great literary tastes, and, among other things, fond of acquiring books and papers concerning Ireland, and more particularly Dublin. He obtained on one occasion the famous Secret Service Money Book, and this, with the remainder of his library, was presented to the Royal Irish Academy, shortly after his death, by Mrs. Haliday, in the belief that she thus carried out a wish that her husband had expressed that his collections "might be kept together in some public library." He was a great buyer of books, and was considered to have one of the largest and best private collections of historical works in Ireland. The pamphlets are of an extraordinary variety. Every leaflet or small paper that bore on events or circumstances in the metropolis was secured by Mr. Haliday, and the result is that there has been here preserved records of passing incidents that are nowhere else to be found. The pamphlets relating principally to Ireland number 29,000. Of these 21,997 are in 2,211 volumes, uniformly bound in one series, and there are about 700 pamphlets in quarto, of very early date, unbound. It can be understood that these contain a vast variety of curious matter for study. Mr. Haliday himself, has contributed to literature a deeply interesting book to residents of Dublin, viz., *The Scandinavian Kingdom of Dublin*.

In this most cursory survey of the contents of the

Royal Irish Academy Library, one is conscious of so much that is left unmentioned, but the true charm of a quaint Library like this is the unexpected, and here surely is a field of literature that has many corners unworked and unexplored. The advantages of the library are open to all who are properly introduced through members, and in the quiet calm of Northland House, where the distant noises of the outer world penetrate but dimly, much knowledge of our own land can be gleaned, and many old facts of the past rescued from oblivion. Among the relics there to be seen and used by the members at their meetings, to the present day are some of the seats of the Irish House of Commons. These interesting benches, whereon the legislators sat during the exciting debates in the Senate House on College Green in the eighteenth century, are in excellent preservation, and bear good testimony to the workmen of that time in Dublin.

III.

MARSH'S LIBRARY.

"WHEN you are in Dublin, pay me a visit at Marsh." The invitation was spoken by the late Librarian of Marsh's Library, the Rev. Professor Stokes, and the invitation was given to the young students who attended his class on ecclesiastical history in Trinity College a few years ago. No better custodian of a library like the one under notice than Dr. Stokes could have been found. If ever deep and dry subjects could be made attractive, his was the gift to do it. He delighted to search out all that was of interest in the place that was in his charge, and, if possible, to draw hither those who would profit by what they might find there. We have given this library the name by which perhaps

it is most familiarly known, but its proper designation is "St. Patrick's Library," or, "The Public Library, St. Patrick's." The following quotation is the description given of it in Thom's *Directory*:—"This, the oldest literary institution in Ireland after the University of Dublin, is often, yet incorrectly, called Marsh's Library, but has been most generally known as St. Patrick's Library. It contains the entire library of Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, which, to prevent its dispersion, Archbishop Marsh purchased, and placed here, with his own collection, for public use at the beginning of the last century. Besides the founder, the chief benefactors have been—E. Bouhereau, M.D., the first who held the office of librarian; the Rt. Rev. Dr. John Stearne, Bishop of Clogher; the Most Rev. Arthur Smyth and Richard Whately, Archbishops of Dublin; Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, Bart., the restorer of the cathedral itself, and his eldest son, Arthur Edward, Lord Ardilaun. The collection consists chiefly of theology, ancient history, and Hebrew, Greek, and Latin literature. Its collection of manuscripts is important for Irish history of the seventeenth century." The library was founded in 1694, and incorporated 1707.

We will turn for a moment to the locality where the Archbishop placed his books and founded his library. Under the shadow of the ancient Cathedral of St. Patrick, first built by his great predecessor John Comyn, 500 years before, and near to the arch-episcopal Palace of St. Sepulchre in the South Close, stands Marsh's Library. On the opposite side of the roadway is the Deanery House, and beneath the library windows are the graves of those who had right of burial within the cathedral grounds. In no city, perhaps, in such decided fashion, have the inhabitants of a district changed as in the part of Dublin now spoken of.

When St. Patrick's Cathedral was built, it was described as *outside* Dublin, because the city bounds



MARSH'S LIBRARY.

were close round the older Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity, but soon the limits extended, and the streets and houses round St. Patrick's were occupied by professional and wealthy people down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. In the Palace of St. Sepulchre (now the police station), lived in succession the archbishops, and it was not until 1820 that they moved to St. Stephen's Green. The neighbouring church of St. Bride boasted of the wealth and fashion of the congregation that worshipped within its walls, and the most famous preachers of the day drew large crowds of the neighbouring residents to hear them. If we look in an old directory, we find the names of many great people living in streets that have been for years past in tenements, and are now in many instances included in the great scheme of renovation that is taking place in that very reduced and decayed portion of the metropolis.

We wonder how many persons in Dublin have been in Marsh's Library? As a mere matter of curiosity, it is well worth a visit, for one feels to have stepped back two centuries on entering the sombre building. Here are books and book-shelves, and dark recesses and deep windows, and oaken woodwork that are not to be met elsewhere. It is worth something to be so easily transported in the midst of our overwhelming modernism straight into the past. Here can we imagine those learned clerics of a former age poring over the new additions to the store already growing into numbers, and surely we may conjecture that Jonathan Swift occasionally crossed from his house over the way, to pass a little while here in study.

Narcissus Marsh was an Englishman, a graduate of Oxford, and filled several high posts before he was appointed Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1678. In Ireland, he became Bishop of Ferns and Leighlin, then later Archbishop of Cashel, and two hundred years

ago, we find him Archbishop of Dublin, and a few years later Primate of Armagh. It is stated that it was the unsatisfactory condition of the College Library at that time that induced the great book-loving Prelate to establish one of his own. He purchased Bishop Stillingfleet's collection, for which he paid £2,500, and this, together with some of his own books, formed an excellent foundation to fill the new library house that he built, and which cost many hundreds more.

In the records of the reign of Queen Anne, we learn how the Archbishop "did out of his generous inclinations to the public good of this Kingdom, the propagation of the true Christian religion, as by law established, and for the encouragement of learning, at his own great cost and charges, build a large fair house upon part of the garden and ground belonging to the House of St. Sepulchre's, which is the ancient seat of the Palace of the Archbishops of Dublin." The upper portion of this "large, fair house" was to be used as a public library and open to all persons who could conform to the rules laid down. There were regulations made with regard to the appointing of librarian and "keepers" of the library and the salaries they were to receive, the librarian having to take an oath that he would use his utmost care, and endeavour to preserve all the books committed to his charge, and he was also "not wittingly or willingly to suffer any of the said books to be lent abroad, given away or embezzled, or to be anywise damnified through his default." The founder himself supplied "iron chains, rods, and clasps for the better preservation of the larger books, and close lattices, with locks, for the safe-keeping of the books of the smaller size." The library and building were invested in a number of governors and guardians, which included the leading prelates and judges, and the second Thursday in October of each year was appointed for them to personally visit and inspect the

library and make such changes or rules as might be required.

This "Visitation" of Marsh's Library is carried out to the present day, and the report furnished on these occasions is always looked forward to with considerable interest.

"Master Elias Bohereau" was, as we have said, the first to be appointed as librarian, and a considerable number of his books came into the possession of the trustees, and occupy one of the shelves in the library. There have been since then some fourteen or fifteen "library-keepers," and each year the store under their care has given forth some treasure that was unsuspected, and had lain hidden during a long period of time until chance or circumstance brought to light some curiosity of the past.

It is of interest to know that quite recently several of these "finds" have taken place, and in the present competent hands that control the library, it is possible even more discoveries may be made. To enumerate the books that this, the only public library in Dublin two hundred years ago contains, would be difficult, but here are rare editions of old Bibles, special copies of early printed prayer books, black letter volumes, indulgences, manuscript religious writings, and many other relics of the early days when books were scarce and valuable.

The library collection of Bishop Stillingfleet, which was both "choice and excellent" consisted of "2,574 books in folio, and 6,938 in quarto octavo and lesser volumes, besides many pamphlets," and here we may mention that the most distinguished visitor to Marsh's Library in recent times, Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was there on the 23rd September, 1896, during his stay in Dublin, expressed great surprise at finding here this collection of Bishop Stillingfleet, for not long before he had been informed, on what seemed

good authority, that it was in safe keeping in Hartlebury Castle.

Among other interesting items to be seen at "Marsh's," and which particularly attracted the attention of the English prelate, was Archbishop Laud's manuscript annotation upon *Bellarmino*, the annotations of Dean Swift upon Clarendon's *History*, and the manuscript notes and autograph of Casaubon upon the *Annals of Baronius*. There was also shown to the illustrious visitor the presentation copy of Dr. William Caves' *Lives of the Fathers* to Bishop Stillingfleet, and the Roman Catholic *Gradual*, presented to Cashel Cathedral by the bishop appointed to that See in 1688.

In glancing very briefly over the contents of this old Dublin Publick Library, we find that a considerable number of State papers are here gathered in consequence of the founder being frequently called on to fill the post of Lord Chief Justice, or even to do the duty of Lord Lieutenant when either of these officials were absent in England, as was often the case. Here also is the MSS. of *Lives of Irish Saints*, wrongly called *The Liber Kilkenniensis*, and a portion of Bishop Bedell's original copy of the Irish Bible, other parts of the sacred volume being transcripts made under the direction of Archbishop Marsh. There is also preserved here an MS. copy of twenty letters that he received from the Hon. Robert Boyle in reference to the printing of the same. Henry's *Æneidea*, the Henry Bradshaw series of rare liturgical texts. *The Martiloge*, printed by Wyn Kyn de Worde in 1526, a Latin Bible printed in Venice in 1480, a Quaker work called the *Bitter Cry of Oppression*, published in 1683, are but a few names taken at random of the priceless works collected. There have been at all times those who have added books to the library, and within the past few years several gifts of great value and interest have found a home in the "large fair house" in St. Patrick's Close. Dr. Stokes drew the particular attention of

divinity students to the old visitation books of 1620, 1694 and 1740, which dealt with nearly all the Irish dioceses and formed a good ground work for building up the parochial history of their future parishes. He alluded also to two volumes containing a return made to the House of Lords in 1824 of vestry levies in Ireland, and which he regarded as very important in face of the fact that many similar returns had been lost through indifference or neglect, and were, therefore, no longer available for research.

It will be remembered that but a very small sum is annually at the disposal of the librarian for the purchase of new additions; but, notwithstanding, an effort is made to add each year some work of interest, and in keeping with the character of the library. *The Calendars of State Papers*, the *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, and the *Journals of the Royal Society of Antiquaries* have been sent as gifts by the authorities concerned.

Perhaps some of the most curious of the old volumes here to be seen, are those that contain some wonderful maps, which bear but faint resemblance to the planning out of the world as it is to-day. This quaint library, contained in two long galleries which meet at right angles, its interior the same as when it first was erected in the garden of the Archbishop's Palace, possesses several portraits, placed at intervals, in the principal room. Here can be seen Bishop Stearne, whose name is held in high honour to the present day. William Carmichael, who was first Bishop of Meath, and then for a short period of time Archbishop of Dublin in the last century, and also a likeness of the great Prelate, William King, who succeeded Archbishop Marsh in the See of Dublin in 1703. There is, moreover, a large picture of the founder himself, but placed at such a height that renders it difficult of observation.

In closing this necessarily incomplete record of Marsh's

Library, we hope that enough has been told to arouse interest and pride in this unique store of ancient lore, that has come down to us through two centuries of time, and that owes its inception to a great scholar, who served his generation well, Narcissus Marsh.

IV.

THE NATIONAL LIBRARY OF IRELAND.

To write adequately or exhaustively of the National Library would require a large pen and—much space. To compress within narrow limits a description of its high aims, its lofty purpose, the boundless extent to which its usefulness and benefits are transmitted, is but to do scant justice to our splendid institution in Kildare Street. The very conception of such a library is so great, the magnitude of the work it endeavours to accomplish, renders an epitome of its history a very imperfect medium to convey any distinct impression of the utility and advantage our city gains by possessing such a “People’s University” open and free to all who care to take the boon that lies at their door.

To find the first traces of our National Library, we must look into the records of our old friend the Royal Dublin Society—that wonderful body—which through its members has for more than a century and a half wrought more substantial good for Ireland than can well be remembered. From its earliest days the Dublin Society began to gather books and publications, and as years went on a fair-sized library came to be among the possessions owned by the members. In the year 1820 we learn that it was decided to throw open the benefit of their books to all would-be readers who came properly introduced. This privilege was conceded until 1877,

when, with other undertakings originated and worked by the Society, the library passed over to the control and care of the Government, although its *locale* remained as before, and the stately rooms of Leinster House sheltered the now very considerable number of volumes.

So far back as 1869 it was reported by a Commission appointed by the Council of Education "that it is desirable to remove the library of the Royal Dublin Society to more commodious premises and to supply it with such funds and administration as may be required to develop it into a National Library." This proposal was confirmed on the part of the Government in 1876, and it was then declared "that the Department of Science and Art shall, when the Science and Art Museum is completed, transfer the Joly Library and the Dublin Society's Library to the Natural History Museum or elsewhere on the society's lands, and shall make provision for the maintenance, improvement, and enlargement of the same in such manner as they shall think fit ; and such libraries shall be combined under the title of the National Library of Ireland."

How this project was eventually carried out, and the handsome companion building to the National Museum grew into being on the opposite side of the courtyard of Leinster House, is still modern history, for it took thirteen years to bring to completion, and although the Royal Dublin Society relinquished their library in 1877, it was not until 1890 that the National Library took possession of the edifice that was then ready and opened for the reception of readers. For a decade, therefore, the people of Dublin have enjoyed a truly palatial looking library, situated in a convenient quarter of the city, and at the service of any and everyone who can present a reference of respectability.

Before passing to the interior of the Library and its contents, it might be well to recall the description given in our own columns, of the outward building and its

decorations, that was opened with much ceremony and state by the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Zetland, in August, 1890 :—

The building is constructed of Irish granite from the Ballyknocken quarries, and is faced with stone from Mount Charles, County Donegal, which is regarded as superior to Portland, though where carving has been done the latter was used. Over the library are two groups of statuary, representing Poetry and Literature, and which correspond in design with those on the sister museum opposite, emblematic of Architecture and Science. They were all executed by Mr. Thomas Farrell, the eminent Irish sculptor. It may be mentioned that the type of architecture for the two splendid buildings was taken from Sansovino's Library at Venice, and the pavilions are similar to those of Trinity College, and the sum agreed upon by the Treasury was £122,000.

The library, while simple in character in the interior arrangements, is very perfect in detail. The floors are in mosaic, and the word *Sapientia* greets one on entrance. The architect, Mr. Thomas Deane, was knighted on the opening day. The stained glass windows were supplied by the well-known firm of Messrs. Jones and Wallis of Birmingham, and the chimney pieces, which are considered very handsome, were carved by Signor Carlo Cambi, of Sienna. These are almost the only exceptions to the employment of native skill and labour in the decoration of the library. The beautiful oak screen and the doors were done by Mr. Mulligan, of Dublin, the enrichments in plaster were modelled and supplied by Messrs. Harrison, and the foreman who carried out the entire idea under Messrs. Beckett, the contractor, was Mr. Thomas Dycher.

It is of interest to know that the flooring of the reading-room, which is of great solidity and almost noiseless, is made of oak, but instead of being nailed, is secured by a layer of asphalt to a concrete bed. The readingroom

is a handsome circular apartment, and the original idea was to provide accommodation for about two hundred readers. The recesses round the room are occupied with books of references, which can be taken direct from the shelves, while the vast store that can be obtained on application at the assistant's desk are "in lateral wings, on free standing presses only three feet asunder, and in parallel rows, none at all on the walls." These presses are so planned, that the contents can be reached without the need of ladders, but the amount of receptivity is computed as four times greater than would be obtained in the ordinary way. Since that time in the ten years that have elapsed, many improvements have been effected, and the wants of the readers regarded so far as as it was possible to do so.

It is here, perhaps, permissible to reiterate what has been the cry ever since the opening of this library, and that is the parsimonious spirit in which the Treasury has dealt with its needs and requirements. To expect a great public institution to fulfil the purpose of its creation on the paltry sum that is granted annually for the keeping up of the library, is an impossibility. To the great energy of the librarian and his assistants is due even the partial success that has been attained in keeping abreast of the times, and no reader in this vast *Bibliothèque* but is under a debt of gratitude to those who prevent him realising to his inconvenience how insufficiently under-staffed the library is, and how circumscribed for space. It is to be hoped, and the demand cannot be too often insisted on, that under the auspices of the new department, pressure may be brought to bear to have these defects remedied.

Surely no greater mode of promoting education and raising the tone of the people exists than in a properly equipped library, and the Irish nation have a right to ask that what has been given them in name should be supported in an appropriate and sufficient manner.

To gain an idea of the uses to which the library is put, one must enter into a few figures, and we find that in the first year, 1878, when it became a national institution, some 27,000 persons took advantage of what it offered. By 1889, the last year it was located in Leinster House, nearly double that number of readers are recorded; and in 1893, when the first reliable record in the new building was made, a total of 113,888 was reached. Each succeeding year this has increased, and in last year, 1899, no fewer than 154,878 passed the turnstile into the reading room.

It is not possible to give more than an outline of the contents of the huge book store here contained. The ordinary accessions to the library during the twenty years from 1878 to 1897 that have been catalogued, amount to 41,000 in number, and there are thousands of books yet uncatalogued, and by the addition of the Joly collection (of which we will speak later) 23,000 volumes of books are added to the number. Every public department of importance supply copies of their proceedings or reports, and many private persons send gifts of their own works, or those of general interest. All the leading universities and colleges present their calendars and examination papers, and the learned societies of the United Kingdom contribute their journals as published. Of the books that are added each year and made accessible to readers, every subject—philosophy, religion, law, education, statistics, medicine, history, gardening, amusements, botany, astronomy, &c., &c., all are included. In the journal department we notice that of *The Board of Trade*, *The Board of Agriculture, Land and Water*, and *The Irish Military Guide*, with many others. The newspaper list is a long one, as in addition to the Dublin Press, nearly every county in Ireland is represented, from the *Ballinasloe Chronicle* to the *Skibbereen Eagle*. The whole library contains about 130,000 volumes, of which some 47,000

have been made accessible for public use since the opening in 1877. While the modern side of the library is maintained, so far as means permit, considerable interest attaches to any ancient literature that may have been acquired, and here again the newspapers form an important feature. Down in the lower depths of the building are the old newspapers sadly needing more room and better facilities for seeing them.

Here may be seen *Pue's Occurrences*, and *Hibernian Chronicle*, and *Hoey's Dublin Mercury*, all telling the news of the day of the 18th century. The number of valuable MSS. in the library is not large as compared with other places, but among the most valued treasures may be named the manuscript of the *Collectanea* made by Archbishop King for the *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland* which he contemplated writing, but never accomplished. We are not going to name a single book that the library contains (except a few in the Joly collection hereafter), because the most meagre selection would require many pages.

With regard to the general plan of the library, round the great central reading-room, are shelves full of works of reference, biographical dictionaries, encyclopædias, gazetteers, directories, etc. Here also can be found the *Annual Register* (140 volumes). *Parliamentary Debates* (80 volumes), Histories of America, Rome, Greece and England; catalogues and reports, and "many classics of literature," such as Shakespeare's Plays, *Paradise Lost*, Scott's Novels, and others. All these works can be consulted directly by all readers, the only stipulation being to replace the volume in the place it was taken from when done with. All other books can be obtained by filling up a request at the counter, and a few minutes' search brings it from the book store within.

To the privileged few who have seen the interior of the book store, a wonderful sight is revealed, for, as

mentioned in the description of the building, the economy of space is combined with a wonderful arrangement for the reception of an immense quantity of books. The system adopted for the classification of the books is one that is regarded as the very best, and was devised by the well-known American librarian, Mr. Dewey. It was carried out in the Dublin Library by the former librarian, Mr. Archer, who has been followed on the same lines by Mr. Lyster. It must suffice here to say simply that it is known as "classification by subject," and that it enables a searcher for a special subject to be supplied with all works bearing on it, that the library contains in the briefest limit of time possible and with the utmost benefit to the worker in having them brought to his notice.

We must now pass for a moment to what is known as the Joly collection. An older generation will remember that Dr. Jasper Joly, a most indefatigable book collector, presented his collection to the Royal Dublin Society in 1863. It seems incredible to believe that nearly forty years have elapsed, and the cataloguing of this gift is not yet an accomplished fact. The story is too long to tell here of the causes of delay, but it was in 1892 that the Joly bequest was removed from Leinster House to take its place as part of the National Library. It is only by degrees that the treasures of this collection are coming to light, which can be easily understood, when it is remembered that "23,000 volumes, together with a large mass of unbound papers and prints, and a fine collection of Irish and Scotch song-music," comprises what has to be gone through. Considerable difficulties arose when the making of a catalogue was first begun, as the names of authors were not easily ascertainable, more especially those relating to Irish affairs. There are several curious old books, such as *Lyra Sen Anacephalaeosis Hibernica*, printed in Vienna, in 1651. An account in Latin by the Rev. Thomas Carol of the Irish people and their exploits abroad, and *The*

Itinerarium, by the same writer, being an account of his travels in 1640-1646. *The Nuremburg Chronicle*, printed in 1493, and *Irelandes Teares*, of date 1642, are among the curiosities, and it is expected that when complete, it will be found that in the Joly collection, Dublin will possess several rare editions of valuable works that even the British Museum does not own.

There are many interesting periodicals and magazines that have in the course of time become of great worth, and the large number of portraits and views of scenery promise a rich treat in the future when they are set before the public. The readers of a great public library are always a source of interest to students of human nature, and among the hundreds who use our National Library all types are presented. There are dozens of young people, lads and lasses, that one would fain see elsewhere on the bright summer days were it not that we remember the fierce competition that now exists in all branches of education and knowledge, and youth is the time for learning, and examinations increase with the years. There are older students here also; those who, in the calling of their lives, find here the information that helps them to make a mark in their professions, and to gain the wisdom that tells. There are many, too, whose daily visit to the library is the one solace of their day, cut off by various circumstances from society and friends, and yet willing to keep in touch with the great thoughts of past and present ages, they are here enabled to forget many of the sorrows and trials of their lives by intercourse, silent, but soul satisfying, in the great world of books

It is not given to everyone, like the great Johnson, to "take the heart out of a book" by a few moments' inspection, but to all true lovers of a library there is immense satisfaction in the mere proximity of so much knowledge within reach, and to many it is a real joy even to take down volume after volume for a few minutes

perusal, "just to shake hands with them," as some one says.

To close a notice of our National Library, and to pass over without special mention the librarian and his staff would be ingratitude indeed. There can be no reader or seeker for information who has entered the library that cannot testify to the uniform attention and courtesy that is bestowed on all alike. Every assistance rendered in the way of suggestion or guidance with reference to the subject sought for, prompt delivery of the books asked or inquired about, and valuable help given whenever possible. We emphasize these facts more particularly from the difficulties that have to be contended with in the working of the library under present conditions.

There is no more pitiable statement than what is sometimes met with in the regrets of learned men that they are not within reach of a good library. Dwellers in the country, no matter how clever they may be, or what a store of learning they have laid up, find the need of a library indispensable from time to time, particularly if engaged in the labour of literature.

Citizens of Dublin are highly favoured in this respect, and we end this incomplete account of the National Library by recalling the words that were spoken ten years ago. We quote in full Professor Dowden's speech on the occasion of the opening of the library in August, 1890. Addressing their Excellencies, Dr. Dowden said :—

"Speaking on behalf of the trustees of the National Library, I second this motion which tenders to his Excellency our sincere thanks for the good deed which he has done in opening these buildings. The greatest living master of English prose has named a collection of good books a King's Treasury. The name is not an inappropriate one for such a golden store of wisdom and knowledge and beauty gathered by generations of men. It is fitting that the representative of a queen

should hold the key which opens this treasury of the kings of thought. We give him thanks on behalf of the public, who for some time have been deprived of the society of this wise and gentle company of friends and teachers, and who are now restored to their privileges. Through the doors of this great building during centuries of future years, there will be a coming and going as of bees who are gathering and hiving their honey. In its halls, though no workman's hammer sound, or chisel ring, there will be constant labour—the silent labour of the mind. Knowledge will be widened, forms of beauty will rise before the imagination, there will be refreshment for the weary as well as toil for the workers, and young lives will assuredly here be touched to higher issues. We would thank his Excellency also on behalf of the venerable occupants of the building—the inestimable volumes which have here found a worthy home. For a time these spirits in prison suffered in over-crowded shelves from all the miseries attending upon what the director has termed a state of congestion. Books need air and elbow room as much as men. I thank his Excellency in the names of Plato and Virgil, of Bacon and Milton, and all other authors who have loved light and beauty, freedom and order.”

STORY OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

“THE Dublin Society is really a very useful establishment. It consists of many considerable people.”

It was in the month of March, 1746, exactly a hundred and fifty years ago, that the above words were written, and surely they may, with perfect truth, be repeated at the present day. But the writer, Lord Chesterfield, whom everyone remembers was Viceroy of Ireland at that time, does not limit his praise of the Society to what he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle, but in the next year he tells Mr. Thomas Prior, one of the founders, that “they (the Dublin Society) have done more good to Ireland with regard to arts and industry than all the laws that could have been formed.” for, unfortunately, “there is,” he says, “a perverseness in our natures which prompts us to resist authority, though otherwise inclined enough to do the thing if left to our choice. Imitation, example, and fashion, with some premiums attending them, are, I am convinced, the only methods of bringing people in Ireland to do what they ought to do, and that is the plan of your Society.”

The two most prominent names in connection with the founding of the Society are those of the above-named Thomas Prior, of Rathdowney, Queen’s County, and the Rev. Dr. Samuel Molyneux Madden, who was born in Dublin in 1686, and of whom Dr. Johnson said “his name every Irishman should honour.” The first meeting was held on the 25th June, 1731. We learn that “several gentlemen agreed to meet in the Philosophical Rooms in Trinity College, Dublin, in order to promote improvements of all kinds.” It was



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certainly, in the peculiar parlance of the present day, what might be called "a large order," but when we remember that their scheme included horses and hosiery, lands and laces, pictures and potatoes, we must admit they were not far wide of the mark, and were wise to give themselves a good margin.

At the first meeting it appears that Dr. Stephens' being desired, took the chair, and it was proposed and unanimously agreed unto to form a society by the name of the Dublin Society (the prefix Royal was not added until the year 1820, when George IV. became patron), for improving husbandry, manufactures, and other useful arts. It was also agreed that all then present (14 in number) should become members, and sign an agreement to form a society for the purposes aforesaid. It was afterwards settled that the word "Sciences" should be included in the title. The president was to be chosen annually, and officers and members were to be elected by ballot, while 30s. was fixed on as the annual subscription, and the Lord Lieutenant (the Duke of Dorset) was elected the first President, the 4th December, 1731.

One of the original rules of this society ran as follows :—
 "That every member of the society, at his admission, be desired to choose some particular subject, either in natural history or in husbandry, agriculture, or gardening, or some species of manufacture, or other branch of improvement, and make it his business, by reading what hath been printed on that subject, by conversing with those who make it their profession, or making his own experiments, to make himself master thereof, and to report in writing the best account they can get by experiment or inquiry relating thereto." Would it not be well for the council to revive this rule, and insist on its being carried out rigidly. What a store of useful information they would obtain, and what an education for the members.

In the year 1736 the Society commenced their publication of the *Dublin Society's Weekly Observation on Agriculture, Brewing, and Flax Husbandry*, and in 1739 Dr. Madden published his *Letter to the Dublin Society on the Improvement of their Fund*, in which he set forth several topics in connection with this object. He first suggested that in order to enlarge the Society every member should induce a friend to join it, and to increase its funds, that they should apply for contributions to all persons of fortune and character in the different counties to which they might severally belong. He then proposed that part of their fund should be applied to taking and improving "a reasonable number of acres in different soils and places near Dublin as an experimental farm for all points of husbandry." Dr. Madden lastly promised to procure a gentleman (who proved to be himself) who shall for two years certain pay £130 per annum, to be applied as premiums for the encouragement of the fine arts, and further that he would sign a deed to pay it for life when £500 is procured, "provided the Society shall apply his little fund to the views they are directed to, with their usual activity and prudence." This, it appears, was soon carried out, and advertisements were immediately published in the newspapers, stating the premiums to be given to such persons who shall make improvements in any useful art or manufacture, and mentioning Dr. Madden's proposal "for encouraging new inventions in architecture and painting and statuary in this Kingdom." Later on, the funds having increased to £900, they published a notice asking any gentleman or others conversant with husbandry, trade, or manufactures, and "who wish well to their country, to favour them with their company and advice." They also offered rewards (May, 1740) to be given to such persons who shall produce next winter in Dublin the best hops, flax seed, flax, cider, earthenware, thread, malt liquor,

and lace. It appears soon after that Dr. Madden retired to live in the country, but the Society could not get on without him, and an urgent resolution of the committee was sent to him, with a request "that he would be pleased to come to town in some short time to give spirit to, and quicken the collection of, the subscriptions."

Among the recipients of Dr. Madden's prizes are the following:—To Mr. Houghton, for the best piece of sculpture—viz., St. Paul Preaching at Athens, £25; to Mr. Tudor, for the best piece of painting, £10; to Mr. Robert Ellis, for the best piece of paduasoy, £10; Catherine Plunket, for the best piece of edging, £5; Mary Casey, for the second best ditto. £3; and Catherine Rickey, for the third best ditto, £2; Mr. David Davis, for the best piece of velvet, £10. Dr. Madden, in some years, gave as much as £300, which included premiums for curing fish, growing hops, making paper, etc.

It was in the year 1746, that the Society determined to apply to the Government for an annual grant of £500, and it was the despatch sending forward this application that called forth from Lord Chesterfield the remark that heads this article. It was granted on the 26th March, 1746.

Lord Chesterfield was rather against the Charter which was sought for and granted to the Society in 1749. He feared it would alter its character, and make it become an object of party and Parliamentary views, instead of being, as it then was, an independent Society, depending only for their existence on their own good behaviour, and not a theatre for jobbers, to show their skill upon having no employments to dispose of. "Abuses," he says, "have always hitherto crept into corporate bodies, and will probably in time creep into this too, but I hope that it will have such an effect at first, as to make the future abuses of less consequence. The draft shown me of the Charter seems to have all

the provisions in it that human prudence can make against human iniquity."

All this time, the Society had no house or premises of their own, and used to meet either in Trinity College, or in the Parliament House, of which their secretary, William Maple, was the keeper, and the models and specimens that were collected were deposited in one of the vaults for public inspection by permission of the Lords Justices; but in the year 1756 a committee was appointed by the Society "to look out for a house" for them, and shortly after one in Shaw's Court, off Dame Street, was chosen, it being reported that it "stood well for the purpose." It is described as comprising a spacious wainscotted dwellinghouse, built early in the last century, with a coachhouse, stable, a large warehouse, and a garden. It was agreed on for the best terms, and ordered to be put in suitable order, and the Society held their first meeting on their own premises on 10th February, 1757. There were twelve members present. At the next meeting it was ordered that "an oilcloth be provided for the room wherein the Society meets, and that a map of Ireland be provided, and set up in the said room," also that "Thomas Bryan, of the Comb, having made good carpeting in imitation of the Scotch, though not the full quantity required, the Society ordered him a guinea, and directed him to make the same sort to cover the stairs going to the rooms wherein they meet." There were two rooms of the house allotted to Mr. Robert West, the eminent drawing-master, who had previously been allowed by the Society to receive a certain number of their pupils at his Academy in George's Lane, and in October, 1758, the stable in Shaw's Court was altered and formed into a drawing school for the boys. Some of the leading teachers were engaged, and everything done to further drawing, architecture, and painting. O'Keeffe, one of the pupils there, has given an interesting account of the

arrangement of the school, and how the boys were placed, etc. He says—"We had a civil little fellow as our porter to run about and buy our oranges and apples, and pencils and crayons, and move our busts and statues for us."

The members of the Dublin Society frequently visited the Academy, and some of the lads were sent to Rome to study the Italian masters.

It is, however, rather sad to learn that notwithstanding all the good the Society was endeavouring to do in so many different ways, it did not receive the support it was entitled to from the upper classes in Ireland. Many who had become members afterwards resigned, while others, it is deplorable to have to relate, left their annual subscriptions unpaid. The venerable Dr. Madden again came to the rescue, and with the assistance of a few others succeeded in obtaining from 1761 to 1767 large grants from the Irish House of Commons "to enable the Society in a more ample manner to promote and encourage agriculture, arts, and manufactures in such manner and subject to such regulations as should be directed by Parliament."

Among the lists of premiums offered by the Society out of the Parliamentary grants in the year 1765 are the following :—

A sum of £500 to discharged soldiers and sailors taking leases of lives from 5 to 20 acres in Leinster, Munster, or Connaught.

Best original full-length portrait, £11 7s. 6d.

Knitted ribbed stockings, 300 pairs, at 8d. a pair, £10.

Planting 1,000 oak trees, a gold medal.

Planting 2,000 ash or elm trees, a silver medal.

Employing 40 children, not above 13 years of age, from 1st September, 1765, to 1st September, 1766, £12 and £8.

The person collecting most honey or wax from bees, his own property, without destroying the bees, £10 and £7.

And any person who resided between the Hill of Howth and the Head of Wicklow that built a boat or wherry after the month of July, 1765, would receive a premium of £11 7s. 6d.

From time to time in the newspapers appeared advertisements from different shop people announcing their success in obtaining some of the prizes offered by the Society, as, for instance, William Parvisol, hatmaker, adjoining the Tholsel in Skinner's Row, informs his patrons that he last year obtained the "Preanium" from the Dublin Society for excelling in clergymen's hats. The Society were also in the habit of lending money to different manufacturers and tradesmen. In one year this amounted to upwards of £1,000, but as it became difficult sometimes to obtain repayment, it was decided for the future to grant no money to any person as a loan.

In 1764 it became apparent that the premises in Shaw's Court were not large enough for the work the Society was then carrying on, and it was at first proposed to enlarge the house there, but this was not agreed to, as the term for which they held it was short and uncertain. So a new edifice was erected in Grafton Street, and Shaw's Court was vacated in October, 1767. It afterwards became an auction room.

The house in Grafton Street is the one now occupied by the Northern Banking Company, but formerly well known as the Alliance Gas Office. At the rear of the house schools for drawing were opened, the instruction in which was given gratuitously, the encouragement of proficiency in the fine arts being always a special feature in the work of the Society from its very commencement, as we learn that even at the time when they met in the Parliament House the performances of the various candidates were hung round a spacious room, and the boys were directed to sit at a large table and draw the figure or living models placed upon it.

The drawings were then judged, and, according to their merits, the young artists received premiums varying from a guinea to a crown.

Again, in 1793, the Society find they are cramped for space, and a site being obtained, and a grant from Parliament of £9,000, the splendid building, known to later generations as the Theatre Royal, Hawkins Street, was for fourteen years occupied by the Dublin Society. It was during this period that they established the Botanic Gardens at Glasnevin, and in the *Freeman's Journal* for 1807 we notice that "Dr. Wade will deliver a lecture on artificial grasses, at 8 o'clock in the morning, in the Dublin Society's Botanical Gardens, Glasnevin." In the year 1815, for some good reason probably, but want of space is not given as the one on this occasions, Leinster House, the residence of the Duke of Leinster, was purchased by the Society, and since then has been their headquarters. It is, of course, well known that in handing over to the Government Science and Art Department certain sections of their work a few years ago they also gave up the larger portion of the house, an arrangement they have since had much cause to regret, as with a very large increase in the number of members, and an addition of more than 400 lady associates, besides an ever-growing library, the old cry of "more room" is still the need of the Dublin Society, but in this instance we trust it will not be the Society that will have to move. For more than eighty years it has carried on its great work in Kildare Street. There is a great charm about Leinster House, and it has many associations with the past history of our city. If it is true "that all houses where men have lived and died are haunted houses," surely the old rooms of the Fitzgeralds are full of phantom shadows. A hundred years ago it was spoken of as the most stately private edifice in the city. It was built exactly 150 years ago by the celebrated architect Castell, and was

for some time called Kildare House, as its then owner was not created Duke of Leinster until 1766. It was the scene of some of the most splendid entertainments given in Dublin. The Volunteers were frequently drilled and paraded on Leinster Lawn, and the first balloon ascent in Ireland took place also from there. It is whispered that many meetings of United Irishmen were held in some of the spacious rooms, while the Whig Club and other political parties were accustomed to assemble within its walls.

The Royal Dublin Society now numbers nearly 3,000 members and associates ; its income last year was upwards of £20,000, and its expenditure about £18,000, the greater part of which is spent on the same objects, and for the same purposes, that its founder and great helper, Dr. Madden, requested might be done with his modest "little fund." The incalculable good that is done by the circulation of this money throughout the country cannot easily be estimated, while the benefit to the citizens of a meeting-place for so large a number of its residents, where they can have opportunities of hearing classical music, lectures on modern science, and the latest discoveries, popular instruction in other branches of knowledge in which courses for children are included, together with reading rooms and library, combined to make it a noble example of what Irishmen can do when they wish. The splendid ground in Ball's Bridge, purchased by the Society in 1880, has been the means of attracting thousands to Dublin who would not otherwise have come, and the succession of cattle and dog shows, as well as the great world-famed horse show, held annually, have succeeded in completely changing the aspect of the city during what used to be the dullest periods of the year.

OLD DUBLIN PLEASURE GARDENS.

THE ROTUNDA GARDENS.

IN an uncertain climate like that of Ireland, pleasure grounds devoted to outdoor amusements would be at a disadvantage, and yet some years ago such resorts for public entertainment formed portion of the permanent places that the citizens frequented in large numbers, and regarded with much favour. In this fashion, however, they were but following the custom that had obtained in the greater metropolis, for it will be remembered that in London the Vauxhall and Ranelagh Gardens were in great vogue, and are mentioned very often in accounts of the gay world of long ago. After a while both there and in Dublin pleasure gardens fell out of favour, and although, in recent times, an attempt has been made to revive in some measure their popularity, they have not survived the exhibitions to which they were attached, and of which they formed a prominent source of attraction.

The earliest and most famous of the gardens of Dublin is that of the Rotunda, which, curious to say, has come down to us to the present moment almost unchanged; and as well-known to the residents of the twentieth century as to those of the eighteenth.

In the Rotunda Gardens of to-day, many bazaars and functions have taken place during the past few years, and as the old building itself has come back into notice during the same period, the pretty grounds that are part of its heritage have still their share in benefiting

the charity to which they belong. It is now one hundred and fifty years since Dr. Bartholomew Mosse saw the foundation stone laid of the hospital for which he laboured so long and so well. The Lord Mayor of Dublin of that day, Thomas Taylor by name, well and truly laid the stone, and the interesting ceremony took place on the birthday (24th May, 1751), of the Prince of Wales, who later became King George the Third of England.

The story of Dr. Mosse and his hospital has been often told, and how he took the lease of "a piece of waste ground with a pool in the hollow, and a few cabins on the slope," which was situated at the top of Sackville Street, then known as Drogheda Street, and now called by some O'Connell Street. Good Doctor Mosse "at the risk of his whole fortune" began here to build his hospital, and to lay out some of the space around it as a garden. It was his desire and intention that the hospital should face down Sackville Street, but this he was not able to carry out, and it was not until the year 1757 that the charitable institution, as we see it to-day, was opened by the Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Bedford.

It is not the intention here to speak of the success of the humane work started by Dr. Mosse, nor of the various additions and changes that have passed over this historic corner of the metropolis. To all and everyone is the Rotunda well known, and the beautiful chapel attached to the hospital is likewise open to the public.

Our purpose, at present, is to speak of the gardens and the scenes they presented many long years ago, when rank and fashion wended their way thither, and all that was of beauty, frivolity, or eccentricity was there to be seen. It must be understood that these gardens as also the handsome pile of buildings, known as the Rotunda, including the Round Room (which from its shape gave its name to the whole), and the adjacent apartments, were all the primary means of support

for the hospital, and the entertainments that were held here resulted for many years in providing substantial sums on which it came to depend.

Dr. Mosse, and afterwards the trustees, spared neither trouble nor expense to make the gardens and rooms, on which he depended so largely, both beautiful and attractive for the distinguished company that were afterwards to gather there, and eminent artists were brought over to ornament and decorate the entire place.

In the winter season the building would naturally be the meeting-ground for the fashionable folk, who resorted there in great numbers, and the forms of amusement being masquerades, balls, and promenades.

In the summer time the gardens were crowded by the people of highest rank in Dublin, who, indeed, from all accounts, spent the greater part of their day in these grounds.

It was at this period that the houses round the Rotunda began to be built, and it was no secret that the attractions provided at the Rotunda were an inducement to many to take up their abode close at hand, so from the neighbouring residences came forth in the early part of the day, lords and ladies from the mansions in Rutland Square, who found amusement in the grounds, the ladies strolling about, while the gentlemen played at bowls in the lower part of the gardens.

Dinner was early in those days, and when the meal was concluded, the aristocratic world returned to the Rotunda and joined in the varied amusements that might be going on. On week days there were assemblies or masquerades, many of them organised and arranged by ladies of position, and admission to which was by subscription.

Quoting from a voucher bearing date 1791, we find that in the "Public Rooms, Rutland Square" there were six assemblies to take place during February and March, the ticket for ladies for the series being three guineas, or

a single ticket one guinea, while for gentlemen the whole subscription was likewise three guineas, but a single admission was two guineas. The Summer Assemblies took place in April and May, but there were also announced "an annual Ridotto on Tuesday, 15th February, one guinea ticket, and a Masqued Ball on March, ticket one guinea and a half," while the promenade lasted from the 1st January to the 1st September.

A special feature of the Rotunda gatherings were the Sunday evening promenades. On these occasions music was not provided, and promenading was the only entertainment afforded, besides refreshments, and Lord Cloncurry tells us that he has frequently seen here on a Sunday evening "a third of the members of both Houses of Parliament," while he notices that the great folk who had rendezvous'd early in the afternoon on the North Circular Road, then the fashionable drive, spent their Sunday evenings "in promenading at the Rotunda."

In the gardens in the summer music was not provided, but tea, coffee, ices, and lemonades could be obtained. The grounds were prettily laid out with shrubs and statuary, and the crowds were never weary of contemplating the strange medley that were thus brought together. These gatherings have been likened by those who saw and took part in them to similar scenes on the Continent, where gaiety of spirit, combined with elegance and style, made up a spectacle both brilliant and interesting. From the first the public were admitted to the gardens on Sunday evenings, and to the promenades on week days, the price of admission being 5d., and these promenades alone brought to the charity £1,000 a year.

We learn that while the company included all classes, everything was very orderly and agreeable, and the combined elements were equally delighted, for the great people of those days donned very fine clothes and had

grand airs which they liked to show off, and an admiring assembly of a lower grade who audibly expressed surprise and admiration was not beneath their taste and dignity, while on the other hand the plainer citizens took much pleasure in being thus in the vicinity of the nobility and gentry, and highly enjoyed the wonderful sights that came before their vision.

The dress of the period, both for ladies and gentlemen, was very bright and distinctive, and there was, moreover, a marked individuality allowed to any who cared to make themselves remarkable, so we find records that here could be seen Lord Taafe in a whole suit of dove-coloured silk, and that the Earl of Belmont disported himself in a silk coat, satin shoes with red heels, and an elegant feathered hat. Most of the company wore powdered hair, and the ladies vied with each other in the modes of hairdressing and variety of costume. Special arrangements were made for the accommodation of the Sedan chairs that were in waiting for their owners, and also for the chairmen or servants who were in attendance.

We can hardly better close this brief account of the old Rotunda gardens and the gay folk who frequented them in these early days than by recalling the injunction impressed on the leaders of fashion at that time. "It remains," says the prospectus "with ladies and gentlemen of the first rank to determine whether these entertainments shall be of real use to society as well as to the charity. Their constant presence in the narrow circle of a Dublin assembly must awe into propriety those of a lower rank with whom they might find themselves associated."

THE ROYAL PORTOBELLO GARDENS.

PORTOBELLO, or "Beautiful Gate, or Beautiful Haven," was the name given to a district on the outskirts of Dublin some time during the eighteenth century. The city in those days was confined within narrower limits than it is now, and where the streets ended there began fields and open spaces that made it look like the country indeed.

The name Portobello has come down to us to the present day, and, therefore, there is no great difficulty in tracing the former site and situation of that part of this neighbourhood which became famous as the Portobello Gardens. On the south side of what is known as the South Circular Road, commencing somewhere about the corner of Harrington Street, and stretching backwards towards the canal, were the Portobello Gardens, which were, within the memory of hardly middle-aged persons, a favourite place of resort to the residents of Dublin.

It is, perhaps, forty years now since the Gates of the Portobello Gardens were closed to the public as a place of amusement, having, like similar establishments, lost its hold on popular favour, and no longer gaining the patronage of the richer classes who were able to support it. In tracing for a moment the pretty Spanish name of this quarter of Dublin, which now is densely crowded with roads and terraces, we find that so far back as 1502, Columbus bestowed it on a place that he visited in the State of Panama on the coast of the Caribbean Sea. The little town of Puerto Belloe or Porto-Bello, with its fine natural harbour, which suggested the name to the great explorer, grew and flourished for many years as the chief depot for the gold and silver from the mines of Peru, but in 1739 it was attacked by Admiral Vernon, who "within forty-eight hours of his appearance in

the harbour was in possession of the place, and before he left he utterly destroyed the fortifications."

We travel back from the Republic of Colombia, where the royal galleons carried the precious metal across the isthmus from Panama, before the English admiral's fatal advent, and nearer home, in the County of Midlothian, three miles east of the City of Edinburgh, we find another Portobello. How did the name come, and why ?

About one hundred and fifty years back there was a waste piece of ground hereabouts, known as Figgate Whins, and we read that the first house built on Figgate Whins was by a sailor who had served under Admiral Vernon at the capture of Porto-Bello, in Central America, in 1739, and, therefore, gave that name to the place whereon he built his residence. The Scottish Porto-Bello is now a well-known watering place, with a fine sand beach, and from several industries carried on in the neighbourhood is a place of size and importance, becoming a burgh in 1832.

For lack of greater knowledge on the matter, it may be assumed that our own Portobello, now within the city boundaries, got its picturesque designation for a somewhat similar reason, and as it was known by the name more than a century ago, it brings it within the same period of time.

Portobello to-day, is closely built upon, and houses of a small class have clustered thickly over the meadows and open grounds of fifty years back. It has been chosen by the Jewish community to a great extent, who flocked to our city from the Russian exodus a while past, and Hebrew, it is said, can be heard spoken at the present day in the streets round about the whilom Portobello Gardens.

We have other associations of the past, too, with the district, for did not Lord Edward Fitzgerald stay in hiding quite close to the Portobello Hotel, and walk in

the dusk by the banks of the canal, which was only made and opened a few years earlier, and the bridge close by received its name of La Touche Bridge (which it is never called) from a director of the company in 1791, when it was made.

In the *Cock and Anchor* of Lefanu, we get a glimpse of this old suburb of Dublin in former days before it became merged into and portion of the city itself. It gives us a clear impression of the contrast that exists between the loneliness then of the little suburb and the busy aspect it presents to-day.

“Some time within the first ten years of the eighteenth century,” says Mr. Lefanu, “There stood at the southern extremity of the city, near the point at which Camden Street now terminates, a small old-fashioned building, something between an ale-house and an inn. It occupied the roadside by no means unpicturesquely. One gable jutted into the road, with a projecting window which stood out from the building like a glass box, held together by a massive frame of wood, and commanded by this projecting gable and a few yards in retreat, but facing the road, was the inn door, over which hung a painted panel representing a white horse, out of whose neck their spouted a crimson cascade, and underneath, in large letters, the traveller was informed that this was the genuine old ‘Bleeding Horse.’ Old enough in all conscience it appeared to be, for the tiled roof, except where the ivy clustered over it, was crowded with weeds of many kinds, and the boughs of the huge trees which embowered it had cracked and shattered one of the cumbrous chimney-stacks, and in many places it was evident that but for the timely interposition of the saw and the axe, the giant limbs of the old timber would, in the gradual increase of years, have forced their way through the roof and the masonry itself.”

There are several old Dublin people still with us who can recall the remembrance of “The Bleeding Horse,”

and the traditions associated with its name. The establishing of the Royal Portobello Gardens in this neighbourhood brings us well into the nineteenth century, and it would appear from the announcements in the newspapers up to the sixties that it was largely availed of for holding of outdoor amusements,—sports or entertainments—and was well patronised in the earlier years by the fashionable people of Dublin. The Portobello Hotel was regarded as a delightful place to stay at, free from the noise and bustle of the city. It was used in the first part of the nineteenth century by passengers on the canal boats, which started from this spot to different parts of the country, and brought thither along the pleasant waters of the Grand Canal many of the nobility and gentry who wished to journey to the capital, and made use of this then very popular mode of transit.

Fifty years ago one of the inducements to stay in the hotel was that omnibuses from town “passed the door every ten minutes,” and one does not require to be very old to recall that it was at Portobello Bridge that an omnibus backed into the lock, and the occupants were drowned, owing to the keeper in his excitement turning on the water instead of off, and among those lost was the father of one Mr. Gunn, so well known in connection with the Theatre Royal, and among those saved was an eminent cleric, who had bitterly regretted missing the fatal vehicle which he had endeavoured by running, to reach a short time previous to the disaster.

In order to describe some of the amusements provided by the lessees of the Royal Portobello Gardens, we will look over a few advertisements that drew attention to them. In July, 1858, Mr. Harris (of the Theatre Royal) announced a series of grand evening *fetes* for a limited period, for which he engaged the celebrated Madame Gassier previous to her departure for America,

also the attendance of the band of the Garde Nationale of Paris was secured. There were also the Conrads, well-known clowns and gymnasts; Herr Evanion, the renowned German conjuror; the Royal Sardinian and French marionettes; and a musical drama entitled "La Chalet," a grand concert, and the Christy minstrels, while a colossal representation of the siege, capture and storm of Delhi, carried out in the minutest detail, with a splendid depiction of the blowing up of the Cashmere Gate, shown by highly effective *tableaux vivants*, concluding with a magnificent show of fireworks, the latter portion of the entertainment being by Morthan, the renowned pyrotechnist of London. The admission was one shilling, and the doors opened at six o'clock.

It is, perhaps, of interest to call attention in connection with fireworks that in 1857 Mr. Hodson advertises his Pyrotechnic Laboratory as being in the Royal Portobello Gardens, and states he is ready to supply thousands of rockets, Roman candles, blue lights, &c.

In the following notice there is a different style of amusement—"Easter Monday and Tuesday, April, 1859. Horse and Pony Races on the New Course, Royal Portobello Gardens, and a Grand Display of Fireworks. 1st Race—The Portobello Gardens Stakes, &c., &c. A Military Band will attend. The Gardens will open at 4 o'clock. First race at five o'clock. Promenade, 1s. 6d. Back grounds, 1s." Later it was announced that the attendance on this occasion was very good, and that the band played a beautiful selection of music, and the fireworks brought the evening to a close about half-past nine o'clock. There were also horse and pony races held here in the month of May in the same year. In June the lessees of the gardens advertised an attractive programme, which included:—The band of the 30th Regiment; a varied performance by M. Russell and Son; the Brothers Tallien in their extraordinary

performances, crystal pyramids, gymnastic entertainments, and to conclude with La Trapeze ; also during the evening there were performing dogs, the Hibernian Bellringers, while the Siege of Canton preceded a splendid show of fireworks. The gardens opened every evening at 8 o'clock, and the price of admission was one shilling.

We are also reminded by public notices that an archery club held its meetings in the Royal Portobello Gardens, and that any ladies or gentlemen who wished to join could send their cards to the secretary to be laid before the committee for election. In 1860 the arrangements for the season include the appearance of Hartz, the Wizard of the World, Mr. Robert Frazer, the celebrated basso vocalist, and Mademoiselle Martinez, the fascinating danseuse, and Miss F. Henri, the admired soprano, while a Maypole Dance by twenty-six rustics in picturesque costumes, and displays of fireworks, formed but a portion of the amusements arranged. The concert hall at this time is stated to have been splendidly decorated, and the stage considerably enlarged.

As showing the use made of the grounds, the following paragraph tells that "on this day (Monday), May 13th, 1861, athletic games and foot races will be held at the Royal Portobello Gardens, to commence at three o'clock precisely, under the management of a committee of gentlemen. By kind permission, the splendid band of the 1st Royal Dragoons will attend. To conclude with a grand display of fireworks. Admission one shilling." A visit from the great Blondin attracted large crowds to the gardens at this time, and his wonderful walk across the tight rope was witnessed by several thousand persons.

In the terrible storm of February, 1861, considerable damage was done to the paling round the gardens, twenty-one feet of it being thrown down. At the opening

of a parochial hall on the South Circular Road, a couple of years ago, in connection with the Church of St. Kevin, the Archbishop of Dublin reminded those present that the site of the building was on the ground of the formerly well-known Portobello Gardens, and stated that during his student days he had been present at several of the entertainments given in them. But few traces remain of this place of amusement to-day, a few old trees that stand in the small gardens attached to some of the many houses belong to the time of which we have been writing, and beneath their branches have wandered a past generation of Dublin citizens, but the hand of the builder has seized the little village of Portobello and all its open spaces, green fields, and its once famous Royal Garden, have been swept into and now forms part of the City of Dublin itself.

THE RANELAGH GARDENS.

THE village of Ranelagh lies two miles south-east from the General Post Office. It has been until within the past few years a quiet old-world sort of place. Secluded avenues and rural roads contained the old-fashioned residences of the inhabitants, and anyone seeking for retirement would here confess they had found it.

It was reckoned as in the country, too, not so long ago, and our great grandparents who may have dwelt in the gloomy district, although then very genteel, of what we now call the Bride's Alley Area, considered a day spent in the fields and lanes round about Cullenswood and Ranelagh as very health-giving and enjoyable. It is withal a quaint old place still, and there are corners and nooks yet left amidst the modern buildings that remind

us of the past. There are several houses still remaining that have been homes for nigh two hundred years, and it is only quite recently that some of the oldest land marks have been removed. With the advent of the tram lines and the connection established between the city and the suburbs, Ranelagh, like other places near Dublin, became changed. It is virtually a part of the city now, and a few minutes' travelling transports the residents to and fro.

Building has been very active round about this neighbourhood and the site of the great battle on the fields of Cullenswood is now completely covered with terraces and roads. In Ranelagh itself during the last few months the large domain known as Elm Park has undergone transformation, and as if by magic over the lawn that surrounded the house where Major Sirr lived a hundred years ago there have sprung up rows of shops, streets and roads. The curious old house where John Wesley lodged came down but a few months back, and in a short period Ranelagh promises to be a busy, populous little town.

Our present intention, however, is to look for a few minutes at Ranelagh as it was in the eighteenth century, and at a time when it became the favourite resort of the fashionable world of Dublin—the attraction being the famous Ranelagh Gardens which were here established, and resembled in the amusements offered to their patrons the same class of entertainment as was obtained at similar places in London.

According to the prevailing custom, dinner was over early in the afternoon, and the manner of passing the evenings had to be provided for ; so dancing, music, and promenading were announced among the inducements that brought the great folk from the city to take the air, and see the fun under the elm trees of Ranelagh.

We can in fancy see the crowd of gaily-dressed dames

carried quickly along in their private sedan chairs, which were handsomely painted and decorated, and the grand chariots of those who came from a distance, while the horsemen and the noddies, and the coaches, would bring a great stir to the little village, whose rustic inhabitants would gaze in amazement at the brilliancy and brightness of the company. The Grand Canal had not been made at this time, and we fancy a good delay must have taken place at the toll gate, that is marked on the old maps as being somewhere on what we now know as the Dartmouth road.

Our readers would probably wish to hear where the actual spot was to which the gay throng were making their way, and as it happens, it is possible to locate it exactly. To anyone who has passed along the Ranelagh Road, the tall gates of the Carmelite Convent of St. Joseph, close to the railway arch, are familiar, and it was here that a century and a half ago the Ranelagh Gardens formed the rendezvous for the wealth, rank, fashion, and beauty of Dublin.

This historic ground, however, has yet another interest, for still further back in the annals of Ranelagh, we learn that about the close of the seventeenth century the fine mansion that stood here, standing in its own grounds and surrounded by ancient trees, was the residence of the Protestant Bishop of Derry, the Right Rev. William Barnard, who died in 1768. The name of the house was Willbrook, and Mr. Elrington Ball, in his *History of the County Dublin*, tells how after the death of the bishop, it was taken by an organ builder of London for the purpose of converting it into a place of entertainment on the model of the Ranelagh Gardens in London.

The gardens and grounds in the bishop's time are described as beautiful, and rural, and doubtless did not require much to make them suitable for their new purpose. That the Ranelagh Gardens became very popular,

and were well supported, there is abundant testimony, and frequent allusion is made to them in dealing with social life of that day ; while among the various verses in which they are mentioned may be quoted the following :—

Along the grass full many a group
Are pacing slow in lightsome talk,
Full powdered wig and swelling hoop
Flutter along the velvet walk,
Coy ribands wave on breast or waist,
Rings' flash, and laces' golden glow
Display the deep matured taste
Of blooming maid and brilliant beau
Now comes a light-heeled gallant by
In ruffles, sword, and curled toupee,
While glitters in his anxious eye
The jest he'll give the world to-day.

Here were to be met the beautiful Miss Gunnings, Maria, and Elizabeth, stated by Horace Walpole to have been “ two Irish girls of no fortune, who make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen, and who are declared the handsomest women alive.” They came to Dublin in 1750, and the next year went to London, where in a short time one became Countess of Coventry and the other Duchess of Hamilton and of Argyle.

One of the most remarkable of the visitors to Ranelagh Gardens was John Hely-Hutchinson, who, although occupying the distinguished and dignified post of Provost of Trinity College, has come down to us as renowned for his love of dancing, which gained for him in these light-hearted-days the sobriquet of “ The Prancer.” In the history of the University there are many incidents related of this energetic Provost, who desired, among other things, that a riding school should be attached to the College, and was the first to found chairs of modern languages,

holding that a knowledge of such was a necessary part of a liberal education ; a startling doctrine in those times. Provost Hely-Hutchinson had fought at least one duel in his day, and so, therefore, could not utter much protest against similar practices among his students, but he made great improvements in the fabric of the College, and the splendid examination hall stands a monument to his efforts. We meet also in the gardens Isaac Corry, "whose person was pleasing, his voice clear and harmonious, his manner graceful," and admitted "unquestionably to be a man of talents." Mr. Corry was M.P. for Newry in the Irish House of Commons, and was elected member for Dundalk for the United Parliament after the Union. He was also Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, and had many a sharp encounter with Grattan "across the floor" in College Green. One of these oratorical battles ended in a meeting on a February morning (1800), at Ball's Bridge, when Corry was wounded in the arm. He died at his house in Merrion Square in 1813.

All the beauties and toasts of the day came to Ranelagh during the zenith of its popularity, among whom we find Miss Swete, who created a nine days' wonder in this old Dublin of ours by throwing over John Fitzgibbon, Lord Chancellor, and then Earl of Clare, in favour of Henry Sheares, who, as we all know, suffered the extreme penalty of the law for the part he took in the troubles of '98. There is a sad tale told of how at that time Mrs. Sheares waited long hours in her sedan chair in Ely Place for the coming of the Lord Chancellor to plead for her husband, and how it seemed almost possible that his life was to have been spared.

But we have wandered from the gay company in the Ranelagh Gardens in the time before Miss Swete and others knew of sorrow and trouble, when all was bright and the varieties and amusements were ever varied and novel. The belles of the day are exhorted in print to

abstain from the use of cosmetics, which were becoming noticed among the habitues of the gardens :—

Why lay the noxious rouge upon that face
 Where now already blooms the vermeil grace ?
 Or why will washes strive to add new charms
 To the autumnate lily of your arms.
 Since more true beauties deck one Irish "toast"
 Than a whole world of painted dolls can boast.
 Let art patch up proud Gallia's olive dames
 And form its beauties on the banks of Thames,
 But cursed be she who first from foreign parts
 Brought upon Irish ground these baneful arts,
 Destroying nature's, virtue's, loveliest plan,
 And rend'ring woman hateful unto man.

Among the noted noblemen who patronised the gardens were the Duke of Leinster and Lord Charlemont, the latter of whom, from his talents and patriotism, was one of the most influential men in the country. He strongly opposed the Union, and died in 1799 before it became law. A few lines from Lord Cloncurry give us a fair idea of what society in Dublin was like at this period :—

"Dublin in 1797," says Lord Cloncurry in his recollections, "was perhaps one of the most agreeable places of residence in Europe. There were no conveniences belonging to a capital in those days which it did not possess. Society in the upper classes was as brilliant and polished as that of Paris in its best days, while social intercourse was conducted with a conviviality that could not be equalled in France, and which, though not always strictly in accordance with modern notions of temperance, seldom degenerated into coarseness. All persons of a certain condition were acquainted with each other, and were in the habit of meeting together in social circles, both private and public. Thus a pleasant familiarity grew up, but was prevented from passing into contempt by the punctilious habits of personal respect belonging to the time. It is true there was a duel now

and then, as the *sequela* of a ball or assembly, but not more frequently than in other countries at the time, and it was conducted in a gallant manner, the adversaries being no worse friends after it was over."

Among other habitués of the Ranelagh Gardens may be named Lord Norbury, who boasted that he began his legal career with fifty pounds in cash and a pair of hair-trigger pistols. He died at a great age in 1827, and is the subject of innumerable stories, both with regard to the severity of his sentences when judge, and the bon-mots with which he enlivened his court. We can in imagination see many other noted personages, perhaps Mrs. Pendarves, when she first visited Dublin, Sir Jonah Barrington, the Earl of Clonmell, Lord and Lady Moira, and the host of great folk who dwelt in Dublin in the eighteenth century, coming one time or other out to the pretty gardens in the summer season.

It is of particular interest to remember that Ranelagh gave its name as a designation to the peerage in the person of Sir Roger Jones, who, in 1628, for his own merits, and those of his father, who had been Archbishop of Dublin and Lord Chancellor, was created Baron Jones of Navan, County Meath, and Viscount Ranelagh, County Dublin. The history of the Jones family (the only instance, we believe, in which this surname was ennobled) is of interest, as many members of it held high positions and are mentioned in contemporary literature of their time. They inter-married with many of the leading Irish and English families, several of them are buried in Westminster Abbey, they nearly all filled good posts in the army and navy, and the title only became extinct when the 7th Viscount Ranelagh died in London and was buried at Fulham with military honours in 1873. The third holder of the dignity, who was advanced to the Earldom of Ranelagh, was, perhaps, the most remarkable, as we find he was M.P. for half-a-dozen places in England in succession between the years

1685-1703. He was also Chancellor of the Exchequer and Paymaster of the Army; he was made a Privy Councillor by William III. in 1692, and obtained from this monarch first the lease and later the fee of twenty-two acres next the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, where he built Ranelagh House, and laid out the gardens, which in 1730 were converted into the well-known and fashionable public place of amusement in London.

The title of Ranelagh fell into abeyance more than once, and was even granted in 1718 to another family, which caused the rightful owner, when he established his claim to his peerage, not to assume this portion of his dignity until after its extinction as a barony therein. This 3rd Viscount Ranelagh married a daughter of James 3rd Earl of Salisbury in 1696, he being nearly sixty years of age, and the lady a young widow of nineteen; her first husband was Lord Stawell. She is described as "a dazzling and disdainful beauty," while Viscount Ranelagh notwithstanding his years, is stated to have been "frisky and juvenile, curly and gay." There is a mezzotint portrait of this Countess of Ranelagh in our National Gallery. She died in her 55th year, her picture having been painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, from which the one in our gallery is copied.

The fame and popularity of the gardens at Ranelagh began to decline when those at Rutland square came into existence, and "Mosse's Gardens" were regarded as more fashionable towards the close of the eighteenth century. There were, however, several attempts made to keep up the Ranelagh Gardens by giving entertainments, which for a while induced visitors to patronise them. They were finally closed, and though after a time an enterprising attempt was made to restore them to public favour by Kollerter, who re-opened them with many attractions, the elements were against him, as report tells that torrents of rain fell every time anything

special was provided, with the result that the proprietor was ruined and had to abandon the attempt. As one of the interesting events chronicled as having taken place in Ranelagh Gardens, we take from the *Gentleman's Magazine* an account of the first balloon ascent ever attempted in Ireland. "Wednesday, 19th January, 1785. A balloon was this day launched from Ranelagh Gardens, Dublin, in which Mr. Crosbie was the only traveller. An incredible number of spectators attended his ascent, which at first was slow, perpendicular, and majestic, but soon began to rise with astonishing velocity, insomuch that in three minutes and a half he was out of sight. He was for some time enveloped in clouds, and the first object he saw when disengaged was the lighthouse in the harbour, a little above which he found himself crossing. Being totally unprepared for crossing the Channel to England, he had presence of mind instantly to open the valve, by which a sufficient quantity of air was soon evaporated, and he came to the ground by an easy descent on the strand at Clontarf. This hairbreadth escape spread universal joy among as numerous a multitude of spectators as ever assembled together in that kingdom on any occasion, having all given him over for lost. Had it been high water he must inevitably have perished. Mr. Crosbie made another attempt, on the 12th of May, to ascend in his balloon, which was constructed on principles of his own invention, from Palatine Square, Dublin, but only remained in it a few minutes when it came to earth again, when a young college student named M'Guire got into it, and was carried out to sea, being rescued by boats sent to his help. On the 19th July, in the same year (1785), however, Mr. Crosbie, from the Ranelagh Gardens, made what is termed his 'memorable effort to cross the Channel to Holyhead.' His experiences are related in the following account:—'On the 19th July, at Dublin, twenty minutes after two o'clock, Mr. Crosbie's balloon

was inflated to the degree necessary for his long contemplated voyage to England, and in about fifty minutes he had gained such a height and distance as to be past observation by the naked eye. At this period the final signals were made, and some detachments from different volunteer bodies, who were requested to attend to preserve due order, fired three volleys. The usual form of the boat was changed for a capacious wicker basket of a circular make, round which a great number of bladders were fastened, intended to render his gallery buoyant in case of a disaster at sea. The current of the wind, which carried him at first at due east, inclined to near north-east, and pointed the voyage towards Whitehaven. Mr. Crosbie had about 300 lbs. weight of ballast, but discharged half a hundred on his first rise. At upwards of fourteen leagues from the Irish shore he found himself within clear sight of both lands, at which time, he says, it is impossible to give any adequate idea of the unspeakable beauties which the scenery of the sea bounded on both sides presented. He rose at one time so high that the mercury in the barometer sank entirely into its globe, and he was constrained to put on his oilcloth cloak, but unluckily found his bottle of cordial broke, and could obtain no refreshment. The upper temperature of the air was different from the lower, and the cold so intense that his ink was frozen. He experienced a strong propulsion of the tympanum of the ears, and a sickness which must have been aggravated by the anxiety and fatigues of the day. At his utmost height he thought himself stationary, but liberating some gas he descended to a current of air blowing north and extremely rough. He now entered a black cloud, and encountered a propulsion of wind with thunder and lightning, which brought him rapidly to the surface of the water. Here the balloon made a circuit, but falling lower, the water entered his car, and he lost his notes of observation. At this

instant, recollecting that his watch was at the bottom, he groped for it, and put it in his pocket. All his endeavours to throw out ballast were of no avail. The intemperance of the weather plunged him into the ocean. He now thought of his cork waistcoat, and with much difficulty having put it on, the propriety of his idea became manifestly useful in the construction of his boat, as by the admission of the water into the lower part of it, and the suspension of his bladders, which were arranged at the top, the water, added to his own weight, became proper ballast, and the balloon maintaining its poise, it became a powerful sail, and by means of a snatch-block to his car or boat, he went before the wind as regularly as a sailing vessel. In this situation he found himself inclined to eat, and took a morsel of fowl; when at the distance of another league he discovered some vessels crowding after him, but as his progress outstripped all their endeavours, he lengthened the space of the balloon from the car, which gave a consequent check to the rapidity of his sailing, when the Dunleary barge came up and fired a gun. One of the sailors jumped into his car and made it fast to the barge, on which the aeronaut came out. Another of the sailors, after the car was brought on board, laid hold of the haulyard which suspended the balloon, and it being released from its under weight, the balloon ascended above one hundred feet into the air, to the utmost extent of the rope; the fellow bawling most vehemently, under the apprehension of taking a flight to the clouds, but being dragged down by the united efforts of the crew, the poor tar was eased of his fears. The barge was steered for Dunleary (Kingstown), and towed the balloon after it. About ten o'clock they landed, and next morning he had the honour of breakfasting with their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Rutland at Mr. Lee's lodge, Blackrock. The populace having received intimation of this, crowded to the house, and notwithstanding all his endeavours to

the contrary they forced him into a chair and carried him in triumph to his house."

With this lengthened extract of an aerial journey that had its beginning at Ranelagh, and which was regarded with great interest at the time and recorded in the journals of the day, we must take our leave of the old gardens and their many associations. They formed for several years a bright centre for the life and gaiety of the capital, and made a pleasant picture when filled with the beauties and beaux of the brilliant eighteenth century. So here where now gentle nuns lead their useful lives, and children's voices are heard in study and in play, and where there is wafted on the breeze the sweet tone of the Angelus bell at eventide, there comes to us across the intervening years like an echo from the past, the sound of the gay jest and lightsome laughter of those who held high revel here when the world was a century and a-half younger.

THE COBURGH GARDENS.

ON the south side of St. Stephen's Green lay the Coburgh Gardens in the early years of the nineteenth century, and at the present day, although much improved and beautified, and known by a different name, for the pleasure grounds attached to the residence of Lord Iveagh form portion of the open expanse that in former times became a centre of attraction for the citizens. But previous to the period of the formation of the Coburgh Gardens, this piece of ground obtained another interest for students of Dublin history, from the fact that it was owned and used for recreation by John Scott, Earl of Clonmell, the story of whose career fills many pages in the eventful days preceding '98, and who, in addition to his marine residence of Neptune—now

Temple Hill House—Blackrock, had a splendid house in Harcourt Street. This house, which has now been divided into two, was then a detached mansion of large proportions, having “wings” on each side, and with evidently a good-sized garden round it. It remained in this condition for many years, and was the residence of Walter Bourne, Esq., in the first half of the nineteenth century. When Lord Clonmell lived here, about 1780, and later, there was, of course, much open ground in the neighbourhood, the houses round St. Stephen’s Green were mostly detached, and Harcourt Street was only in course of building. Straight in front of the Earl’s residence spread away open fields and spaces, and his lordship would appear to have obtained possession of a considerable extent of land, for we find him owner of the district up as far as Leeson Street. We here quote a few lines from Dr. Fitzpatrick’s book, *The Sham Squire*. “He (Lord Clonmell) possessed very extensive pleasure grounds on the east side of Harcourt Street, stretching behind the entire south side of St. Stephen’s Green. A subterranean passage under Harcourt Street opened communication with those grounds which joined the garden at the rear of Francis Higgins’ mansion in St. Stephen’s Green, and there is a tradition to the effect that some of the chief’s inquisitive neighbours often used to see him making his way through the pleasure grounds for the purpose of conferring with the Sham Squire.” We can at the present day trace still Lord Clonmell’s connection with this part of the city, for the principal entrance to the gardens, now belonging to Lord Iveagh, is by way of *Clonmel* Street, off Harcourt Street, and at the opposite extremity is the comparatively new road cut across the boundary of the ground from St. Stephen’s Green, and which is called Earlsfort Terrace, from the second title in the Clonmell peerage.

It was in the first quarter of the nineteenth century that these pleasure grounds became open to the public,

under the name of the Coburgh Gardens, a name probably suggested, in accordance with the practice of those days, by events on the Continent wherein the name was concerned. It would not appear that much was done to adorn the gardens, or in any way ornament them, in the fashion to which we have become accustomed in modern days; but the amusements provided seem to have suited the popular taste of the day, and the Coburgh Gardens took a leading place among the fashionable entertainments in Dublin society. The entrance to the gardens was through the Royal Horse Bazaar, on the south side of the green, and when any special attraction was provided, long advertisements were published in the daily papers announcing the various displays or shows that were to be given. We will first notice the programme given in advance for the 20th June, 1828, which was to be under the patronage of the Lord Lieutenant (the Marquis of Anglesey), and the nobility and gentry of the city were informed that no expense had been spared, and "the various artistes engaged pledge themselves to produce an exhibition that shall exceed anything of the kind ever seen here before in regard to variety, brilliancy of colour, and correctness of display." A splendid exhibition of fireworks was the chief feature of the evening, and a grand promenade, the arrangements for which were in the hands of a native artist, "assisted by Monsieur Piron, a les Jardin de Tivoli, Paris, pyrotechnist and engineer to His Most Christian Majesty Charles X." The occasion for the entertainment is stated to be "In commemoration of the Battle of Waterloo." The band of the 7th Hussars was engaged for the evening, and two balloons were to ascend for the amusement of the spectators. It was specially mentioned that a stage had been erected, from which the fireworks would be set off, and that part of the grass would be boarded and seats provided. It was evident that a great number

were expected to attend, as the public were informed that a strong party of military and police would surround the gardens, and patrols in the adjacent streets would prevent the possibility of a mob collecting outside. Timid people were also told that no danger need be apprehended from the fireworks, which would be set off at eight o'clock, the doors of the gardens opening, however, at half-past seven, and the price of admission was half-a-crown; children half-price. It is sad to have to recount that after all these elaborate preparations, and every precaution taken against "risque or inconvenience" on the part of their patrons by the promoters of this great display, the 20th June in that particular year turned out a very wet evening, and the rain was so heavy that the entertainment was postponed to the 23rd, when the climatic elements being more favourable, all went off well, great crowds were present, and a few days later "a card of thanks" was published, stating "that the artists whose exhibition of fireworks took place at the Coburgh Gardens are at a loss to return thanks, being so deeply impressed with gratitude for the high honour that was paid them by the numerous attendance of the nobility and gentry who honoured them with their presence. They humbly, but sincerely thank his Excellency, who honoured the artists with his patronage." From which "card" we may gather that both performers and the company of "highest quality" who were present, were equally pleased, but, doubtless, the latter looked to be thanked in the grandiloquent phraseology of the day by those who had provided them with a pleasant evening.

On another occasion—this time to celebrate the coronation of the King, a different programme was arranged. Some splendid "set pieces," then a great novelty, no doubt, were announced for the conclusion of the firework display—one of which was to represent the Battle of Navarino, and the destruction of the

Turkish Fleet, with the burning and exploding of five ships, with the usual accompaniment of bombarding, cannonading, and other great noises, which might fairly have alarmed the inhabitants of the district, and resembled, in a way, the performance in the jumping enclosure at Ball's Bridge during the Military Tournament in modern days. A fine stage was erected again in the Coburgh Gardens on this night for spectators to see the fireworks from, and "part of the green was mowed and boarded" likewise for their comfort. Parties were, however, particularly recommended to furnish themselves with tickets, "which will greatly facilitate their admission to the gardens," and were also again informed that "a strong force of military, horse and foot, will be stationed round the gardens, and in the adjacent streets, so that ladies need not apprehend the least inconvenience from the presence of a crowd." To properly convey some impression of the trouble that was gone to in the preparation of the display of fireworks, an abridged list of the order of firing may be given. The programme for the evening was divided into three parts, in the first of which were shown sky rockets with brilliant stars, vertical wheels in brilliant fire, blue Turkey lights, rattlesnakes, a representation of the waterworks of St. Cloud, a grand fountain of Palestine fire, red-hot balls, bombs, blue stars, ending with a grand fountain of Italian fire. In the second part there were some "fiery pigeons, who will fly and return several times across the green, a beautiful Chinese pyramid, a Prussian mill, decorated with brilliants, a superb yew tree, and a grand figure piece representing a true lover's knot." In the last part there were Saxon wheels, horizontal wheels, a grand Malta piece with changing coloured fire, a spiral wheel representing fiery serpents in chase of a Salamander, "who will escape by flying 100 feet in the air;" and the finale of all was to show "a correct representation of a volcanic eruption of Mount Vesuvius."

It was evident that the "quick-firing off of the different pieces in most rapid succession" was regarded as of the utmost importance, as special arrangements were made to prevent the crowds from interfering with the artists in this part of their work. When the Viceregal party were expected "a tasteful box" would be fitted up for their use, and the gardens were frequently patronised by the officers of the garrison.

The south side of the city was gradually becoming more resorted to, and was getting built upon towards the middle of the nineteenth century, and by degrees was formed into the more fashionable and favourite residential portion of the metropolis. The open spaces between the detached mansions on St. Stephen's Green were filled in with smaller houses, and the green itself was altered and improved as time went on. The novelties provided in the gardens, doubtless, after a while, ceased to attract, and soon one hears no more of any inducement to visit them. For some years the Coburgh Gardens remained unused and neglected, and it was not until the year 1865 that they again came into notice.

It was in this year that the great International Exhibition was held in Dublin, and opened by His Majesty, King Edward VII. (then Prince of Wales), on the 9th of May in that year in the presence of ten thousand persons. This Exhibition was held on the grounds of which we have been speaking, and the main structure of the building then erected is now known as the Royal University. The gardens of the Exhibition formed one of the principal attractions for what was undoubtedly a splendid industrial show, and the manner in which they were laid out called forth much praise at the time.

The following account of what was done six and thirty years ago tells us of the transformation that took place with regard to the part allotted for the gardens

at the rear of the exhibition building, and handsome glass annexe, that formerly was part of the permanent structure. "Years ago," says a writer in 1865, "this plot was familiarly known as the Coburgh Gardens; it now presents a marked contrast to what it was even a few years ago. Then it was used only as a place where sheep were allowed to graze. Heaps of rubbish were thrown into several parts of it, and nothing remained to show that it had ever been at one time a thickly-wooded pleasure ground, save the projecting roots of large trees, and one venerable elm, which now stands as the only remnant of the once famous Coburgh Gardens." To accomplish the necessary changes that were required the ground was, early in the year 1863, put into the hands of Mr. Nevin, and his assistant, Mr. Bowers. They immediately set to work, and the result they achieved was regarded by all as wonderful. The extent of the ground is estimated at about thirteen acres, and lawns and avenues, shrubberies, slopes and terraces, with fountains, flower-beds, conservatories, and rockeries, appeared like magic under the skilful art displayed in the arrangement. The roots of the old trees had first to be dug out, and a thorough system of drainage by arterial pipes adopted to carry away the surface water. The rubbish had to be cleared away, boundary walls and embankments raised, then trees were planted to hide out the houses, and main avenues with rustic arches were formed. The effect when completed was stated to be very beautiful and picturesque. Although the Exhibition is now a thing of the long past, there are many who still remember how very charming and delightful the gardens of the Exhibition Palace were in the summer time of the season when it was open, and for a few succeeding years other entertainments were held there in which the gardens played their part in providing visitors with pleasurable out-door variety and amusement.

Since then changes have taken place, and the scene of the Arts and Industries of the countries, with the crowds gathered there to view the products of the world, has been a seat of learning, and examinations and conferring of degrees draw the people of to-day to the place. The gardens, however, have passed into the hands of one, who, in addition to many other benefits that he has conferred on his native city, has most generously thrown them open on several occasions for public use. "Lord Iveagh's Gardens," as they are now known, are part of the pleasure grounds attached to his town residence on the south side of St. Stephen's Green, and time has but added to the effect of the improvements that were made in the Exhibition period. Here within the past few years Lord Iveagh has permitted several entertainments to be held, and flower shows, and other social gatherings, have taken place in the beautiful grounds so convenient to the city. Two years back the interesting series of open-air Shakspearian performances were given here, and much admiration was expressed by all present at the beauty and suitability of the surroundings for the dramatic works taken part in by the Benson Company. In this way the Dublin citizens of to-day have been enabled to still enjoy much amusement and pleasure in the same spot that their great-grandfathers did a century ago.

MARLBOROUGH GREEN.

To find out the whereabouts of what was once Marlborough Green, one must look into a very old map of Dublin, indeed. At the present day all trace of this ancient pleasure resort of the citizens is completely obliterated, and closely packed houses and narrow

streets cover the ground that in the early part of the eighteenth century was open space and unbuilt upon.

Let us see if we can find our way to the "Marlborough Bowling green" once again. From the name it is natural to look in the vicinity of the Marlborough Street of to-day, and here, sure enough, close by, was the old bowling green. Nearly two centuries ago there was a good deal of spare land just north of the River Liffey, and while the "Barley Fields" were close to the ground that Dr. Mosse was in treaty about for his new hospital, to be erected thereon, a large expanse of grass and trees ran parallel on the east side to the length of Sackville Street and Drogheda Street combined. We know part of this expanse at the present time, for the various houses and buildings that constitute the National Model Schools and Education Offices attached to them are on it, while a portion south of this was the site of the Marlborough Bowling green. It lay between what we now know as Talbot Street and Abbey Street lower, and was a square piece of ground planted with trees.

To gain an idea of the country aspect the district must have presented, it may be mentioned that an old Rope Walk is stated to have been on one side, while away to the right stretched "Frenchman's land" and "World's end land," over the North Lotts, not yet divided among the city fathers. Down on the river bank where our O'Connell Bridge is, was the ferry, and it was at Ferry Boat Lane, near Tronkey (quay) that passengers waited who wished to cross the river. Close by the Bowling Green was a velvet manufactory, and glass houses seem numerous in the neighbourhood, and not a few wind mills were to be met a little further inland.

Marlborough Street is one of Dublin's old streets, and was called, of course, after the great Duke of that title, having been built a few years after the death of the old warrior in 1722. The first private house built of stone

in Dublin was that erected in this street by the Earl of Tyrone in 1740. It is still known as Tyrone House, and used as the office of the National Commissioners of Education.

The game of bowls has an ancient record, and can, it is said, be traced back to the twelfth century, when youths were accustomed among other holiday amusements to exercise themselves *in jactu lapidum*. In succeeding years it became the custom to have bowling greens outside the cities for summer use, and alleys within for the winter.

In the reign of Henry III. there were rules adopted against the prevalence of the game, which, although based on the plea of the waste of time and ill results, are stated to be more due to the anxiety of the King that the practice of archery should receive more attention. The word "bowls" is first used in a statute against unlawful games under Henry VIII., which became necessary owing to the number of bowling greens and alleys then existing, and the consequent loss thereby to the citizens, and through them to their families, by the time spent there in playing and betting, and the consequent neglect of their business. In later days, however, bowling greens came into fashion among the wealthier classes, and every gentleman's house in the country had one attached to it, and at the present day these can be met with in old English residences or inns in many parts of the Kingdom.

The establishment of this form of amusement in public would seem to have been quite recognised in the early part of the eighteenth century as a most fashionable way of passing the time, and the patronisers of the game were of the highest class. In this manner we find that Dublin at this period was not behind other cities in providing its residents with the popular sport of the hour, and in the arranging of outdoor varieties and pastimes a bowling green was a premier requisite. That the

Marlborough Bowling Green was honoured by the presence of the best company in Dublin, we can gather from various allusions made to it in the annals that relate to the social life of the time, and as the Irish Metropolis was during the eighteenth century the centre of a very brilliant society, the scene in Marlborough Green must often have been a striking and splendid spectacle. A few years ago Mr. H. F. Berry read before the Royal Society of Antiquaries extracts from the "Diary of a Dublin Lady in the reign of George II.," and from this, with the connecting comments of Mr. Berry, we get as complete a word picture of the family and social life of the capital at that time as it is possible to obtain,

Mrs. Baily was the widow of a Government official, was possessed of good means, and with her daughters mixed in the best society in Dublin. The family lived in Peter Street, then a most respectable residential quarter, and Mrs. Baily educated and brought up her children very carefully, and when her daughters grew older took them to every amusement that was fashionable and suitable. In due course we find them attending the pleasure gardens and learn that the Marlborough Gardens were resorted to in the evenings on special occasions.

We can in imagination see Mrs. Baily with Miss Nancy and Miss Elizabeth in their sedan chairs making their way down through the narrow streets to the river side and wait their turn to cross in the ferry boat and then proceed up Drogheda Street, which then had many houses blocking up the fine approach to "the Mall," where Nelson's Pillar now stands, and which was a fashionable promenade in olden Dublin for many seasons. Mrs. Baily and her daughters crossed the river pretty often in the summer months, from all accounts, and were particularly partial to Mosse's Gardens (the Rotunda) in the evenings when they were illuminated, and in 1755 went once on purpose there to see the Marquis of

Hartington and again later to meet the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. We notice that the Baily family went also to the Ranelagh Gardens, the occasion being an entertainment given there in 1764 for the benefit of the Magdalen Asylum, Leeson Street, just then being founded by Lady Arabella Denny.

In connection with these latter gardens it is surprising how many persons have forgotten or never heard of their existence, or confounded them in memory with their celebrated namesake in London, so that though it takes us for a minute away from the northern side of the city, and should more properly have been included in a previous account of these gardens, a few paragraphs from the *Public Journal* of the year 1771, show that Ranelagh offered many inducements to seekers for pleasure or health. The first is an advertisement :

“To be let for building 500 feet, front of ground, wide 170 feet, rear joining to Ranelagh Gardens. The situation is the most pleasing of any round this city, having every prospect that is needful to make it agreeable, besides an air that fogs or unwholesome vapours seldom visit, with a full view of said gardens.” There are also several announcements of festivities to be held in the gardens, one on the 7th May. “A Grand Venetian Breakfast and Concert, the vocal parts by Sig. Fedela Rosalini, Mrs. Hawtry and Mr. Atkins from London. Between the Acts several pieces of Musick will be performed on the Harmonica or Musical Glasses. The Breakfast and Concert to begin precisely at 12 o'clock. Admittance, 2s. 8d. Subscribers and their tickets, 1s. 1d.” In the month of July in the same year, the gardens were illuminated in the “Grand New Manner,” one special occasion being to celebrate the “Glorious Battle of Aughrim,” when the much-admired Emblematic Paintings and Sceneries were included, and an exhibition of “Grand Fireworks on Land and Water” ended the evening. Subscribers' tickets were not

available for this night, being "the fifth of the excepted eight nights," and the regular concerts of the season were announced to take place on each Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, when "lessons on the musical glasses would be given between the acts by Mr. Cartwright."

We may also add, in reference to Ranelagh, that the worthy Dr. Mosse, whose own gardens became so popular, died here at Mountpleasant Square in 1759. The period with which we have been dealing marks an epoch in the history and formation of Dublin, for it was about at this time that finer streets and squares began to be formed, and a better plan of the city came into being. The narrow thoroughfares and quaint passages belong to an earlier age, and although the general style of architecture of the smaller houses was gloomy in the extreme, the superb detached mansions that still adorn our city bear testimony to the taste and wealth of the builders and residents here in the eighteenth century. To this period likewise belongs the establishment of many of the splendid charitable institutions that happily continue to our own day, although much enlarged and improved, and many other foundations in our city that helped to raise it to a place of greater importance.

Of all the writers of the still older history of Dublin that tells of the hospitals and churches of long ago, no one has searched deeper than Mr. Edward Evans, who throws a flood of light and the halo of romance on many parts of our capital, now long forgotten, as having a connection with the early stirring times that made the story of our metropolis.

To Mr. Evans Dublin citizens are under a deep debt of gratitude for the minute care with which he has gone into detail concerning the old houses or places of which he wrote, and which must have cost him infinite pains to discover, and as the late Professor Stokes (who was fond of quoting from his authority), used to say, had hardly received the recognition to which he was entitled.

Mr. Evans has told us the story, too, of many of the buildings and houses of this eighteenth century time, when Dublin enlarged its borders and grew into the fair semblance of a beautiful city, and which advancement has in our own day been carried to greater perfection. Of the society in the capital in the "Parliament Season," Mr. Arthur Young remarks in 1776 that it is very good, with "a great round of dinners and parties, and balls and suppers every night in the week, some of which are very elegant." He speaks of the "deep play" at Daly's Club, and the Assemblies at Fishamble Street and the Rotunda, but regrets that in private entertainments "you almost everywhere meet a company much too numerous for the size of the apartments."

From an old Dublin newspaper of 1728, we quote the following advertisement:—"The House adjoining the Bowling Green, commonly call'd the Bowling Green House, is to be Sett for term of years, with a very good garden, well scituate, in good air and two large Rooms of a Floor, with two Closets in every Room, all well Wainscotted, with good Cellars, stanch from water and a very good Pump. Enquire at the next door to the said house, or at the Widow Singleton's House on the Strand, or at the corner of Marlborough Street, and you may know further. N.B.—That there is a good stable for three horses." In a later journal we find a fine house announced for sale in Mecklenburgh Street, close by, which, in addition to various other advantages, is stated to be surrounded by a large garden containing plenty of fruit trees.

The fate of the Marlborough Gardens as a fashionable rendezvous was sealed in the year 1761, when an unfortunate encounter took place between two gentlemen who were present there. It would appear that Captain George Reilly was promenading with a lady friend who was remarkable for her beauty, and who attracted the attentions of Lord Delvin, a cornet in the 1st Regiment

of Horse, with whom she was not acquainted, and whose conduct caused her and her companion much annoyance. In accordance with the etiquette of the time, Captain Reilly was obliged to challenge the young nobleman, and in the unfortunate duel that followed, and which took place in Marlborough Green, 5th July, 1761, the heir of the Earl of Westmeath was killed. From this time Marlborough Bowling Green ceased to be resorted to by the wealthier classes, and was soon after closed.

THE "NEW THOLSEL" OF DUBLIN.

"TIME consecrates," says Coleridge, but it also destroys, and so it came to pass that in the year of our Lord God (as the old phraseology has it), 1674, the city fathers of Dublin decided that the old Tholsel had seen its best days, and made up their civic minds to build a new one. All true Dubliners, of course, know what the Tholsel was, but for the benefit of any unenlightened Sassenachs that may dwell amongst us, it might be well to explain here that "The Tholsel" was for many centuries the name of the City Hall. Why it had this name does not appear, as it means a place for taking toll, and in old records it is variously styled "Tolcetum," "Le Tholsey," and "Theolunium." In later times it was spelt Thollsell, and finally Tholsel. The old building is known to have existed so far back as 1311, and was at that period spoken of as the *new* Tholsel. It was the scene of many stirring events, the judges occasionally sitting there, and it is mentioned in the ancient French laws of the city (1473) under the designation of "le Tolsell de Divelin." Parliament sat there for a period of seven years from 1641-1648, and Parliamentary Committees met there from time to time during the reign of Charles II. It was situated at Skinner's Row, or "the street of the curriers," now called Christchurch Place, and was at the corner of Nicholas Street, facing the Cathedral.

In 1611 it was reported that "the roof and walls are much ruined and decayed," so we need not be greatly surprised to find sixty years later (1674)—"Whereas, alsoe, certaine of the commons preferred their petition unto the said Assembly, shewing that

whereas the Tholsell is soe auncient and out of reaire that besides the inconvenience and want of room it is very dangerously crackt and noe way fitt or suitable to the largeness and dignitie of the cittie, many Corporations of the Kingdom being better fitted with halls and places of Judicature, and that besides the keeping of courts and assemblies it is become of absolute use to have an Exchange for the publike meeting of all merchants and strangers, and the place at present used for that purpose being onely upon sufference the petitioners therefore did propose that the ground scituat betwixt Christ Church Lane and St. Michael's Lane may be purchased by the cittie, and an Exchange, Courthouse, and other necessary places for publike concerns might be there erected, which will not onely be of great use but an honor and ornament to the cittie."

They, therefore, prayed that an order might be made in this assembly, whereby a committee might be empowered to consider of the premises, and to treat with the persons concerned in the interest of the same ground, and to propose a way for raising of money to that end, especially in regard, "as the cittie lyeth under severe fines in His Majesty's court of chief place, if the Tholsell be not speedily repaired. It was, therefore, agreed that the premises should be referred to the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Treasurer, three Aldermen, and eight of the Commons, and they should report their conceptions thereon to the next Assembly."

This was accordingly done, with the result that orders were given to build a new Tholsel on the site of the old one. Wiser men evidently in their day than those who a few years ago patched up the Courthouse in Green Street, with the result that the Chief Baron remarked that, all things considered, a new one would have been cheaper in the end, an unfortunate juror having complained that he had nowhere to hang up his hat!

The Lord Chancellor of the seventeenth century was

petitioned to allow the use of some of the Four Courts for the sessions and assemblies while the Tholsel was being built. We learn that the new building was two storeys high, of hewn stones, and supported on arches to the north and west "which were not destitute of elegance." In the centre of the principal front two massive columns of the Tuscan order supported a vestibule, and over this, which was decorated with the city arms, was a window with niches on either side, in which stood the statues of "his late Majestie King Charles the First and his Majestie that now is." A spacious open hall with handsome columns occupied the ground floor, with a splendid room, nearly sixty feet in length, on the western side, while on the eastern side of the building was the largest and grandest of the apartments.

It will be seen from this that it was determined to make the Hotel de Ville of Dublin a place of great importance in the city, and "worthy of its dignitie," and no expense seems to have been spared to make the interior both comfortable and complete, and, indeed, for some time the principal business of the Assembly or Council seems to have been receiving and looking into the bills of the different workmen who came claiming their payment.

Indeed, to the bills that kept coming in there seems to have been no end ; so much so, that it was decided by the Assembly that "whereas, there are severall small and clamorous debts oweing to workmen employed in building the new Tholsell, or Session House more than the last money advanced to that purpose will reach to pay, it is, therefore, ordered and agreed upon that the summe of one thousand pounds sterling be raised on the Cittie Seale by Act of the Assembly for the present payment of such debts as aforesaid," and further, "whereas alsoe, certaine of the commons petitioned unto the said Assembly shewing that the expense of building the new Tholsel had been so great that it was much indebted, ; and as yet noe account had been adjusted

or settled of the full charge thereof, they prayed that a committee should inspect the severall accounts and disbursements laid out and expended and settle the same and ascertain how much the cittie is indebted on that account." It is to the credit of the Lord Mayor and his merry men that they seem to have ordered payments in satisfaction of these demands without any demur; but it was only when they came to poor William de Keysar that they got economical. He was the sculptor of the statues of the two kings, which he had been ordered to make "six feet high apeece." He had one nearly finished when the Lord Mayor inspected it, and thought it looked too low for a statue that was "intended to be fameous," and he ordered them to be enlarged two feet higher, so when applying for a little balance that was still owing to him on the original contract, Mr. de Keysar urged the cittie fathers to allow him something additional, as he was "putt to a great hardship in performing and compleating the said worke the second time;" but his petition was not granted, and it was ordered that seven pounds sterling be paid him, provided he deliver up the articles, and perfect a general release of all further demands, "the same being all that is justly due to him."

Mr. W. F. Wakeman alludes to these statues as having formerly "disfigured the Tholsel," and suggests letting them rest in the shade of their present abode in the crypt of the Cathedral. There were three dozen of "Turkey worke chaires" got for the use of the Assemblie, and Margaret Leonard was paid upwards of six pounds for candles, broomes, whisks, and other materialles "that she had used since last All Hollontide;" while Thomas Leonard got more than £9, which he had laid out and expended on "candles, mopps, whisks, flower-potts, hearbes, burch, etc.; for the use of the Tholsel since Christmas was twelve months." Mr. and Mrs. Leonard had also to cleanse and keep the Tholsel and

market-house, and from "time to time to make fires therein on occasion," for which the said Thomas was to receive the handsome sum of twenty shillings sterling every quarter, and his wife, Margaret, nothing, and this was to be "dureing the pleasure of the cittie," and later on, as showing that the raising of Corporation salaries is not a new thing, we read that Mary Lawler is to be allowed four pounds "sallary" instead of forty shillings, "for her care and paines in looking after and cleansing the Tholsel."

(It might be mentioned here that some three hundred years ago the city scavenger of Dublin was a widow, by name, Kate Strong.) People were very provident in those days. The trustees of St. Peter's Church in 1681 discovered that there was a "parcell of stones" which seemed to be unnecessary for the building of the Tholsel, and as they were "in great want of the like stones" for the building of the gates of the said church, they sent in a petition for them, and were allowed to have them on condition of paying a certain William Rothery for the workmanship thereof to which he was entitled, while Lord Aungier, Viscount Longford, was given permission to take down two gates that he owned, called "White Fryars Gates," so as to widen a passage leading from the ground at the end of Butter Lane through the fields of White Fryars to St. Stephen's Churchyard, on condition "that he allowed the cittie such of the stones of the said gates as the workmen of the Tholsell shall think fitt and make use of for the building of the Tholsell."

The city feasts were usually held in the large and grand room on the eastern side, and a banquet was given here in 1691 to General Ginkle, which concluded with a ball and "most excellent fireworks," while an entertainment to his Grace the Lord Lieutenant, James, Duke of Ormond, in 1703, was an exceedingly grand affair. The Lord Lieutenant arrived at the Tholsel at three o'clock, and was met by the Lord Mayor, the Recorder, and the aldermen. The stewards, viz., Alderman John Eccles,

Alderman John Barlow, Mr. T. Bolton, Mr. Henry Glegg, Mr. Thomas Kilpatrick, and Mr. Luke Bourne, walked before them with their staves, kettle-drums beating and trumpets sounding. The "Dutchess" arrived soon after, and the large company that had assembled immediately sat down to dinner, the Duke being served at table by the sheriffs and Her Grace by the Lord Mayor's son. Her Majesty's (Queen Anne's) health concluded the dinner, all the company standing up. Their graces retired to their several apartments till all things were prepared for a ball, which was begun about eight of the clock (how sensible our ancestors were) by Lady Mary Butler and the Earl of Abercorne, and ended in a "handsome banquet of sweetmeats." Their Graces expressed their great satisfaction for the whole day's "solemnity," demonstrating as it did "the city's duty and loyalty to Her Majesty, and respect for His Grace's person and Government."

We must here record our indebtedness to Sir John Gilbert, from whose invaluable publications the facts in this article have been taken, and whose researches in the past history of our city can hardly be sufficiently acknowledged by anyone who has that love for it which has been described as a patriotism as true as love for one's country. After the Battle of the Boyne the Roman Catholic citizens were obliged to deposit their arms in the Tholsel, and in 1713 it was the scene of a great riot during the election of members of Parliament for the city, in the course of which several persons were killed. The quarter sessions were always held in the Tholsel, and opened in state by a procession of the Mayor and aldermen, and all the municipal business was transacted there, being also the place where all publications condemned by Parliament, gaming-tables, and fraudulent goods, were publicly burnt. A great dinner of the Hanover Club took place here in 1739, on which occasion three hundred dishes were served. Lord Chesterfield

and other Viceroy's were entertained here in sumptuous style by different societies, when the outside of the building would be illuminated with waxlights, while several barrels of ale flowed in the street. We know that Dean Swift spoke in the Tholsel, and numerous are the incidents that occurred within this historic building. However, like its predecessor, old age came upon it, and sooner than it ought, but from the nature of the marshy ground on which it was built, towards the close of the eighteenth century, it was condemned for further use, and the new Sessions House in Green Street was opened in 1797. The Corporation transacted their affairs in Williams Street, while the Court of Conscience continued to use part of the Tholsel until it became too ruinous, and was taken down in 1809, and Nos. 1, 2, 3 Christchurch Place now occupy the site of what was once the most important place in the city.

"I asked," said Mr. Dunton in 1697, "whether there was not some eminence in the city from whence I might survey it, and was told that from the top of the Tholsel the whole city might be seen. So we went to the Tholsel, where we ascended about half a score stairs from the street, which brought us into a spacious room, supported by great pillars and flagged (as they term it here) with free-stone, with open balustrades on each side towards the street; its figure is rather an oblong than a square. This is the place called the 'Change,' where the merchants meet every day, as in the Royal Exchange in London. In a corner at the south-east part is a Court of Judicature, where they keep the public sessions for the city. Having viewed the lower part, we went up a large pair of stairs into a public room, which had a large balcony looking into Skinner Row, and from this balcony I spoke with my friend Mr. George Larkin, who was then at Mr. Ray's printing house, over against it. I went up with my friends to the top of the Tholsel, and there had a view of the whole city."

CURIOUS OLD DUBLIN SHOP SIGNS.

I.

TRAVELLERS and tourists to towns and cities on the Continent are oft-times amused and interested in the quaint shop signs that appear over the portals of the "boutiques" and "magasins," wherein are displayed the goods there are for sale. We all know "le petit bon homme, le chat noir, au printemps," and many others that apparently have no connection with the articles which are disposed of in the houses so designated. The pretty fashion, however, has its uses, and customers flock from far and near to a favourite temple of commerce that bears a shop-sign, by which, perhaps, alone it is known and remembered. The old-fashioned habit of placing one's business or occupation under the protection or symbol of an outside influence took its rise at a period when it was also necessary as a means of recognition, because the numbering of streets is a comparatively recent innovation, and each shop or place devoted to business could only be found or distinguished by the sign which was written over the door. In books that tell of things foreign, these shop-signs play their part, and are frequently mentioned by writers in dealing with various incidents. Readers of Stanley Weyman's *House of the Wolf*, will remember that the house where Madame de Pavannes was kept a prisoner was that of Master Mirepoix, the owner of the glove shop bearing "the sign of the 'Hand and Glove,' one door out of the Rue Platrière," and the wrecked house opposite the book-shop, had the sign of the "Head of Erasmus."

It is strange that the practice of having shop-signs

should have so completely died out in the United Kingdom, when we remember that it was quite as customary here as elsewhere, long ago. Of course, the need no longer exists, the streets are all clearly named and numbered, and every shopkeeper and merchant has his name above his place of business, but in France, and other countries abroad, they have, in addition to these distinctions, still retained to a considerable extent a quaint title by which their friends and patrons know them best. We intend—if permission be given—to look back for a few moments on some of the old shop-signs that were in use in Dublin in the eighteenth century or thereabouts, all of which are now long forgotten, and only appear in writings that treat of a time that is now very far removed from the present day, more by changes that have come so rapidly than by the actual lapse of years.

In a most entertaining paper, read some years ago before the Royal Society of Antiquarians by Mr. H. F. Berry, he mentions that in the diary of Mrs. Bayly, of which he was speaking, she never omitted the sign of the shop where she purchased anything when recording the fact. Mrs. Bayly was a lady of good means and position, living in Dublin in the eighteenth century, and as she probably dealt with the best establishments, we will take advantage of the list recorded by Mr. Berry, and see, therefore, some of the titles adopted by the traders of that period.

At the "Half Moon and Seven Stars" in Francis Street, where also might be found the sign of the "Salmon," poplin could be purchased. A shoe shop in High Street had the sign of the "Cock," while bacon was sold at the "Churn" in Plunket Street, and china was mended at the "Plough" in Queen Street. In Essex Street could be seen the "Golden Peruke" where shirts were made, and the—at that time—necessary bellows might be obtained at the "Cheshire Cheese"

in Bride's Alley. The "Tea-tub," near Stephen Street, was the abode of a fashionable milliner, and a chimney sweep did business from a house called the "Eagle and Child," while the "Merry Shepherd," was where one went to look for firewood. A cap maker worked under the sign of the "Barber's Pole." In the Coombe at the "Spread Eagle," and at the "Hen and Chickens" in Cole's Alley, were two stay makers. If one wanted a kettle, the "Bunch of Keys" in York Street was evidently the place to go to, and as aprons were obtained at the "Dove and Pendant" in Castle Street, so likewise at the "Royal Leg," the best stockings could be found.

At the "Crown and Cushion" on Bachelor's Walk, could be seen the establishment of Mr. Manifold, the mathematical instrument maker, and Mr. Bradley, the King's printer, was to be heard of at the "King's arms and Two Bibles" in Dame Street. We close this portion of the Old Dublin shop-signs by noticing that Mrs. Bayly got her coffee and cocoa at the "Parrot" in Plunket Street, and her coal from the "Three Cats" on Aston's Quay.

We must record that Mr. Berry states the custom of having signs gave rise to the saying, "Where do you hang out?"—which really meant "Where do you hang out your sign?" or, rather, "Where do you live?"

In the year 1740, there was a bookseller's shop in Dame Street known as "Shakespeare's Head," and in some old editions this designation can be noticed. In 1748, Mr. Whitmore, the eminent grocer, of the "Raven and Sugar Loaf" in Essex Street, was married to "a beautiful young lady, with £1,000 fortune"—a fact that was thus chronicled in the papers of the day. At the "Royal Stocking" in Nicholas Street, opposite the Tholsel, there could have been obtained, some one hundred and fifty years ago, "all sorts of figured and plain silk stockings, French mill'd caps, and silk mitts for ladies." In the middle of the eighteenth century

the "Golden Key" in Fishamble Street was a grocery establishment, owned by Mr. Lawrence Saul, after whom Saul's Court was called. The "Golden Fleece," in Essex Street, was immortalised by Swift, who wrote the following motto for the proprietor, a draper, named Jason Hassard :—

Jason, the valiant prince of Greece,
From Colchos brought the Golden Fleece,
We comb the wool, refine the fluff,
For modern Jason that's enough.
Oh, could we tame yon watchful dragon,
Old Jason would have less to brag on.

Mr. Hassard became the City Sword Bearer, and died in 1752, having moved the "Golden Fleece" to Skinner's Row some time previously. A worthy citizen of Dublin about the same time was Daniel Hogan, a cook, the owner of the "George and Green Posts" in Fishamble Street.

We reserve some more Old Dublin Signs for a future occasion.

II.

IN writing to his grand-niece, Lady Newdigate, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Mr. Francis Fitton ends his letter, "Ffrom my lodginge, the signe of the Black Boye, a Chandler's house neare the weste end of the Savoye in the Strand, this 24th of Maye, 1601." These quaint old signs date from the days of Chaucer, and are met with in all literature that deals with past events. We retain a remnant of the pleasant fashion, inasmuch as the hotels and inns of the present day all bear a designation of some sort peculiar to themselves.

In the eighteenth century one of the leading Dublin newspapers was the *Public Journal*, published by Mr. Peter Hoey. His establishment was in Skinner's Row, then a very busy centre of commercial life, and his house

was called "The Mercury." At the "Sign of Mercury" we find also Mr. J. Hoey, a descendant, informing the public a few years later that he has ready there for sale a most excellent modern geography and many other works, "useful for education and improvement." Among other publishing houses of that period may be named that of Alderman Crampton, who lived at "Addison's Head" and "Erasmus Head." "The Bible" and "Swift's Head" were also depots for literature.

To the "Green Man," in Bride Street, at the corner of Rosse Lane, "in the house wherein Alderman Meade lately dwelt," so ran the advertisement of more than a century back, were the public invited to inspect "all goods expected at a Linen Draper's."

In 1771 "The Sign of the Patten" was in the market for sale. It was in Nicholas Street, and as an inducement to purchase was stated to be "one of the best standings for any kind of business in Dublin." The "Spinning Wheel," in Francis Street, was a fashionable mercers, and was owned by John Lincoln; while Claude Duplain, who is a manufacturer of gold and silver lace, informs his customers that he is at "The Blue Door" in Fleet Street; and Mr. Doran, the silk dyer at "The Blue Hand and Rainbow" in Watling Street, announces that "he prepares rolls for printing and watering Paragons, Chinas, Arrateens, and Kidderminsters with the beautifullest and most elegant patterns, and by a new invented machine waters Tabbies, Armazeens, Ducapes, and Paduasoy's."

A century and a half ago the housekeepers in Dublin were informed by James Hodson, a grocer, that he had removed from the "Orange Tree" in Castle Street, and would be found in future at Crampton Court, Dame Street, in the house "that was formerly the Horse Guards," and here he would continue to sell all kinds of sugar, teas, the very best and freshest of all sorts,

besides Turkey coffee, chocolate, "tobacco for smoaking," wines, &c., and right good orange shrub, which he will give his word to be honestly made up, while, *nota bene*, he states, "He has a large parcel of right good rhubarb which he will sell for fifteen shillings by the pound, and give great encouragement to any person to buy a quantity." "The Golden Key," in Bride Street, was owned at this period by Alderman Donovan, who announces that he has just received from London a large parcel of English chintz. He also dealt in cambrics, and book-muslins, and had as well a choice collection of china for sale.

"The Bible" which is alluded to above, was a famous book shop and publishing establishment kept by John Exshaw, who was in succession High Sheriff and Lord Mayor of Dublin. "The Bible" was on Cork Hill, and here, we notice, at one time could be bought *Remarks upon Lord Orrery's Account of Dean Swift*, for the small sum of sixpence halfpenny.

In Capel Street one hundred and fifty years back, every kind of lace, point, Mechlin and Brussels, could be got at the "Blue Tea Tub and Lace Lappet," where the proprietress, who had just returned from London, was ready with the latest style of "lace lappets heads" for her customers, which she was now selling at first cost. A grocery warehouse opened newly just about then in Earl Street, next Meath Street, and the two partners who were making their first venture in this direction placed themselves under "The Sign of the Golden Key."

Did anyone ever hear of the "The Blackmoor's Head" in Francis Street, for if so it is well to take notice that in the middle of the eighteenth century it changed quarters, and from that time was to be found in Dame Street, and at "The Blackmoor's Head" in this latter locality could be seen just imported a variety of rich flowered silks, Damask, tabbies, ducapes, sattins, plain, striped, and figured, lute string, half

paduasoyes, fine black callicoës, russets for petticoats, and various other adornments that must have made our great-great grandmothers look very fine, indeed.

We noticed in a former paper that Mr. Jason Hassard of the "Golden Fleece" became City Sword Bearer, and we find that on his death, which took place on the 2nd July, 1752, his brothers and sisters decided to carry on the business at the "Golden Fleece" in Skinner Row, and the shop being well sorted with a great variety of woollen and mercer drapery, they hope for the continuation of the favour and friendship of their late brother's customers. Mr. Thomas Hassard (one of the brothers) also announces that he intends applying to succeed his brother (who died very suddenly) in the office of sword bearer, and hopes for the favour of votes.

On the west side of Meath Street there was offered for sale a large well-built brick house, having a back building behind it, and had been well known by the "Sign of Old Ireland." Anyone desirous in those now far away days of acquiring this valuable property, by applying to Thomas Mudock, the Public Notary, could see the title deeds, as they were in his hands, or if they so desired, by going to Margaret Hayes, widow, who could be seen at the "Sign of the Goat," in Thomas Street, all further particulars could be learned. Another house was advertised to be let in Church Street, being a large dwelling-house, with a yard and four stables, and in addition to being told that Edward Malone had formerly lived there, there was no possibility of not easily finding it, for was it not next door to the "Sign of the Three Candlesticks"? A young man named Sandys (who would be about 180 if alive now) having passed through his apprenticeship, and having provided himself with all sorts of linen drapery, set up in business for himself in Bride Street, "almost opposite to Bride's Church." He took for his sign "The Golden Eagle," and having taken great care in the choice of his goods,

and being determined to sell at the most reasonable rates, he hoped, as he was a young beginner, to obtain the favour of his friends and others.

III.

ONE cannot help noticing that not only the old sign names of the Dublin shops have passed away, but also a vast number of articles that were offered for sale have gone into oblivion, and convey no meaning when mentioned to the modern mind. Fashions are always changing, and styles and materials that were largely advertised when in vogue, in a few years are forgotten and unknown.

The mutability of taste in matters of dress does not belong only to recent times, for in a most interesting lecture delivered lately at Alexandra College on Ancient Egypt, we were told that it was beyond all doubt that changes of costumes and dress were frequent, even at that early stage in the world's history. In tracing, therefore the, quaint old shop titles that prevailed in Dublin in the eighteenth century, we need not be surprised to find numerous goods set forth by their owners that we know nothing of to-day, but which, at the time, were of deep interest and importance to the busy house-keepers and heads of families whose custom was thus sought after. We find that at the "Bee Hive," in Bride Street, which was a linen draper's at the time we are speaking of, a large stock was offered for sale, as the owner was giving up the retail business. He sets forth what he has to dispose of—Bordered ruffles for ladies, striped and plain Scotch kentings, sprigged Silesia lawns, Jaconet Coffae, and thin Serbetic muslins, Kenting handkerchiefs, with striped borders; coloured pillow fustians, thick-set barragons, nankeens, and grandurells for gentlemen's wear, cherry-derries, ginghams, and Indianoes for ladies' gowns and gentlemen's waistcoats,

dimitties in imitation of India, and a variety of silk cutjee handkerchiefs of his own manufacture.

In Werburgh Street was the establishment known as "The Hen and the Chickens," and here could be purchased the famous Drumcondra printed linens, which were done from metal plates by a method never before practised, and which had all the advantages of light and shade and the strongest and most lasting colours. The re-building of Essex Bridge caused some temporary inconvenience to persons who were in the habit of shopping on the opposite side of the river to that on which they dwelt, as the means of crossing the Liffey were not quite as numerous as they are at present, so we find that Mr. Noah Hickey, who was evidently a first-class confectioner, informs his customers on the South side of the city (his establishment was in Capel Street) that for their convenience he has made arrangements to fit up part of the shop of George Clark, jeweller, seal-cutter, &c., whose sign is "The Golden Ring," to be found at Crane Lane, near Dame Street, and that here he will be heard of during the time of the re-building of Essex Bridge, and "where the nobility and gentry may be furnished with all sorts of confectionery goods in the greatest perfection."

We mentioned in a former paper that Saul's court received its name from Mr. L. Saul, who owned the "Golden Key," and it might be of interest here to recall that it was in this Saul's court that the Hell Fire Club held its meetings, and where its distinguished patrons used to assemble. An artist of the name of Dennis, who draws, copies, and paints all sorts of pictures, states that he will be found at the "Blue Door" in Crow Street, while, in addition to above accomplishments, he is also prepared to instruct gentlemen in all branches of mathematics, and is even not above cleaning pictures if such be brought to him that require it. Moreover, at the end of his prospectus he puts — "N.B.—Neatly

furnished lodgings to be set at, said Dennis'." At the "Half-Moon and Seven Stars," where we learned that Mrs. Bailey purchased her poplin, we notice a forcible advertisement from the proprietor requesting his customers to make no mistake when endeavouring to reach his place of business, as there are several other shops in Francis Street that sell silk, but his patrons are, without fail, to inquire for the "Half-Moon and Seven Stars," and finishing by saying—"As it is very evident that many ladies who, after trying every mercer's shop in the city, have found it their interest to buy there, he humbly hopes not only for a continuance of his friends and customers, but also for the encouragement of all lovers of upright and just dealing." "Black and All Black" is the strange sign taken by Robert Simpson, a farrier, who, when he moved from his house in Strand Street, took the residence, with stables, that the Widow Barwiss had owned in Chequer Lane, and which would henceforth be known by the sign of "Black and All Black," and here gentlemen could depend on getting the best hay and corn, with good attendance. He also mentions that he sells "the right genuine Durham flower of mustard," an article that may also be obtained at the "Golden Key," in Charles Street, together with Florence oil and Smyrna figs. While, when the sign of the "Dove and Pendants" was first removed from Skinner's Row to Castle Street, the proprietress made known that not only had she Japanned ruffles for ladies and gentlemen, as well as thread and silk coxcombs and a variety of fans, ready-made gauze, the newest patterns from London, but also several other articles of millinery "too tedious to insert." Another of the best known booksellers of the day was Mr. Oliver Nelson, who did business under the sign of "Milton's Head."

The taste and liking for English and foreign goods was evidently, by the notices we have quoted from, quite as

general a habit as in these present times, and we conclude our record of the old shops and their signs by recalling some lines that were written one hundred and twenty-three years ago :—

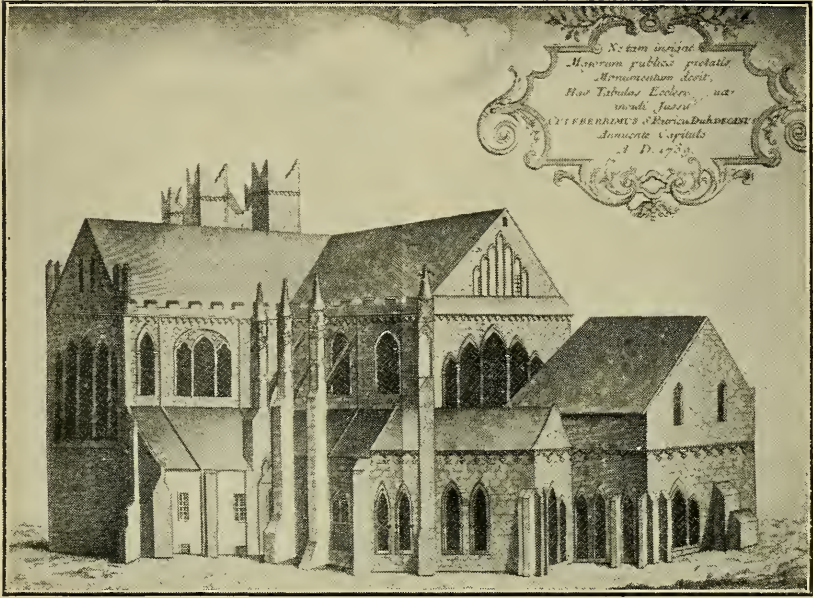
The ungrateful land that with a stepdame's hate,
 Gives up the labours of her sons to fate,
 Scorns useful Irish arts, but with applause
 Hails English luxuries and French gewgaws
 At home the sons of genius pine forlorn,
 Or fly to foreign climes ne'er to return,
 And from all they hold dear, far, far away
 For their ungrateful country weep and pray.
 Weavers and poets' webs meet equal doom,
 Or wove in fancy's on the artist's loom,
 While English trash meets undeserved reward,
 Tho' bought like Irish friezes by the yard.

So just imported with new silks and teas,
 Poems and pamphlets, calicoes and plays,
 Fit for the summer's use, as thin and light
 As ever loom did weave, or poet write,
 Are now exposed to sale, and may be seen
 In Dame Street, Grafton Street and College Green,
 Pleased with the advertisement's novel sound,
 Fops, dunces, fools, and critics flock around,
 Praise every foreign trifle they behold,
 And English baubles buy with Irish gold.
 While bookseller and draper with a smile
 Finds Dublin is the bedlam of the isle.

CHRISTMAS WEEK IN DUBLIN IN 1458.

CERTAINLY in the old days they had a proper sense of entertainments. Here in this good city of Dublin nearly five hundred years ago, the Lord Deputy, as he was called, the Earl of Ossory by title, got an invitation from the citizens to be present at a new play every day in Christmas week. To those who are curious in such matters it may be mentioned that Acland Usher was the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and Francis Hubert and John Squires his trusty "Bayliffs." Now, these plays were all enacted by the members of the city guilds, and the place where they were performed was at Hoggen's Green, which we know better as College Green. Here a fine stage was erected, and we may presume that the large open space was well filled by spectators at the Christmas season so long ago.

The plays selected by the different trades had a bearing on their occupation, as the tailors acted the part of Adam and Eve, though how they displayed their sarsatorial skill it is hard to imagine. The shoemakers told the story of their patron saint, St. Crispin, and his brother, Crispianus. The vintners gave a representation of Bacchus, and the carpenters naturally selected the sacred narrative of Joseph and Mary. The bakers gave a comedy, in which Ceres, the goddess of corn, appeared, and the smiths represented Vulcan in all his strength and power. The Christmas plays did not end here, for the Prior of St. John of Jerusalem, of the Blessed Trinity, and of All Hallows ordered two plays of a more serious character to be acted, one showing the Passion of Our Lord, and the other the different deaths suffered by His Apostles. Truly, Hoggen's Green has been the scene of many curious spectacles.



S. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN, 1739.
 (*Ware's Antiquities*).



S. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

THE PALACE IN KEVIN STREET.

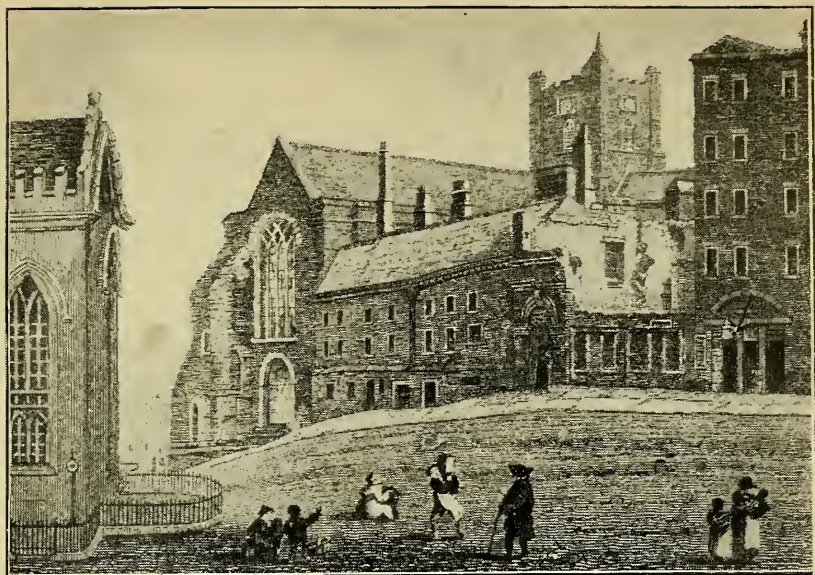
THE Palace of St. Sepulchre was the residence of the Archbishops of Dublin for about six hundred years, and yet it is to be feared that many citizens of to-day would experience a difficulty in naming its site, or telling aught of its history. There is less excuse in this instance, if it is so, for the Palace has not entirely passed out of being, and the place where it stood is located in a thoroughfare frequented by thousands of all classes during the year.

When John Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin in the twelfth century, decided to erect a collegiate church outside the city, he chose what was known as the "island" of the Poddle River as the locality, and here arose the great cathedral dedicated to St. Patrick. It was necessary, however, that a suitable house should be built near at hand for the ecclesiastical dignitaries connected with it, so a little to the north of the church grew up in time the Palace of the Archbishop. Why it obtained the name of St. Sepulchre is presumed to be from the fact that during the time of its erection (1184) the Patriarch of Jerusalem, Heraclius by name, was in England, endeavouring to persuade King Henry II. to undertake a crusade to the Holy Land. It is thought probable that Archbishop Comyn, who spent much of his time in the sister island, may have often met the Patriarch, and as the subject of the Holy Sepulchre was uppermost in the thoughts of all clerics at the moment, no fitter name would occur to him for the fine palace or residence he was in the act of erecting in his diocese.

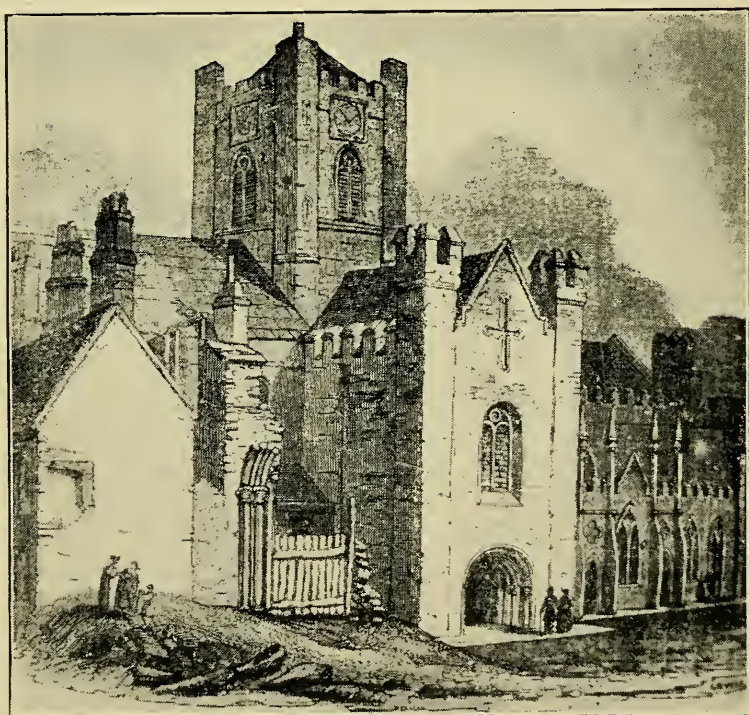
Here, adjacent to the cathedral, with a frontage on

what we now call Kevin Street, was the Palace of St. Sepulchre, and for six centuries it remained the centre, not only of the religious life of the metropolis, but of many other incidents connected with the secular affairs of the city and the kingdom. Archbishops in former times had many powers and privileges that they do not now possess, and on more than one occasion had the reins of Government placed in their hands. Moreover, in their ordinary capacity, they were granted certain rights which gave them absolute authority within their manor, and the jurisdiction they exercised within the "Liberty of St. Sepulchre," included the holding of courts and the trials of prisoners. There is an old print in the *Hibernian Magazine* that gives us an idea of "The Palace" as it looked in the eighteenth century, and while not remarkable for any very great architectural beauty, it must, from its size and solidity, have presented an imposing appearance. The next time our readers are in the vicinity of Kevin Street, let them look through the gate of the Police Barracks there, the head-quarters of the mounted police, and there they will behold the site of the ancient palace, and a fragment of it incorporated into the present building.

In the palace of St. Sepulchre lived a succession of the Prelates who ruled over the See of Dublin, and who were Princes Palatine in their domain. Here they tried and sentenced persons brought before them for offences committed within the "Archbishop's Liberty," some of whom suffered the extreme penalty of the law on a gallows at Harold's Cross, specially reserved for prisoners from the Archiepiscopal Court. Fairs were also held in the domain or bounds of the Archbishops, who were regarded as high and mighty princes, who "regulated all matters, from murders down to the weights and measures of bread, wine, and beer, over large portions of Dublin, Wicklow, and Kildare." Many and frequent were the disputes between the dwellers on the manor of St.



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, AND ENTRANCE
TO THE OLD KING'S COURTS.
(Early 19th century).



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, 1833.

Sepulchre and its owners, but withal the strict rule was doubtless beneficial and necessary, for the good order of so important a quarter of the city would only be in keeping with its chief resident.

From time to time the palace sheltered within its walls no less a personage than the Lord Deputy of the Realm, and Councils and meetings regarding affairs of State met in the spacious apartments, where documents were signed at the conclusion of the business bearing the words "Given at our Palace of St. Sepulchre."

We get two pictures of the palace at wide-spread intervals. A writer in 1326 tells how it contained "a stone hall, badly roofed with shingles, and weak, a chamber annexed to the said hall, a kitchen, a chapel, badly roofed, valued at nothing, because nothing can be received from them, but they need much repair. And there was a certain prison, now broken and thrown to the ground." It is thought the dilapidated condition of the premises at this period may have been due to damage done to it by the inhabitants of the city during the excitement prevailing, when Edward Bruce was marching on the capital (1316). Some two centuries and a half later we learn from Richard Stanistreet that this semi-regal abode was regarded as an agreeable dwelling by those in high position. "St. Sepulchre's," he writes, "the Archbishop of Dublin, his house, as well pleasantlie sited as gorgeously builded." "Some hold opinion," says this chronicler, "that the beautifuller part of this house was of set purpose fired by an archbishop to the end the Governors (which for most part laie there), should not have so good liking to the house." It must be admitted that on some occasions no other suitable "lodging" was available for the royal representative, as the Castle was often out of repair, and the Viceregal Lodge was not yet in existence.

In the reign of Edward VI. the Palace of St. Sepulchre was formally handed over to the Lord Deputy as his

residence, and the then Archbishop transferred to the Deanery House, but on the death of this King the old order was reverted to, and some years later the great Adam Loftus, Archbishop, and later Provost, dated his strong letter to the Lord Burghley, protesting against the proposed dissolution of the Cathedral from "his Palace of St. Sepulchre." Down through the ages do we find record of the "proceedings at the Manor of St. Sepulchre," and several of the powers which first came from a Charter, granted by King John, remained in force until the nineteenth century, Dr. Whately being the last Archbishop who committed persons to prison for offences occurring in his jurisdiction. In 1806 what remained of the old Palace, and its site, were taken by the Government, and changed into the police barracks as we now know it. The Earl of Normanton was Archbishop of Dublin at that time, and a fine house on the north side of St. Stephen's Green was taken for the use of His Grace, and his successors, which residence still carries the title of "The Palace," although it cannot claim the same distinction of appearance as did that of St. Sepulchre.



S. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.
(Middle of 19th century.)

TALES AND TRADITIONS OF THE TRAM ROADS.

THE DALKEY LINE

OF the many hundreds who journey day by day during the summer months on the various routes of the tram lines, one wonders how many or how few know aught of the places they pass, or the scenes that were enacted in days gone by in the localities through which they are journeying. There are numerous old houses by the roadside that contain memories within their walls of the great men and women who dwelt there, and have witnessed much that made the history of the olden time. There are quiet fields and green by-ways on either side of the swift-moving electric car that have been trodden by armed men and great pageants, and gay cavalcades have gone the same highway in the centuries of long ago.

The strangers that visit our city in the tourist season may naturally be content to travel through the suburbs, taking but slight interest in the events connected with what they gaze upon, and are more occupied with things as they see them to-day. But to those who journey over the same ground many times and oft, it is surely of interest to record what belongs to each spot, and gain an increase of pleasure by joining the present with the past.

Of all the routes taken out of the heart of the metropolis away to the out-lying portions of the County of Dublin, the line to Dalkey, perhaps, stands pre-eminent, both for its length and the variety that is presented in its course. Traversing in some part the ancient road to

Tara, we are brought back in imagination to those days when the chieftains and kings came surrounded by their clans and followers, all aiming for the same goal, the royal city and capital in the County Meath.

Here, along the "Rocky Road to Dublin," came also King Henry II., on his way from the South, to entertain the Irish chieftains in the Palace of Wattles, hard by Hoggins Green. In much later times, what we may term yesterday by comparison, as it was in the century before the last, we can meet John Wesley on the Rock Road, riding from town to visit Lady Arabella Denny at "the Black Rock." Here, too, along the sea line, came Jonathan Swift on the frequent occasions when he crossed the Channel and posted up to London. The ships that waited for favourable winds and weather, started from Dunleary (now Kingstown), in those days, and it is not long since the old hotel where passengers awaited the summons to go, stood looking over the little old harbour down below.

Passing out from the city centre, our route brings us over O'Connell Bridge, which marks where a ferry was situated up to the close of the eighteenth century, and the first building of a bridge was rendered hideous by its fabric being utilised while still unfinished as the scaffold of some of those who suffered the penalty of the law in '98. In very ancient times from Hoggins Green (now called College Green), went also condemned criminals from receiving their sentence here up to the gallows on the rise of the slope, now called Mount Street. Away over Ball's Bridge, one glances to the right, where the glories and pleasures of Donnybrook Fair were enacted, and close at hand a great engagement with the Danes is recorded as having taken place near Ailesbury Road. Mr. Ball has told us of the history of Merrion and its castle, and here must have come much great company when it was owned by the successive men of renown.

When the Lords Mayor of former days "rode the

franchises " they came over some of this ground on their way to the ancient cross that still stands at the head of the main street at Blackrock, and from which place his lordship threw with all his force a dart into the sea, and so far as it went so far did his jurisdiction extend. Oh, one could linger long and tell of the various parties who came this way before us !

Those who travelled by the public coach along the Rock Road in the eighteenth century had the advantage of knowing that the guard who accompanied them was well armed, for it was by no means an uncommon experience to be " held up " when travelling unprotected outside the bounds of the city.

John Wesley gives us a pleasant picture of his stay in Blackrock in 1783. " On Tuesday I waited on Lady Arabella Denny at Lisnaniskea. It is one of the prettiest spots I ever saw." Lord Lisle built a residence next to this, and lived there from 1760 to 1790. After his death, it became known as the Vauxhall Gardens, and was much resorted to for a short time as a place of amusement, with bands and promenades. It since passed through several changes, and finally the house was demolished, and the grounds now form portion of the People's Park. Just opposite is Frescati, so full of remembrances of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, where he spent some happy days in his early married life, and where Pamela came before politics.

What a number of old anecdotes and histories cling round this neighbourhood, for there clusters on our route the former homes of men whose names figure largely in the records of their time. It would take pages to tell of Lord Clonmel and his long warfare with John Magee, and the story of the latter's revenge with the entertainments he gave at Fiat Lodge, which did such damage to Lord Clonmel's beautiful gardens at Neptune, now known as Temple Hill, and where the tramcar pauses for a moment after its steep ascent up the hill.

To Neptune there came in those days fine company from Dublin, including his Excellency and other grand folk, when dinner was fashionably late at five o'clock, and cards and dancing succeeded. But we have come past without noticing Maritimo, where Lord Cloncurry, so well remembered and known in the great Dublin world of a century back, lived.

We are now also in the vicinity of that remarkable character, Sir Boyle Roche, and the house where he dwelt still exists. By this highway came the passengers who purposed seeking passage in the boats at Dunleary, and in fancy we can see the great Dean of St. Patrick's making his way on the summer day, when he later wrote to Stella that as they sailed out from the harbour he saw the Bishop of Clogher riding on the strand.

Dunleary, or Kingstown as we now know it, has a history of many hundred years, from the time when King Leary, son of Nial of the Nine Hostages, built a dun or fortress, down to the year of grace, 1821, when His Majesty George IV. took his departure thence, and left his title to the place, together with his blessing. Just eighty years later came his grand-niece, Queen Victoria, and Kingstown has recorded the incident of the visit by beautifying and adorning the sea front of the township, and calling the improvement by her name.

Time does not permit us to linger longer over the details of our journey, but before the "Kingdom of Dalkey" is reached, there are moments to notice the beauties of sea and mountain on either side, as we approach the little town of many castles, for be it known that in former times Dalkey was a place of great importance, and here stopped all ships and vessels coming to the capital. Here Viceroys landed, and troops disembarked. Here merchants unloaded their vessels, and put their merchandise for safety in the store-houses

or castles that were so numerous. Out from Dalkey started many grand processions, and the traffic between it and the metropolis was so extensive, that it was once proposed to construct a canal connecting the two places.

The fame of Dalkey down to the close of the eighteenth century was continued by the convivial meetings here of those citizens who held high revel annually on Dalkey Island, and who chose a chief or leader under the title of King. In the swift transit much has been overlooked and passed by that rewards a longer lingering. The melon feasts at Blackrock, the balls and parties of the great Seapoint Boarding-house, the advantages of selecting the quaint terrace called Montpelier Parade as a residence, the visits of Cromwell's son to General Ludlow at Monkstown Castle, together with other notable events that happened in connection with its history. All these belong to a hundred years ago and more. To-day we see many changes, and bright villas and handsome demesnes link on each successive district, till the entire route is a continuance of one aspect of wealth and taste. Far different must this road have looked in the eyes of Mistress Esther Johnson when she came early in the eighteenth century on the summer days "to Dunleary for sea air and to Dalkey for amusement."

THE LUCAN LINE

Was it not James Gandon, the architect of the Custom House, who suggested that the memorial to the great Duke of Wellington in Dublin should take the form of a triumphal arch or entrance to the Phoenix Park? It is a pity the idea was not carried out, instead of the rather senseless obelisk that is called by his name, as it would have formed a suitable approach to our splendid

Park, and we would have an opportunity of admiring it ere we started to the far-famed Spa of Lucan.

The Conyngham Road, where the journey begins, is stated to be the most healthful spot in Dublin, from its height and situation. Its present name only dates from eighty years ago, and is believed to have been obtained from the first Marquis of that title, and it was previously only known in the eighteenth century by the simple designation of "The Way to Island Bridge." But what a strange and mixed company we find ourselves in on this wonderful road to Lucan. There are the Knights Templars from their great hospital, over yonder, crossing the broad acres, given them by the King seven long hundred years ago. Here, too, are the Dutch and Belgium woollen workers, brought by Colonel Lawrence, to turn the product of our country into wealth. Here, also, are the merry aldermen and brethren of the city guilds making their way to hold high revel at Chapelizod, and yet again we recognise the Dean of St. Patrick's as he rides forth to Celbridge, while a crowd of seekers after health fill the thoroughfare as they hasten to quaff the waters at the Spa. What a motley throng is gathered on the road, and what a host of memories fill the mind, when, by the power of the modern servant of man—electricity—we pass swiftly onward by and through the scenes of long ago.

It is a truly royal road—a veritable King's highway—for over it, tradition says, James II. went when on his way northward, and it is beyond all doubt, that after his victory on the Boyne, King William stayed for some little time at the old manor house near Chapelizod, which we pass by, and still name as we do so, "The King's House." The authoress of *Picturesque Dublin* tells us "William undoubtedly occupied an old manor house at a little distance from the town (Chapelizod); it was called in consequence 'the King's House,' and it would seem that his Dutch Majesty had some intention



THE PHOENIX PARK IN WINTER



of returning to it, as he caused the grounds to be laid out after the Dutch fashion of planting. In 1717 the custodian of these gardens was placed on the Civil List, with a salary of £120. At this time the King's House was often occupied by the Lords Deputies, who at that period exercised the function of Viceroy. In 1704 this royal residence was deserted, and the gardens, with their formal yew trees, became a tangled mass of ruin."

In the pages of *Le Fanu* we find ourselves once again in this royal abode, and participate in the grand dinner party given by Colonel and Mrs. Strafford, when old Dowager Lady Glenvaelagh "flashed out in the evening sun (dinner was at five o'clock) from Dublin, in thunder and dust and her carriage and four," and Captain Devereux and Lily Walsingham lingered by the river bank, and "laughed and talked about all sort of things."

But before we entered the village of Chapelizod, the town of La Belle Izod, we should have stopped for a moment while passing beneath the Park walls, and looked up the main street of Island Bridge, where we catch sight of the ancient foundation of Kill-Magnend, commonly called Kilmainham, where the Knight Templars, and later the Knight Hospitallers, held sway over the territory around them, and which in these latter days has been the home of our aged warriors, and the official abode of such men as Lords Wolseley and Roberts, and is now occupied by the soldier brother of "our present Sovereign lord, the King." We get a glimpse too, of the house of detention, called by the same name, where a famous treaty was believed to have been transacted a couple of decades ago. The bridge, too, that crosses the Liffey at this point, claims our attention for a moment, for it was built exactly 110 years ago, and called after Sarah, Countess of Westmoreland, and wife of the Lord Lieutenant, from whom our own Westmoreland Street was named.

We dare not stay to relate all that could be told of

the little village of Chapelizod from the days of Tristan, one of King Arthur's Knights, and his love for the beautiful Izod, daughter of Angus, King of Ireland, down to the present time, when we are reminded that it is the birthplace of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth. Many changes and scenes has the little old place seen, and, as we have told, at least, two English Kings have there abode. In former days, also, to the village church came on Sundays, from their adjacent residence at Leixlip, the Viceroys, and, passing beneath the Royal arms carved in stone over the porch, sat in the elevated pew devoted to their use, and when service was concluded, departed through a file of the guard of honour formed from the Royal Irish Artillery, stationed in the barrack opposite, in their coach and six, with hanging footmen, and gay out-riders.

Space does not permit to tell of the Phoenix Inn, and the lively feasts that were held within its hospitable walls, nor of the Salmon House, nor yet of Brass Castle; and, indeed, are not their annals to be found in the "House by the Churchyard"? We may record, however, that some 230 years ago—to be accurate it was in 1671—Chapelizod became the centre of the busy industry of linen and woollen manufacture, and was a very flourishing town, with its native population augmented by a number of foreigners from Brabant, Rochelle, and the Isle of Ré, brought thither by Colonel Lawrence, before mentioned, who, by their experience and knowledge, helped in producing capital friezes and cloths from the Irish wool, then so abundant. Into the causes that led to the discontinuance of these works we need not here enter, but the district has in a small measure retained its reputation in regard to this produce to the present day.

Included in the former prosperity of Chapelizod, was the village of Palmerstown, connected in our mind with the great English Prime Minister of that name,

whose ancestors are said to have resided in what is now called the Stewart Institute. There was the well-known Palmerstown fair-green in those far off days, where gatherings of the country folk, and the gentry round about, were held here to witness some competitions of sport. "There were half a dozen of carriages, and a score of led horses outside the fair green, a precious lot of ragamuffins, and a good resort to the public-house opposite, the Artillery band rousing all the echoes round with harmonious and exhilarating thunder within, the stranger so found himself upon the renowned fair-green of Palmerstown." Mr. Le Fanu further tells us in this retrospect of life there, a hundred years ago, that it was a gay rural sight; the target stood on the slope of the hill, the competitors, armed with muskets, had bunches of gay ribands in their three-cornered hats, while the spectators stood in groups, separated from the marksmen by a wide, clear sweep of green sward. And the dress of the visitors, we learn, was both bright and gay. Such fine scarlet and gold waistcoats, such sky-blue and silver, such pea-green lutestring, and pink silk linings, and flashing buckles, and courtly wigs, all of which correspond suitably with the varied dress and fashion of the ladies of the period. Such was the aspect of the fair-green which we pass near at Palmerstown at the close of the eighteenth century.

A pleasant road this to Lucan, both now and when our forefathers rode along it, with the pasture fields on either side and the Dublin Mountains showing grandly in the distance; it is seven miles from the city, and is all agreeable journeying. It has been a favourite route for many generations who knew not, nor dreamt not, of such things as bicycles or tramcars, but who came out in merry parties to feast at the Strawberry Beds, or to drink the waters of Lucan Spa.

We cull a page from an old newspaper that gives some idea of the traffic of those times to the point towards

which we are making. A gentleman who was confined to his room at Lucan one summer Sunday in the year 1794, for his amusement determined to keep count of the number of persons who on that day passed on their way to the new Lucan Spa, for which purpose he placed himself in his window at six o'clock in the morning with pen, ink, and paper, and between that hour and five o'clock in the afternoon he reckoned 55 coaches, 29 post-chaises, 25 noddies, 82 jaunting-cars, 20 gigs, six open landaus, 221 common cars, with company, and 450 horse men, which at the lowest computation must have carried upwards of 3,000 persons, to which if 1,000 be added from the adjacent parts of the country, and at least double the number of pedestrians, we will find that upwards of 12,000 persons visited the well on that day." Of the fame of the Spa House, and the beneficial effects of the Lucan water, there is not space here to speak, but for many years it was the resort of the fashionable Dublin world. In our National Gallery is a portrait of Patrick Sarsfield, who fought at Sedgmoor, and who was created, from the place of his birth, by James II. in 1691, the first Earl of Lucan.

THE TERENCE LINE.

VISITORS to the old city on the Amstel, the capital of Northern Holland, have declared that when desiring to commence a journey by tram they were compelled to use what sounded like bad language, for invariably they had "to go to the Dam!" which is, however, in that case, nothing more dreadful than the fine open space from which the trams start. We in Dublin are more classic, and for us "The Pillar" forms both the commencement and termini of most of the electric lines that branch out to all the outlets of the metropolis. Admiral Horatio Nelson has stood on his tall column



SACKVILLE STREET AND GARDINER'S MALL, 1756.



ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

watching over our city for nearly a hundred years, and the site whereon this memorial to his greatness was erected by the people of Dublin, was formerly known as "The Mall." It was planted with trees, and was a favourite promenade for the citizens at a time when Sackville Street extended no further than to this point. In a society journal of some ninety years back we find this mention of it—

"This, madam, is the Mall; here the rich and the poor, the gay and the giddy of each sex resort; here they take the dust by way of taking the air—straining their eyes to gaze at Nelson. *Dusts*, madam, are very common on the Mall. For instance, if a new married lady or my Lord Mayor's, or even Mr. Sheriff's lady is in a longing way to show her gaudy equipage, where is there so proper a place as the Mall? If a Munster or a Connaught beauty arrives who is ambitious of admiration, where can she appear with such effect as on the Mall? Where can my Lady M——'s or Alderman ——'s lady pick up fashion or astonish the town with Cutpurse Row caps or Skinner Row jewellery so well as on the Mall? The fair sempstress, the actress, the abigail, are all *ladies* on the Mall!"

In those times Sackville Street (or rather Drogheda Street, as it was then known) contained the splendid mansions of Irish noblemen, and had not been long reclaimed from waste lands and fields and laid out, when the way from the river side was opened up by the new bridge. Previous to the building of Carlisle Bridge the good folk who desired to cross "to the north side," as the phrase still holds, went by the ferry at this place. It was suggested that the bridge to be built should commemorate the achievements of the army and navy during the reign of George III., at least such was one of the designs made for it, and a very handsome structure it probably would have been, however, the proverbial prudence of the "powers that be" prevailed, and no less than £10,000 was saved, we are told, by erecting a bridge wider than Westminster or Blackfriars, and which

was regarded as sufficient for all necessary requirements. This was in 1794, and it lasted until 1880, when the present wide level passage across the river replaced the narrow high *pons* that an older generation will remember, and which was regarded with such satisfaction when built in the latter days of the eighteenth century.

We are now close to the spot where just one thousand years ago the Ostmen or Scandinavians pushed their long flat boats ashore, and finding the place to their liking, built themselves here a city, and reigned as Kings of Dublin—the town of the black pool—for nigh three hundred years, and in token of their occupation erected the Long Stone, or Stayn, just hereabouts.

This is a season of centenary anniversaries, so while we are comparing our watches with the clock over the Ballast Office, and from thence to the capital timepiece that juts out from the home of our friend the *Irish Times* opposite, we may as well remind ourselves that it was in 1801 this thoroughfare from the College to the river was first opened to the public, and called after John Fane, Tenth Earl of Westmoreland, who had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for some years previously.

It is impossible not to think much of Henry Grattan in the journey we are taking, for his memory marks more than one step of the way. We have, perhaps, already passed him in the street in a sedan chair, a mode of conveyance to which he was partial, or if we are in luck we may see him go through the gates of the Senate House in his great coach, having driven in from Tinnahinch, but we are dreaming, and a temple of Commerce has existed for a century where Grattan's oratory was wont to be heard, and the old chariot is shown in the National Museum as a curiosity, while Grattan himself stands in effigy on the scene of his former triumphs, and his great grandson sits in the British House of Commons, but we dare not linger longer on Hoggen's Green, for the visions of the past are too many, and we have not



GENERAL POST OFFICE.

NEW
PUBLIC
COPY



MANSION HOUSE, DAWSON STREET.

NEW
PUBLIC
COPY

time to tell of the sports of those early citizens on this place, when it stood outside the city, nor yet to speak of the Monastery of All Hallows', given in later days for the purposes of a great university. We refrain from relating about the "Thingmote," just off Suffolk Street, and how, when it was razed, what we call Nassau Street was raised to its present height above the College Park. The Molesworth Fields and "the city's common pasture," the green of St. Stephen, were quite in the country, when Mr. Joshua Dawson, Under Secretary for Ireland, in the reign of Queen Anne, began to build himself a fine house in this locality.

With foresight and wisdom the city fathers in the early years of the eighteenth century quickly saw how suitable the edifice, which was constructed with much care, would answer as a residence of the chief magistrate of a city of the importance that Dublin had attained to, so they purchased it from the owner before it was quite finished, and by the title of the Mansion House, the Lord Mayors have had their annual home there ever since, and the name of the street recalls that of the builder.

Our route takes us by Frenchman's Walk—the west side of the green—so called in compliment to the many of that nation who sought shelter with us in the troublous days that visited their own land, and who have repaid the hospitality by instructing us in several gentle arts, and are now in their descendants more Irish than the Irish.

"The Earl of Clonmell has been confined to his chamber at his residence in Harcourt Street for some days by indisposition." So ran one of the daily papers one morning in May, 1796, and we can imagine that there were many inquiries after the health of the Chief Justice at his fine mansion (now Nos. 16 and 17), and which was in those days said to be connected by a subterranean passage with the spacious grounds opposite. We hasten past the homes of other noted personages who

lived in this street, and at the corner, find ourselves at the sign of the "Bleeding Horse." "At the beginning of the eighteenth century there still stood," writes the author of *The Cock and Anchor*, "at the southern extremity of the city, near the point where Camden Street now terminates, a small old-fashioned building, something between an ale-house and an inn. It occupied the roadside by no means unpicturesquely. One gable jutted into the road, with a projecting window, which stood out from the building like a glass box, held together by a massive frame of wood, and commanded by this projecting gable, and a few yards in retreat, but facing the road, was the inn door, over which hung a painted panel representing a white horse, out of whose neck there spouted a crimson cascade, and underneath, in large letters, the traveller was informed that this was the genuine old 'Bleeding Horse.'"

Into the history of this famous hostelry we cannot here enter, but it stood then in what was a lonely outskirts of the city, where houses were few and far between. The pretty Spanish name of Portobello has belonged to the district close to the canal (which we traverse by La Touche Bridge) for more than a century, and we associate it hereabouts with the days when Lord Edward Fitzgerald found among humble friends a safe retreat when a big price was set upon his head. On the right hand side as we go up the road to Rathmines, stands the house and grounds that were presented to Henry Grattan by the citizens of Dublin, which, however, it is recorded he resided in but for a brief period, as the charms of Tinnahinch were far superior.

We have heard much of war and battles in the last two years, but we are approaching the scene of a tremendous engagement that for two hundred and fifty years has been remembered as the battle of Rathmines. In 1649 the two castles of Baggotrath and Rathmines held forces arrayed against each other for conflict, that

of Baggotrath being occupied by Cromwell's soldiers under General Jones, and the Marquis of Ormond having his troops at Rathmines. Great additions to the Parliamentary army had just arrived from England, and infantry, cavalry, and supplies strengthened their resources. Lord Ormond was unprepared for the greatness of the attack that was made on him, and the last effort that the Royalists made in Ireland was at the great battle at Rathmines, where it is related no fewer than four thousand men were slain, and two thousand five hundred and seventeen were taken prisoners. There is an oil picture by Sir Peter Lely of this First Duke of Ormond, who, after the disaster above mentioned, retired to France until the Restoration, when Charles II. created him a Duke, and made him again Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Out and beyond Rathmines there are many and diverse ways leading to places that are connected with much that is of interest in the annals of our city, and over the grounds that we are going, very likely came the crowds that flocked to "Templeogue Spaw" in the days when it was the height of fashion to do so. To Tallaght, too, came many companies when the Archbishops of Dublin held high State in their palace there, and the mountains beyond bring back stories of the Hell Fire Club, the cromlechs, the holy wells, and other traditions that lie hidden except to the seeker into the past.

We have omitted much in this brief record of the way, and have forgotten to notice many things. Where, for instance, is the brass statue of Lord Blakeney, "brightly gilded by Van Nost, that was erected on a superb white marble pedestal, in the centre of the Mall" (our starting point) on the 19th March, 1759? Round about College Green there are scores of events connected that have not been glanced at, and a whole page could be devoted to the doings that have been enacted in St.

Stephen's Green alone. But those that are curious in such matters can seek them for themselves, and the quickness of our journey leaves but little time for more than an outline of our route, and we find ourselves all too soon at the little village which a few years back was called Roundtown, but is now known by its older designation of Terenure, which means "the land of the yew trees."

THE HOWTH LINE.

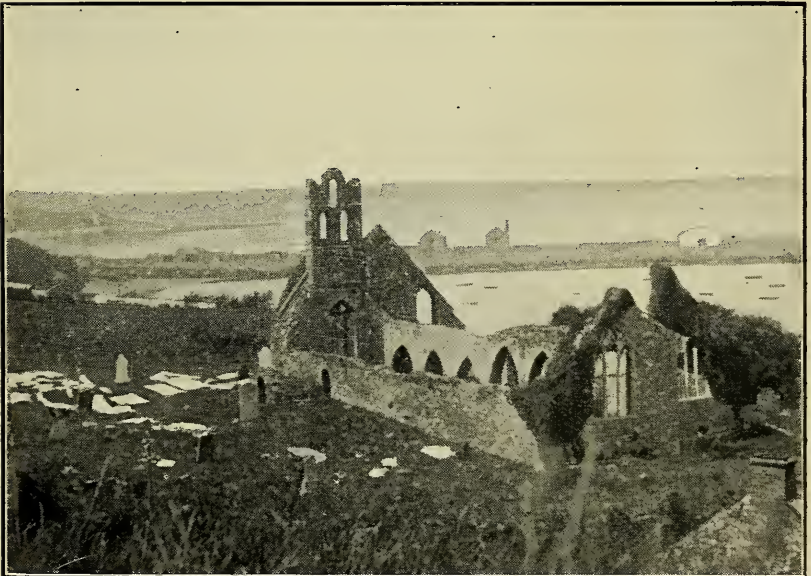
THE route to Howth is by the northern side of the Port and Bay of Dublin. This great promontory, to which we are bound, has been a peninsula from a period to which the memory of man goeth not to the contrary, and yet, we believe, it is regarded by some as within the bounds of possibility to have been at one time an island, and that the wild waters dashed across the narrow neck of land that joins it about the low level district of Sutton.

Be this as it may, the high way is safe and sure enough at present, and for the past hundred years all who wished to reach the ancient fishing village of "Hoved," the Scandinavian name for a head, have passed this way, unless they travelled by train.

To English visitors the modern name of Howth presents some slight difficulty, and one notices they pronounce the uncouth-looking word without that suspicion of an *e* in the centre somewhere that softens and lengthens it when spoken by a native. We journey over historical and classical ground when running along the nine miles of coast road that ends at the pier of Howth. It is not, perhaps, as pretty or prosperous a thoroughfare as others in our touring, and indeed the commencement of the journey is by a portion of the city that is both sordid and uninteresting; but we can pick up many points



HOWTH CASTLE
(In 1792).



HOWTH ABBEY.

en route that speak of events gone by, and which will people the neighbourhoods with stories of the past; while across the waters of the river and bay there is a splendid panorama of hill and mountain stretching over the two counties of Dublin and Wicklow.

While waiting for the tram-car to start at the corner of Earl Street, o'ershadowed by the great Admiral on his column at our back, we have time to remember that it was the first Earl of Drogheda who gave his name and title to this and the adjoining street in the seventeenth century, and that the present No. 10 Sackville Street, formerly Drogheda Street, was the town residence of the Drogheda family. With a glance on the left, we catch a glimpse of Tyrone House, the home erstwhile of the earl of that name, and Marquis of Waterford, and recall the gaieties of the Marlborough Bowling Green, at one time a most fashionable public resort—about one hundred and fifty years ago. The "Barley Fields" lay up northward in those days, and country walks and lanes covered the spot we are passing over. Lord Talbot was Viceroy of Ireland some eighty years back, and the street leading to the station received his designation. While the thoroughfare that had in this neighbourhood been called "The Strand" was named Amiens in honour of the Earl of Aldborough, who, as Viscount Amiens, built himself a palatial residence close by at the cost of £40,000, and which is now recognised as Aldborough Barracks. Space does not allow of too long lingering over each step of our way, and the long stretch of road running by the water's edge presents but little to notice except that it brings us to the generally believed site of the famous Battle of Clontarf, but it is now known that this remarkable event in Irish history must have taken place much nearer the city, and the heights round Mountjoy and Rutland Squares are, by competent searchers, regarded as the most probable scenes where the conflicts raged, and which could be witnessed from

the Castle by the anxious watchers, who, it is recorded, noted the details of the fight.

All along the coast line, over the very ground we are traversing, came flying in hot haste the vanquished, and left traces of their flight in dying and wounded that marked the path they took, while some few escaped by boats.

We will turn from thoughts of warfare and the death of Brian Boromhe to the building of the beautiful Marino, and the peaceful arts that were brought under contribution by one of the most accomplished noblemen of his day, to render it complete. Lord Charlemont built Marino with but one thought, to render it a fitting home for the beautiful objects of sculpture and painting with which he filled it. The Casino was unique in its construction and the cost of its erection. What a lonely desolate district must the "Plain of the Bird Flocks" have been in those far-away days when the absence of trees induced the birds, it is said, from all parts of the country, to gather here in the sun. The mail road on which we travel only came into existence when Howth was made a packet station in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and before that time the track of the wayfarer would be by paths across the inland fields trodden by the mariners down to the various points along the shore.

In 1821 came His Majesty King George IV., and Howth received its royal visitor with a greater show of welcome than that accorded to the Sovereign of Connaught, Grace O'Malley, who, in 1575, stole away the heir of the house of St. Lawrence, when she found the gates of the castle closed on her arrival there from England. King George had a great reception, and his drive up by road to the capital was a fitting anticipation of the success of his subsequent entry.

We turn back one moment to notice a procession of a different character on the road to Howth. To the



THE TEMPLE, MARINO.

little churchyard of Kilbarrack came in the dark, cold winter season of 1802, the funeral of Francis Higgins, known in life and after as "The Sham Squire." The story of his life, with its audacity and duplicity, has been well told, and forms one of the saddest pages of our city's history. He died 19th January, 1802, when a storm raged over the metropolis that accorded well with the passing of such a man. "To the lonely graveyard of Kilbarrack," writes Dr. Fitzpatrick "he bequeathed his body. A more picturesque spot, *where erring man might hope to rest*, it would be hard to select, situated at the edge of the proverbially beautiful Bay of Dublin, the ruins of Kilbarrack, or as they are anciently styled, 'The Abbey of Mone,' have long existed as a monument of that primitive piety which prompted the Irish mariners of the fourteenth century to erect a chapel to St. Mary, Star of the Sea, wherein to offer up an orison for their messmates who had perished beneath the waves."

The handsome tomb of the Sham Squire, it is said, no longer exists, but the memory of the place to which he was carried a century ago amid terms of laudation and praise in the mistaken estimation of his contemporaries still remains, and there is a tradition that in recent years, when a great leader of the Irish Party fell from his high estate, a number of his friends and admirers brought thither some copies of the paper that spoke loudest against him and buried them deep close to the place that covered the traitor Higgins.

Round Howth itself hang many legends and traditions, and its abbey, cromlech, castle and adjacent island, have much to tell of olden days, but our records are with the road, and all too quickly have we passed the "Field of Bulls" (Clontarf), the Green Lanes, the beautiful gardens of St. Anne's, the little house of William Carleton at Fairview. We picture the good saint who dwelt in this distant retirement while he wrote and

illuminated the *Garland of Howth*. By this highway came the passengers to and from the packet in the harbour of the seaport.

What brilliant company journeyed to see the glories of Marino, and what a gallant show was here to be seen when in August, 1821, King George, dressed in a blue frock, blue pantaloons, Hessian boots, with a black cravat, white silk gloves, and a foraging cap, with gold lace, came along, escorted by a cavalcade, who, with all the congregations from the different churches in Howth, had assembled on the pier, there to wait the arrival of the first English sovereign who had landed on our shores on a peaceful mission. As they passed along the road to the capital many other horsemen joined the *cortege*, and every rider held his hat in his hand.

The ancient name of Howth was Benn Edar, and it is known in legend and annal from a very early date. We have records of the pious Saints Fintan and Nessian and Beoroc, and the heather-clad slopes and life-giving breezes have drawn pilgrims for many years out and up to the "Old Bailey Green."

In 1790 the price of a seat of one of the Ringsend cars to the town of Howth was 2s. 11d., while a chariot to the same place was 5s. 6d., and a coach, 8s. 8d. In the castle, among other relics, is a full-length portrait of Dean Swift, who frequently rode out, a welcome guest, to the lords of Howth. In these latter days there are many advantages in the manner and mode of reaching our beautiful suburbs, and as the tram-road to Howth is one of the youngest of the routes thus opened, the first car over it running on the 26th July, 1900, all, we think, will, when they reach their destination, re-echo the words, "Delightful to be on Benn-Edar," which was sung many centuries back by the great Saint Columcille.

DUBLIN TRAMS AND TRAM TRAVELLERS.

“SHALL we tram it or tramp it?” is the pleasant jocose question frequently asked in Dublin, and the decision most frequently come to is the first named form of locomotion. The tram-cars have made us lazy, it is asserted—Perhaps they have. A Government official in the sixties of his life, and in the sixties of the nineteenth century, used to walk, year in and year out, from his residence, near Wellington Road, to his office at Tyrone House, Marlborough Street, every week-day morning, and tell, with much gusto, how the splendid cigar he was provided with lasted the hour it took him to do the journey. Coming home, also walking, he had a friend, and no cigar, but the distance was traversed on foot. Now, however, everyone, school boy, college lad, clerk, shop assistant, those bound for the Courts, the Castle, or the Custom House, all and each jump lightly into the tramcar; be the route long or short that they have to go. Two generations, nearly, of Dublin folk have come into existence since the advent of the trams, and so quickly are one’s surroundings adapted to circumstances, that hardly any event or transaction of a public nature takes place within the city that the tram service is not concerned with.

The conveniences and advantages of the tram system are so apparent and obvious that they need no dwelling upon, and it is more for the purpose of observing the changes it has wrought in many ways, that it comes under notice on the present occasion. It is hard for those whose memories extend not to the time when trams were not in being, to realise the privacy and seclusion of public traffic in former years, as compared

with to-day. The wealthier classes drove in their carriages; well-to-do people in cabs, and the poorer in a queer old omnibus, lumbering on its way, with its narrow door at the back, and stuffy interior; straw under the passengers' feet, and tiny windows at each side. Only gentlemen used outside-cars in the streets, and ladies were not supposed to mount the national vehicle, except outside the city bounds. The cab fares were a constant source of dispute, and the sixpenny journey, beginning or ending, in many instances, at the canal bridges, made these places a limit, that inspired much contempt in the mind and manner of the jarvey when availed of by a passenger.

It was not possible in those times to go to one extreme of the city without a considerable cost of minutes and money, while a journey to the suburbs was an undertaking, and the vehicles themselves were sadly lacking in the smartness and freshness that is regarded as indispensable at the present day. All this, however, is now forgotten, and the quickened spirit of the age is apparent in nothing so much as in our locomotion. The tramcar has done more, perhaps, to break down social distinctions of a certain sort than is realised. If one sits opposite the washerwoman (and it is quite an every-day occurrence) for a quarter of an hour, a different impression is created in one's mind of this estimable personage, from what there would be if she were simply seen waiting in the hall. To gaze at the visages of the neighbours we don't visit is certainly not very agreeable until one gets accustomed to it, and, in a small social centre like Dublin, the tramcar includes a curious mixture, oftentimes of persons who know all about each other, and yet have no acquaintance.

There is a courtesy, however, engendered by the constant intercourse of strangers in the few minutes many journeyings together that was formerly not a feature of Irish manners. The arrogance of the grand

lady who takes her "pennyworth" passes away when side by side with the little seamstress hurrying on a message, and the friendly nod of the employer who finds himself next his assistant, establishes a better feeling in their business relations. What a strange medley of human beings—changing like the coloured glasses in a kaleidoscope—in the corner there a Roman Catholic cleric reading a work of devotion, next a fashionable dame going to an "at home," opposite two schoolgirls with lesson books tied in bundles, and one has left a violin case on the conductor's platform outside, a couple of countrymen are discussing the weather, and a nurse with three children crowd up one side of the car. The society lady alights, and her place is taken by a worthy woman wearing a green plaid shawl and a white apron; she likewise has deposited something outside, but it is a basket, and she has put it beside the driver, and must run round and fetch it when she gets out. The children are now going, and an old blind gentleman, with an attendant, succeeds them. Old ladies in plenty are great patronesses of the trams, and a real boon has come into many lives from this easy mode of transit, and cheap means of getting variety and change of air.

Here, too, we notice the kind feeling and acts that the tram gives scope for; a vacant place is ever found for the aged and infirm, and there is a general desire to make room that betokens a sympathy for one's kind. "Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing," so have many stray words and little deeds passed between strangers in the tramcar that leave a lasting impression for good. But there are tram acquaintances too, though not quite so certain as in the railway, yet many persons meet so frequently that it constitutes an introduction, and, if so disposed, can be carried on to friendship.

To the student of human nature there is an unfailling

source of interest in the faces that surround one, and the many little incidents *en route* renders a journey by tram full of much to ponder over. It is astonishing how familiar it all becomes in time. The conductors we get to know by appearance quite well, and we establish a bowing acquaintance with the inspectors who jump up on the cars to look at our tickets, whose progress to this important position we have watched with interest. The drivers we know little about, as, like his brother on the engine, we are only conscious of the work he is doing in safely bringing us to our destination, and we forget the man himself, and inside the tram we only see his back. But there are a variety of drivers in the manner they work their machines, for while some run smoothly along the road, others delight in jerks ; again, a quick speed at times seems to give pleasure in some cases, and others adopt an even pace throughout. The passengers on the top take less notice of each other. They have more to interest them in the objects they are passing, and, moreover, they nearly all look forward, and not at each other. The roof of the tramcar, all the same, draws to itself quite as diversified a gathering as are within, and moreover, several passengers that would not be met inside.

We keep wondering who will occupy that sweep's seat when he leaves, which he does presently, shouldering the implements of his profession on the steps as he gets off, and a daintily dressed damsel, bound for tennis takes the place he has vacated ; while two girl golfers make room for a large woman with a baby, who had managed to scramble to the top with difficulty. So the changing goes on. Young men with pipes, young men with cigarettes make a pleasant ending to their day's work as they journey through the fresh air to their homes.

Irish women are not given to needlework in public like their sisters in France, but more than one has

accomplished a fair amount of knitting or crochet when necessity obliged a lengthy tram tour, while books and papers galore have been devoured while speeding along, and the end of the journey seems all the quicker in the coming. No other mode of travelling has conduced to this mixing of different classes, for an older generation tell how formerly certain people when travelling by ship would have their private carriages, which they were taking with them, slung on deck, and sit in them during the voyage, a proceeding which, very dignified and exclusive though it looked, must have been most uncomfortable during a rough passage. There are many little incidents *en route* among the tram travellers that tell much of character and habits to the observant on-looker, even in the very mode in which the fare is paid, and the ticket received, the person who never can find their money without a search, and those who have it in their hand betimes.

There is an aristocracy among trams as well as in other things, and the way in which they are judged is according to the districts they traverse. In this respect, we believe, Donnybrook claims the precedence, for all along its course it passes through, probably, the most fashionable quarter of the metropolis, and its passengers indicate its quality. The same for a longer line may be said of the Dalkey car, but it has a mixed company, for it takes in many little villages and towns on its journey south. The car that runs to Kingsbridge or the Park gates is full of legal personages hurrying to the courts or the offices on the quays, while farmers and country folk on certain days crowd in on the way to the terminus of the railway that makes the first step of their homeward journey. Out to Drumcondra or Phibsborough travel plainer people in dress and style, while the great region of Rathmines takes away "all sorts and conditions of men"—and women—at every hour of the day, flocking to the

innumerable roads and avenues that hold their residences. Quaint old Sandymount has one special kind of car of its own, for we notice that these cars possess no roof, deprived of this addition in consequence of a bridge they have to pass under which would not permit with safety the presence of persons so elevated under its arch. Different times of the day, and different days in the week are thought by some deep thinkers to influence the frequenters of the trams, but, however it may be, there is ample material for the reflective mind, and scores of dramas, tragedies, and comedies to be noticed in our daily tram drives, and as we participate to the fullest extent in the fuller enjoyment of our city and its suburbs, that this modern means of locomotion has secured to us, we can weave together many a romance concerning those with whom in life's journey we have been for a few brief moments fellow-passengers.

BLACKROCK WORTHIES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

ANYONE who has walked along the shaded roads or sheltered avenues in the neighbourhood of Blackrock, must have been struck by the number of fine detached residences that are clustered thereabouts. These houses lay no particular claim to beauty of architecture nor call for special notice beyond the fact that they bear evidence of being erected for the use and comfort of persons well circumstanced in this world's goods.

Now, as these mansions have stood their ground through many a summer's day and winter night, though now, perhaps, altered and improved and kept in good repair as the years went on, they bring us back in recollection to the time when the Black Rock was a famous little spot on account of the coterie of celebrities who lived there and the fashionable world from the metropolis who came down to join in the festivities that they provided at their seaside homes.

Blackrock itself, indeed, offered many attractions to the town folk, and was much resorted to for its bathing facilities and other amusements, but on the present occasion we are in aristocratic company for the nonce, so give but passing notice to the Melon Feasts at Conway's Tavern in the Main Street, and will leave the Vauxhall Gardens (now the People's Park) and the assemblies at Seapoint, though they were stylish enough in point of guests, for the telling of another day.

We are now back in the eighteenth century, and our intention is to journey out from town and pay visits to some of those distinguished personages who dwelt at the "Rock" at that time. We will only take the

journey once, for, though many years may elapse between the calls we make, it was no easy matter or lightly to be undertaken—the getting from Dublin to Blackrock in those olden days. No brightly lit public vehicles then ran swiftly every few minutes along the high road, no gas lamps, no police, but a long, dreary way past fields and hedges, here and there a cottage, a little hamlet and much danger.

Have we not read how the coach last week had been stopped by highwaymen, and, this, though it was known the guard was provided with a blunderbuss. Was it not a fact that so frequent were the attacks on solitary passengers by footpads that a committee of gentlemen had met and formed a body of good men, trusty and true, who were to patrol the road to the city, and thus protect the lives and effects of such persons as on business or pleasure had to undertake this perilous route. Oh, the Rock Road was a dangerous journey to go, and even when the new public carriage called “The Royal George,” which carried sixteen passengers, began to run, it had an additional peril to encounter, for an attack was made on it by the drivers of the jaunting-cars and noddies, who thought their business was interfered with by the new vehicle.

As we enter Blackrock, a glance to the left shows the fine house of Lady Arabella Denny, which she called Elm Cliff, now known as Lisaniskea, and where in imagination we can see the good lady watching the progress of the silk-worms she introduced into Ireland, and where John Wesley visited her. On the right hand side is Frescati, and in the little bookroom leading out to the garden sit Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Pamela. There are six pots of auriculas, he tells us, on a stand, and while he enjoys the singing of the birds and the beauty of the place, the pretty wife works at her embroidery frame. Frescati was then the residence of the Duchess of Leinster, who lent it to her son. It

was later the home of the Right Hon. Henry Cavendish, Receiver-General of Ireland, whose wife was made Baroness of Waterpark, and whose father-in-law was Richard Bradshaw, Esq. Mr. Cavendish wrote *A Statement of the Public Accounts of Ireland*, published in 1791. Frescati was advertised for sale exactly a century ago (1804) and the well-known school kept by the Rev. Robert Craig, was here established, and still later "one of the best family mansions in Ireland" was divided into four good-sized houses, and so remains to this day.

Sir Nicholas Lawless, subsequently known as Lord Cloncurry, lived at Maretimo, over-hanging the sea, in his time with no railway coming though his pleasure grounds and garden, then much larger in extent than they are now. His son received his education at the famous school of the Rev. Dr. Burrowes, at Prospect, on the Temple Road, just opposite the windows of Maretimo. A later Lord Cloncurry entertained George IV. here, and it was also at Maretimo that the Duke of Northumberland stayed a few days, and told his host not to put himself out with regard to his Grace's servants, as they drank neither port nor claret, to which his lordship rejoined that "upon his word he was glad to hear it, for with him they would get only small beer."

Blackrock House was honoured more than once by being the summer residence of the Lord Lieutenant, and the landing place at the water's edge enabled them to take advantage of this easy mode of embarkation. It was here one morning in 1785 that their Excellencies received an exhausted aeronaut, and heard from him at breakfast an account of the adventures that befel him in his balloon voyage from Ranelagh to Dunleary. Sir Harcourt Lees, the political pamphleteer, and father of the eminent Orientalist, William Nassau Lees, of the Indian Army, lived in Blackrock House, and died there in 1852. The title still has the designation "of the

Blackrock" attached to it. We fancy a great centre of gaiety at "The Blackrock" was to be found at Neptune, where the Chief Justice, Lord Clonmell, enjoyed the summer months as a change from his town house in Harcourt Street.

The story of how his pleasure was spoiled by an angry suitor in his court is too well-known to need repeating here, and we prefer to make one of the gay party who assembled at Neptune (now Temple Hill House) in the month of June, 1797. A vast number of guests arrived early, and breakfast was partaken of in the drawingroom. The day was showery, so the company gathered in the hall and library while some fiddlers and a dulcimer-player tried in vain to induce by their lively tunes those present to get up a country dance in the dining parlour. If the weather had been fine, it was intended that dinner should be taken under tents on the lawn, but this could not be carried out as planned, owing to the rain, so tables were laid in the hall, and even in some of the bedrooms. The Lord Lieutenant arrived at five o'clock, and dinner began at six. A sumptuous supply of every good thing was provided, and, though the crowd was very great, all was most enjoyable. Card tables were then set out, and dancing for those who wished; then came supper, and the company began to disperse about ten o'clock. The *elite* of Dublin were present on this occasion, and among the beauties of the day named, were Miss Talbot, Miss Tottenham, Lady Grace Maxwell, and the three Miss Newcomes.

Let us wander now a little further^{and} and pause before we enter at the gates of Rockfield, where dwelt Sir Boyle Roche, who has, perhaps unfairly, only come down to us as an inveterate maker of "Bulls," but whom we know to have been a most polished gentleman, with a grace and urbanity of manner that gained him hosts of friends when master of the ceremonies at Dublin Castle

and among his compeers during the twenty years he was in the Irish House of Commons.

Although we cannot expect to see Sir Boyle writing his famous epistle with war-like weapons in either hand, we can admire the quaint beauty of his house and garden, which have a history of their own apart from its ownership.

Sir Boyle Roche was born in 1743, and served in the American War in his early youth. He was created a Baronet in 1782. In a speech he made when the question of the Union was proposed, he is reported to have said—"Gentlemen may tither, and tither, and tither, and may think it a bad measure, but their heads at present are hot, and will so remain till they grow cool again, and so they can't decide right now, but when the day of judgment comes these honourable gentlemen will be satisfied with this most excellent Union," which speech, together with the declaration that his love for England and Ireland was so great "he would have the two sisters embrace like one brother" gives us a fair idea of the peculiar renown he obtained.

Many others famed in literature and art have dwelt near the place that we call Blackrock, but which was longer known as Newtown-on-the-Strand, together with the adjoining village of Newtown in the Deer Park. At Newtown Castle Byrn, lived Robert Jephson, whose play "Braganza," was a great success at Drury Lane in 1775. He wrote many other works for the stage, and John Philip Kemble took part in his tragedy, "Julia, or the Italian Lover," in London, in 1787. Jephson died at Blackrock in May, 1803, and the originals of some of his letters to Garrick are preserved in the Dyce and Forster Library, South Kensington. He had a neighbour, Joseph Atkinson, who occupied Melfield, and wrote several plays also; one named "Tit for Tat" coming out at the Haymarket; and Sir John Stevenson composed the music for another, called

“Love in a Blaze.” He died in 1818, aged seventy-five. Thus briefly we gather some links of this gay old past, when rank and talent made the little village bright with the fame, and visitors that surrounded it, when the chariots and the chaises, the noddies and the sedan chairs brought the lords and ladies, belles and beaux, who, doubtless, like ourselves, thought they had reached the acme of celerity as they journeyed home over the uneven road, dark, save for a solitary lamp swinging at a street corner, and possible perils ahead. We can, with more comfort in these respects, gaze across, as perhaps they did too, at the Obelisk near Newtown Park, built by good Sir Pigot Piers to help the poor people in his neighbourhood during times of distress in 1742.

LOCOMOTION IN DUBLIN IN THE LAST CENTURY.

IN these days, when the aspect of our city thoroughfares is completely changed from what they were even within the last few years, it is of interest to look back and try to realise what appearance they presented in the 18th century—a period, when Dublin was the centre of much fashion and gaiety, and where, notwithstanding distress and poverty in other parts of the country, it has been admitted that the capital showed no signs of lack of wealth, and the worthy citizens and residents knew how to make a good display. In the matter of locomotion, the metamorphosis has been most marked. We get so accustomed to new inventions at the present time, that we are no longer surprised at the invasion of our streets by huge public conveyances moved by an unseen power, and shortly we may expect to find the motor carriage completely supersede the horse-drawn vehicle, while, what can we say of the universal “wheel” ? It meets us everywhere ; it invades our halls, fills our shops, and carries our people from one end of the city to another, giving pleasure and enjoyment to thousands, and a considerable amount of peril to not a few ; but the good people who lived and worked and spent their lives in “dear old Dublin” in the last century knew of none of these things, and moved about the city’s ways in quite a different fashion.

The principal mode of locomotion in the streets of our metropolis a century back was the sedan chair, and these convenient, but now completely obsolete, vehicles were continued in use for many years of the nineteenth

century, the last one disappearing only about thirty years ago. In addition to the numerous public chairs that could be sent for in the streets like cabs at the present day, it was the custom for families to own two or three private ones, as they were almost a necessary requirement for the purposes of getting about. At the time of which we speak, it was not usual for ladies to walk in the streets of Dublin, this fashion having its origin, it is said, more from a love of ostentation than from any other good reason. The private sedan chairs at this time numbered over two hundred and fifty, and they were in general use among the upper classes. Henry Grattan is stated to have been partial to this mode of conveyance, and ladies did their shopping most comfortably with their assistance. In the pages of *Le Fanu* and other writers one gets many amusing descriptions of the accidents or adventures to which travelling by these means were liable, and in newspapers of the day there are frequent allusions to chairs and chairmen in connection with the ordinary events taking place when their services were required.

In different parts of the city sheds were erected where the chairman waited for hire, and the prices were for a set down, 6½d., and for one hour, 1s. 1d. While the public sedan chairs were probably plain and oftentimes shabby, the private ones were sometimes handsomely ornamented and beautifully painted according to the taste and wealth of the owners, who, in addition to the necessary carriers or porters, would if they wished to display what was looked upon as good style, be also accompanied by a troop of laced lackeys in attendance. Among the occasions on which we notice the use of the sedan chair in the year 1798, is that which records the circumstance that it was in one of these vehicles that Lord Edward Fitzgerald was conveyed to Newgate the day of his arrest, while we also read that the wife of Henry Sheares waited for hours in a sedan chair outside Lord Clare's house

in Ely Place, for the purpose, when his lordship appeared, of pleading with him on her husband's behalf.

It will be remembered that a chief means of support of the Rotunda Hospital was at one time derived from a tax which the governors were permitted by Parliament to levy on private sedan chairs. The amount to be paid was 35s. 6d. on every chair "in the City of Dublin, or within a mile therein." A list was kept of the persons who took out licences for keeping them, and as the hospital authorities did not always find it an easy matter to secure the advantages of the privilege they had been granted, the following earnest appeal was on one occasion addressed to "their very respectable tenantry, the proprietors of private sedan chairs" :—"Some of the Honourables and Right Honourables are in arrears, and this is particularly inconvenient, as duties of this nature accruing from persons of the first rank cannot always be collected in the ordinary modes." They therefore intimate politely but plainly that when they solicit their tenantry's compliance "they are at the same time aware that the very trifling amount might be levied in another way, namely, by distress, sale, and such like methods sanctioned by the express terms of the statute." Nay, they even hint at calling in the assistance of the civil power, viz., the police, who "having to collect their own moiety (10s.), are thus part proprietor, and might as well get in the hospital rents at the same time."

It is sad to have to relate that some of the "respectable tenants" were not above resorting "to the pitiful practice of vacating a number when in arrear and taking a new one." This tax brought in about £450 per annum to the hospital, at whose entertainments the following rules were made for the departure of their guests :—Carriages drew up for departure at the door in Great Britain Street, while private sedan chairs waited in the hospital yard, where no numbered chair was permitted

to appear under any pretence whatsoever, and public sedans stood in Cavendish Row.

One of the curious customs of the time was that on a "masquerade" evening, a form of amusement greatly enjoyed, the guests, before proceeding to the Rotunda, where the balls were held, made a tour through their friends' houses in the city, descending from their coaches and sedans at the different mansions, thus giving the people in the streets numerous opportunities of seeing them, and all making their way about midnight to the Round Room. As one writer says, "How strange to the patients the rolling of coach wheels far into the night, the shouting of the chairmen, and the cries of the link boys, and the flashing of flambeaux."

Among the list of vehicles for hire in Dublin one hundred years ago there were coaches, chariots, sedans, and noddies. A coach could be hired at the price of 1s. 1d. for a set down; and 1s. 7½d. for an hour; a chariot was 6d. less; a sedan about the same price as a chariot, while the noddie was only 5d. for one journey, and 10d. for an hour—of course at night they were all a little more expensive. The fare to Blackrock by a coach was 3s. 3d., and a chariot 2s. To Dunleary the former cost 4s. 10½d., and the latter 3s.

Does anyone remember the Ringsend cars? Taking the prices in the year 1790, we find that the cost of a seat on one of these convenient vehicles to Blackrock was 1s. 4d., to Bullock, 2s. 2d., to Dunleary, 1s. 10½d., to Howth, 2s. 11d., to the Pigeon House, 1s., and to Rathmines, 9d. They thus seem to have journeyed in all directions of the city, having nothing to say to the locality from whence they took their name. Concerning the outside car, as we know it now, and as it was in olden days, though not quite so smart and fresh-looking as at present, a French traveller gives the following graphic description on first seeing one:—

"Pareni les vehicules qui portent le nom de car le

plus curieux et le plus cominun est le jaunting car sorte de char a banc de convert monte sur deux petites roues cachees par un tablier mobile en bois et qui sert a reposer les pieds. Les voyageurs assis de chargue cote de ce char se tourneut le dos et c'est sans doute e cause de cela, que les Irlandais facetiem l'appelliut un vis-a-vis."

Dean Swift used to declare that he was the poorest man in Ireland who was served in plate, and the richest who kept no carriage. He vowed that when Lord Oxford fell from power, he would set up a coach, and it is believed that on the news reaching him he actually ordered one to be made, and took one drive in it, but when tidings soon came that his lordship's party were again restored, the Dean refused to enter his double chariot. In a letter to Bishop Sterne he mentions his dislike to the bishops, and writes :—" It is happy for me that I know the persons of very few bishops, and it is my constant rule never to look into a coach, by which I avoid the terror that such a sight would strike me with." He mentions in July, 1733, in a letter to Pope, " I am one of the governors of all the hackney coaches, carts, and carriages round this town (Dublin), who dare not insult me like your rascally waggoners, or coachmen, but give me the way, nor is there one lord or squire for a hundred of yours to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches-and-six."

During the Vice-royalty of the Duke of Rutland, the favourite drive of the fashionable Dublin people was the North Circular Road, when the carriage of the Duchess formed the centre of attraction and admiration. Her Grace was remarkable for her beauty, and the brilliancy of her equipage added greatly to the gay scene that was to be witnessed there, particularly on Sundays. She drove in a phaeton drawn by six ponies, attended by young postilions, and preceded by outriders in splendid liveries. Lord Cloncurry records for us that on Sunday afternoons it was the custom for the great

folk to rendezvous at this point, and "that he frequently saw there three or four coaches-and-six, and eight or ten coaches-and-four, passing slowly to and fro in a long procession of other carriages, and between a double column of well-mounted horsemen." The possession of some means of conveyance in almost every family was a matter of necessity. At the time of which we write there were, of course, no railways, nor any of the easy ways of getting from place to place that have become second nature to modern life. Consequently, every household owned a vehicle of some kind, and, as giving an idea of what they were, and the use that was made by our forefathers of their opportunities of getting into the country, we will conclude by an extract from an Irish paper of the date 1794:—"A gentleman confined to his room undertook last Sunday, for his amusement, to make an estimate of the number of persons who on that day passed through Leixlip on their way to the new Lucan Spa, for which purpose he placed himself in his window at six o'clock in the morning with pen, ink, and paper, and between that hour and five o'clock in the afternoon he reckoned 55 coaches, 29 postchaises, 25 noddies, 82 jaunting cars, 20 gigs, 6 open landaus, 221 common cars with company, and 450 horsemen, which at the lowest computation must have carried upwards of 3,000 persons, to which if 1,000 be added from the adjacent parts of the country, and at least double the number of pedestrians, we will find that upwards of 12,000 persons visited the well on that day."

OLD DUBLIN BENEFACTORS.

GEORGE SIMPSON.

ONE hundred and fifty years ago there was living at No. 24 Jervis Street, in the City of Dublin, a gentleman described in the directory of that date as George Simpson, merchant. He continued to reside there until his death, which took place in the closing days of the year 1778, and the parish records tell us that he was buried in St. Mary's Churchyard, on the 3rd January, 1779. These are far away times, and the aspect of the city has changed much since good George Simpson dwelt in *Jervais* Street, as he called it. Sir Humphrey Jervis, the ground owner, had been Lord Mayor of Dublin in the seventeenth century, and it is said he pulled down St. Mary's Abbey so that he might build a new bridge across the river with its stones, a feat that met with approval, for he got a gift of this bit of land, whereof we are speaking, as a reward, and, so when a new thoroughfare was made hereabouts in 1728, it received the name of the worthy knight so that he might be had in remembrance.

George Simpson died, as we have said, in 1778, when he was possessed of a fair share of this world's wealth, the bulk of which he left "to be enjoyed by his dear wife, Catherine, during her life." He gave several large sums to various charities in which he took an interest, and remembered several of his relatives. He had an estate in the County Roscommon, and lands at Pelletstown, in the County of Dublin, and was the owner of house property in different parts of the city. He named as trustees no less than thirteen gentlemen, all of the City of Dublin, who were to carry out, "but without risque to themselves," his wishes with regard

to the final disposal of his income and residue. These trustees were "my friends James Forbes, Travers Hartley, Thomas Read, Redmond Morris, Morgan Crofton, Edward Strettle, James Ford, the Rev. Doctor Law, Alexander Jaffray, William Barton, Nevill Forth, Martin Brownley, and Matthew Coleman," and the great charge and care committed into their hands was that after the death of Mrs. Catherine Simpson, they were to hold his fortune in trust, "and thereout to erect and support and maintain an hospital for the reception of such poor decayed blind and gouty men as they shall think worthy of such a charity." Mr. Simpson left his wife, "all her cloathes, linnen, watch trinketts, and other moveables belonging to her own person," and also the household furniture, china, silver, and plate, "together with the use and enjoyment of my dwellinghouse in Jervais street for and during the term of her natural life, and from and after her decease I devise and bequeath my said house with its appurtenances in manner hereinafter particularly mentioned. Mr. Simpson was what may be termed a strong Protestant, and to two large legacies that he left a nephew and niece he attached the condition that they were not to receive them unless, in the event of their marrying, it should be a Protestant and "one born of Protestant parents," while the legatees themselves were bound, before obtaining his bounty, "to publicly conform to the Church of Ireland, as by law established in the Parish Church of St. Mary's, Dublin."

Of the charities that were benefited by bequests from "George Simpson of the City of Dublin, Esq.," it is noticeable that the schools of the different parishes came in for special favour. To the Incorporated Society for Promoting English Protestant Schools in Ireland, he left the sum of £1,000, and the Blue Coat Hospital received half that amount, as did also the Governors of the Marine Schools, "for the use of that charity."

Six churches, namely, St. Nicholas Within, St. Nicholas Without, St. John's, St. Audoen's, St. Paul's. and St. Katherine's, all got £100 each for the "Poor Charity Boys" of their respective parishes. The French Charity School was not forgotten, and the "Poor Boys" of this institution got also £100, but his own special district received a larger amount, for we find to the "poor school of St. Mary's parish £250."

There were not so many hospitals for the sick in Dublin at that time as there are now, and we find but three named by Mr. Simpson, one being that erected by Mrs. Mary Mercer, Spinster, which had been opened in 1734, and it, together with St. Katherine's Hospital, and the Inn's Quay Infirmary, received £300 each. The governors and governesses of the Magdalene Asylum in Leeson Street, then recently founded, were left £250, and Mr. Thomas Corless, Merchant, £100 for the use of the Poor Alms House in St. James's Parish. Two years after the death of Mr. Simpson there came into existence the institution that he desired to be established. He had been for many years a sufferer himself from weak eyes, and was also "a complete martyr to the gout," it is, therefore, not surprising to find that his sympathies had been directed towards others similarly afflicted, and while possessing himself all the comforts that ample means could bestow in alleviation, he would feel double compassion for any companions in pain who were without income or the power of earning. So it came about that in 1781 a house in Great Britain Street opened its doors to receive the first guests in Mr. Simpson's Hospital. It is, of course, well understood that formerly the word hospital was accepted in a different manner to its present general use, and was applied in this and many instances, not as a place for the sick, but "an institution or establishment for dispensing hospitality or caring for the needy, or an asylum for shelter and maintenance."

Before many years passed, however, this residence (for it was but a private house), was too limited, and the inmates were removed for a short time to Jervis Street, while a new and enlarged building was being erected on the site. The amount expended was upwards of £6,000, and when these early recipients of Mr. Simpson's bounty returned to their newly built home in Great Britain Street, they found the fine, handsome mansion ready for their reception pretty much as we know it to-day.

Simpson's Hospital is on the west side of Great Britain Street, and has an extended front of mountain granite, which reaches across the width of Jervis Street, and so presents an imposing appearance as one approaches. In design it is simple and substantial, and conveys the impression of a plain, comfortable mansion on a large scale. Attached to it, at the rear, was a fair sized garden, laid out in grass plots and gravel walks, with benches for the residents to sit upon. A fine dining hall was afterwards added, which cost £2,000. The trustees or governors of this good charity were men who were well known in the City of Dublin, and, as friends of Mr. Simpson, were doubtless well aware of how he desired the institution to be planned. They were—nearly all of them—merchants like himself—Thomas Reed was a sheriff's Peer, and did business in Linen Hall Street. Travers Hartley dwelt in Bride Street, Redmond Morris and Morgan Crofton, were barristers, and Dr. Robert Law was rector of St. Mary's, and the others, worthy citizens of respect and honour, and they made wise rules and laws for the guidance of the charity committed to their care. To be admitted required not only the applicant to be either blind or gouty, but he had to carry with him an irreproachable character, and a testimonial of former respectability, and so the residents in Simpson's Hospital have ever been of a superior class, and in the arrangements made

for their comfort remembrance is had that many once occupied fair positions in the world outside.

A writer in 1818 draws a pleasant picture of what might be seen in this old gentlemen's home, and how the two ailments from which the inmates suffered did not prevent each helping his neighbour in his own way. "It is a singular and interesting spectacle to see the interchange of offices, each making use of that organ of his neighbour's of which he is himself deprived. In this way the patients who are deprived of the use of their limbs by the severity of the gout, are supported by their blind friends, whose motions they direct and guide, while in return a lame patient is frequently seen surrounded by a group of the blind, to whom he reads a newspaper, which is supplied for that purpose, or some book of entertainment or instruction. In the spring and summer the gay sound of the flute and violin is often heard from the benches of the little garden, and the whole institution has an air of cheerful content. The patients are freely allowed to walk abroad, and whenever they are met in the streets and recognised, they never fail to excite, in no small degree, the interest and goodwill of the passengers, who are glad to accord their infirmity any assistance in their power, a feeling which at once evinces a general respect for the character and circumstances of the men, and for the excellent institution which protects and supports them."

From time to time Simpson's Hospital received tokens of the public support in the way of some bequests, but the amount altogether obtained is insufficient to alter in any degree the benefaction of the founder. To "George Simpson, merchant," all honour is due that for one hundred and twenty years there has existed in Dublin a comfortable home for men who, afflicted as he was—and without the wherewithal to provide life's needs—have by his forethought and goodness, through successive generations, found care and comfort in Simpson's Hospital.

THOMAS PLEASANTS.

FROM time to time, in reports, in newspapers, and at meetings, there crop up certain names that carry with them a sense of benevolence and goodwill. Associated with such names are benefits bestowed on persons who can claim a need of them and prove the necessary requirements for obtaining them. These names become in this manner familiarised in the public mind, and are passed on from one generation to another, and annually, or oftener, new recipients are added to those who have reason to regard them with gratitude. It frequently happens, however, the personality of the owner of the name is forgotten, and the circumstances of his life or character sink into oblivion, and nothing remains in the recollection of posterity but the fact that many years ago a charity was established, or an institution founded, by a person whose name they still bear. It may, therefore be of interest for a few moments to try and recall some particulars of a few of those who, in the past, did good in the Dublin of their day, and left besides the means of benefiting others who would come after.

Very prominent in this respect stands Mr. Thomas Pleasants, a most worthy gentleman, who, though a native of Carlow, spent the greater part of his life in Dublin, and gave of the great wealth at his disposal most liberal help on many important occasions, and bequeathed at his death very large sums to various charities, and founded the school and home for girls known later as Pleasants' Female Orphanage. Mr. Pleasants was born in 1728, and lived to almost ninety years of age. He was educated for the profession of law, but was never called to the Bar, and married, when he was 60, Mildred, the second daughter of Surgeon Daunt, a most eminent doctor in Dublin, who had made a very large fortune, and left, it is said, about

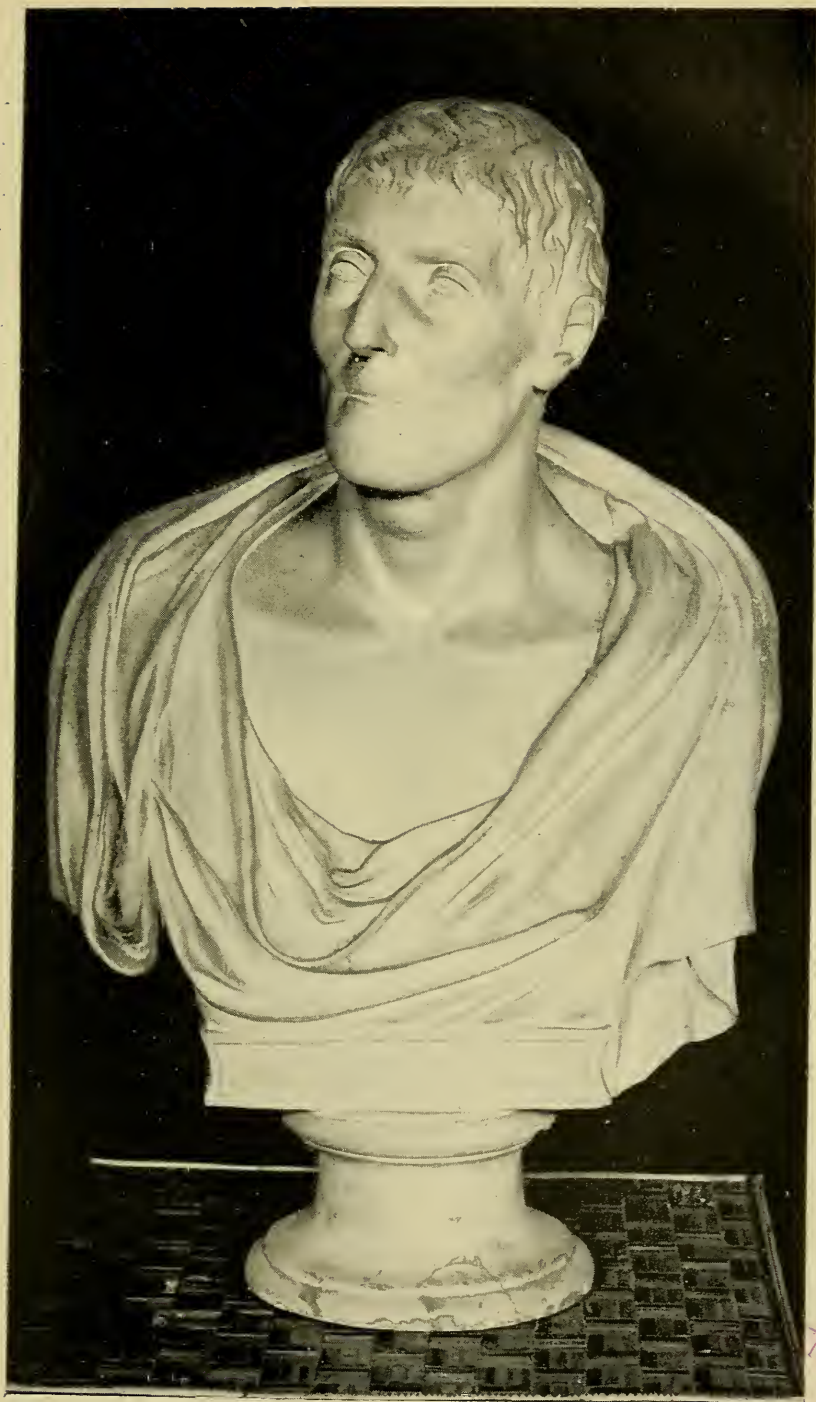


PHOTO FROM BUST OF THOMAS PLEASANTS.

In Pleasants' School, Camden Street, Dublin.

£30,000 to each of his three daughters, There was an agreement between the sisters that the survivor of them should possess the share of the others. Therefore, on the deaths of Mrs. Thomas Grogan, and Miss Anne Daunt, the remaining sister, Mrs. Pleasants, came into the whole. She died on the 1st February, 1814, and left all this large fortune to her husband. From this time until his death, four years later, Mr. Pleasants employed much of his wealth in various ways that presented themselves as needing this assistance, and the building of the Stove Tenter House, of which more will be subsequently mentioned, is an evidence of the wisdom with which he directed his efforts to help and raise the people. Mr. Pleasants has left on record that he married his wife for love, and lived with her for love, and that "for twenty-seven years she was the most informed woman he ever met, the most entertaining, and engaging companion, the sweetest temper, and the best of wives." He had a great admiration for the talents and genius of his father-in law, Surgeon George Daunt, and in the monument erected by his wishes in St. Bride's Church, he combined the memorial to the memory of "His beloved Mildred," with that of her highly esteemed father. The residence of Surgeon Daunt was 23 William Street, and here Mr. and Mrs. Pleasants resided for some time, and then removed to 67 Camden Street, which house Mr. Pleasants desired to be made use of for the orphanage that "he and Milly often wished for," and left very particular directions regarding the premises and garden.

To attempt a detailed account of the numerous acts of charity performed by Mr. Pleasants would take much space, but as the project of the Tenter House was, perhaps, the most important at the time, we will begin with that. At the period of which we are writing, nearly a century back, the weaving industry was very largely followed in Dublin, and gave employment to

many persons. It was computed that about 550 woollen looms were engaged in the liberties of Dublin, and as each loom employed about eight persons to work it, and allowing an average of five in each family, it showed that some 22,000 of the population were depending on this work. For many winters the sufferings among the weavers had been very great, as the weather rendered it impossible for them to dry their wool, warp, or cloths, and the result was that, unable to continue their earnings, they were in large numbers reduced to misery, and want, and were driven into the streets, hospitals, and charitable institutions of the city. The facts of the case were admitted by those in authority, and petitions had been presented by the artizans themselves to the Earl of Meath, the Lord Mayor, the Dublin Society, and others, setting forth the hardships under which they suffered, and praying that something might be done to obviate this recurring distress, but while deploring the cause, each of those appealed to in turn saw no way of remedying matters. Mr. Pleasants, however, came to the rescue, and built, at a cost of £14,000, what became known as the Stove Tenter House, the first stone of which was laid on the 13th April, 1814, and it was opened for work on the 20th October, 1815. It was described as an elegant fabric, and arranged so that no less than thirty-six pieces of cloth and warp can be sized, tented, and dried, and a large quantity of wool also dried. The iron tenters and stoves were all of the best, and every comfort and convenience for the workers, supplied. Throughout the building, over the fireplaces, were mottoes intended to attract their attention, such as "The Sluggard shall come to Want," "Industry is the Weaver's Shield," "The hand of the Diligent maketh rich," etc., and over the entrance carved in stone were the arms of the founder.

The Tenter House (tenters, it may be mentioned, are machines for stretching cloth by means of hooks),

was a great success, and the books of the superintendent showed that large quantities of material had been "sized, dried, tentered, and finished beneath the fostering influence of the Stove Tenter House." It is stated that idleness disappeared, sounds of honest labour prevailed, and a well-known clergyman, who was inspector of the city prisons, declared since that it opened no weaver had been confined for small debts, which previously had often been the case. The benefits gained were not confined to the workers only, for the public received the material in a better condition, larger quantities were used, and less distress and sickness prevailed. The Tenter House was visited by many noted personages, and their observations on it were written in a visitors' book kept at the lodge. On the 2nd February, 1817, we read that Earl O'Neill, Lord High Chancellor, "this day visited the establishment founded by Mr. Pleasants, and is most highly delighted to see the exertions of an individual tending so largely to the metropolis of the land." The Attorney-General, William Saurin, came hither on the 14th April, 1817, and writes: "So useful and judicious, and so splendid an example of private munificence is not to be seen in any other part of the Empire." While the Earl of Harrowby (a Cabinet Minister) and his sons recorded on the 1st September in the same year that they had been highly gratified by visiting the Tenter House—"a noble monument of the beneficence of the founder." It is related that when digging in the lawn before the Tenter House, the workmen, at a depth of some forty or fifty feet, came upon a mineral spa water, which was analysed by Dr. Barker, Professor of Chemistry, T.C.D., and his report, which was published at the expense of Mr. Pleasants, set forth the virtues it possessed, which were considerable. Mr. Pleasants left directions that he desired the field adjoining the Tenter House should be left always a field "for the

open view and free air," and expressed his belief that but few of the assiduous visitors to himself ever paid one visit to the Tenter House, "even for curiosity sake."

The Meath Hospital at this period had a hall that was "dark, small, and ill-ventilated." There was no apothecary's shop, accident cases were dressed on the lobby of the staircase, and the important surgical operations were performed in the open wards to the great distress, not only of the unfortunate patient, but also to that of all others present. To change this state of affairs Mr. Pleasants sent £6,000 for a new operating theatre, and the remainder was to be spent on "wine or other necessaries." His private charities were very numerous, and, as a writer of the time relates, "the blessings of the honest and industrious poor accompany his footsteps, and their prayers for his length of days and happiness ascend to the Throne of that Great Being, whom he endeavours to imitate in diffusing comfort amongst the sons of men." Among other acts of note he had printed and circulated gratuitously a large edition of Dr. Samuel Madden's work—*Reflections and Resolutions Proper for the Gentlemen of Ireland*, a book that was very rare and almost unknown, which was first published in 1738. To the Royal Dublin Society he presented a set of books worth £100, which were not already in their library, and at a cost of nearly £700 he erected very beautiful entrance gates and lodges at their Botanic Gardens at Glasnevin, to which place also he bequeathed "the two large blue and white china jars to the Dublin Society Botanic Gardens; they will be considerable ornaments filled with something lively and showily disposed of, the two elephants have hitherto accompanied them, and they are to do now." Mr. Pleasants is stated to have been a man of strong power of mind, with superior classical attainments, natural eloquence, and profound knowledge of the laws of his country; he had, it was said, a sagacious

and comprehensive method in dealing with problems of distress that were brought before him, and he repeatedly stated that he regarded himself only "a trustee for the benefit of his fellow creatures."

The will of Mr. Thomas Pleasants is one of those peculiar documents, which are not altogether uncommon in connection with testamentary dispositions, and which seem to afford the writers of them certain satisfaction as their last message to those they leave behind. He was an old man, almost 90, and he wrote his will "piece-meal," as he says himself, on fifteen sheets of paper. He had sprained his thumb, as he explains, and, therefore, probably only wrote a little at a time. He had apparently suffered much in past days from those who regarded his possession of the Daunt fortune as a loss to themselves, and in his lonely old age he dwelt on these matters, and recites circumstances to explain why he decided to give in charity nearly all he owned. He changes more than once some minor bequests as the conduct of those named (principally servants) varied during the period he was composing his last testament. Of the great public benefactions first in his regard came the proposed orphan house, for which he left his house and garden in Camden Street and £15,000. He gives very specific directions regarding the project, how the girls were to be trained in a suitable manner, to be taught knitting and straw-hat making, how the matron should be chosen, and what rooms she would occupy, "that the garden should be used for walking in, and as for having any vegetables in it for the use of the house, everything can be had at market much cheaper. I, therefore, desire that the walks may be kept in order, and the pear and apple trees, and those against the wall and the jessamine be let to remain as whole time previous. I ever regret seeing trees cut down, the earth's grandest ornaments," and neither mistress or anybody was to sow a flower or a

vegetable of any kind in it. There were two curates chosen from the neighbouring churches to attend at the school for religious instructions, receiving each £52 a year, and two lady visitors were to be appointed at the same emolument, who were neither "card-players or living beyond their sphere." To the Hospital for Incurables Mr. Pleasants left £5,000, as he ranked it in the first class for benefits to the public, both by relieving the deplorable objects from the distress of exposure, and the feelings of the community from the shock of seeing them in the street. To the Fever Hospital he left the same amount, and adds that he considers he has helped and will from generation to generation this institution by means of the Tenter House, whereby numbers "can maintain themselves in their own clean (it is to be hoped clean) places instead of seeking relief in the hospital from poverty." It may be mentioned here that with the decline in Dublin of the weaving industry those engaged in it decreased, and the Tenter House itself has been since 1870 known as St. Joseph's Night Asylum, founded in 1861, by the Rev. Dr. Spratt, and thus continues to prove a great boon to the city poor, although changed from its original use from causes never contemplated by the builder.

Mr. Pleasants left several thousands to the schools connected with St. James, St. Luke, and St. Bridget's parishes, and "to the school (I apprehend of females) opposite Mr. Riky's and where Miss Riky appeared to me chiefly to preside, and where on going in once with Mr. Riky I saw Parson Knox, and the school seemed to be properly conducted, I bequeath £1,000." He left other sums to institutions that he considered worthy, and a few family arrangements complete the major portion of his bequests. There is, however, much of interest in an old will of this kind apart from the money disposition of the testator, for we get glimpses here and there of the character and views of the writer, and

though we may wonder sometimes at the garrulous wording, it throws up facts and bits of information about things as they were 80 years ago, and we follow with profitable pleasure Mr. Pleasants as he discourses on persons and things that came under his notice and observation. Just listen. He leaves his two servants certain sums "because they were always attentive to him, and kept themselves clean and neat in their dress, and quite clear of the shameful fashions that females in general, and of all descriptions, are now, unfortunately for their minds, as well as their bodies, under the influence of." This was in 1817! Mr. Pleasants agreed with Chesterfield, he said, in that his "Domesticks" should be regarded as fellow-beings by nature, and only our inferiors by lot. They often, however, vexed him by disagreeing among themselves, and "on one occasion, after an impartial face-to-face scrutiny, I held Mary much in fault, and it is one reason why she is not to be equal with Elizabeth; and I leave the latter £10, partly in consequence of her wonderful exertions the night the rain came in through the roof, far beyond what one could think a girl of her age could do." To his coachman "Coney (I think his name is Moore) £200. He has been of meritorious conduct from my first knowledge of him, sober, punctual, good-tempered, handy, cleanly, and an excellent son to his mother, spending all his spare time with her." He states that his gardener, "who attends my garden," is sober and handy and "keeps himself well clad, one of the most pleasing proofs of sobriety in his class of life." A young man working in London, named Michael, is remembered, and allusion made to the multitude of trades folk "at present in London starving." He mentions that there is an alarm in the public mind over the Grand Canal shares, of which he held some, and they had got below par, and speaks of the fate of the Royal Canal in England, and also the one at Chester.

Mr. Pleasants has many valuable things in his house, and he devotes considerable space to their "dispersion," putting down his wishes "as things occurred to him." He has beautiful pictures and busts, which he would have left to a relative had she been settled in Dublin; "but England seems to have got possession of her, and a shilling's worth of them to go there I would never assist to," so they fall to the share of the Dublin Society. He recites the names of the sculpture "pieces," and the battle "pieces," and the Dutch "pieces." There is a beautiful picture of Peg Woffington, by Sir Joshua, and the prints "given by Luthenburg to a friend and from him to me," "The grand head of Captain Coram, by Hogarth," "Two excellent Garricks," "Swift, said to be a perfect likeness," and also admirable likenesses of Sparks, Malons, Woodward, and Ryder, but above all the "Head of that wonderful man in his profession, Surgeon Daunt, in crayon, beautifully done, could not be exceeded as to likeness, and is more than half a century old." There is a print likeness also of that other grand character in his line, Counsellor Wolfe, "it's a proof, and given me by his nephew, Lord Kilwarden. I gave it such a frame as it merited." He desires that as the originals were special intimates so their portraits may, as now, be placed close together. There is a dignified and expressive statue of Handel, and a bust of Johnny Gay. Then there are books, amongst which is Ogilvy's *Virgil*, "believed to be older than the College one," and a curious and valuable book entitled, *A Journey Beginning Ann. Dom., 1610, describing Egypt, &c.* These two latter are directed "not to be lent for copying." He remembers to leave his cook the pewter and copper utensils, "which she is so fond of keeping bright for show." He has an Indian cabinet in his room and a moving grate, and speaks of some Russian sheets "which I got from Guernsey, which are so desirable in winter." The Indian bedstead he mentions, the drawers of which

will hold abundance of necessary things, and an escritoire, a commodious article of furniture "extremely respectable for its antiquity." There is also the harpsichord "an uncommon one, as I intend at more leisure to explain." It was thoughtful of him to desire that the apothecary who supplied him with medicine should be paid at once, and £5 was to be given "to the young man in the shop, who always was obliging and attentive, two proofs in my mind of merit." To his friend, who was also one of his trustees, he left a special sum of six guineas a year for his life for the express purpose that "he may continue to put on a Sunday two shillings and sixpence into the poor box of any church that he may chose to go to."

Mr. Pleasants died on the 1st March (Sunday), 1818, and his death was recorded in all the journals of the day with expressions of regret and encomiums of his charity and goodness. He was buried, as he desired, in the grave of his wife in St. Bride's Churchyard, and a marble tablet in the wall recorded the fact, while within the church was the handsome monument which he directed should be placed there to the memory of his wife and her father, and for which he left £500.

In addition to the many causes we have to remember the name of the great philanthropist who gave, it is said, no less than £100,000 for the benefit of our city, there is a street called by his name. "Pleasants Street" is off Camden Street, and received this designation when it was made in the year 1821, when the memory of Mr. Pleasants was still very vivid in the minds of the citizens. In one of the rooms of the Royal Dublin Society hangs a fine portrait of Mr. Pleasants, and the pictures he presented himself are also in Leinster House.

In recalling the deeds of this benefactor of olden days many other acts of good done by him have been overlooked, but we close this brief record of a noble career of one who loved his country enthusiastically through

a long life, and of which he was "one of the brightest ornaments"—this old Dublin fellow-citizen, whose last prayer was "God be merciful to me a sinner," and who asked that the slippers of the wife he loved so well should be placed in his coffin—whom after four-score years have passed we still honour and remember—with these words written many years ago :—"When the future historian of Ireland enumerates her patriots, her Ushers, her Swifts, her Molyneauxs, and her Maddens, he will record also her Pleasants."

To those who were privileged, in this year of grace 1907, to be present at the Annual Meeting held in the old house in Camden Street on the 4th July, there came a rare sense of satisfaction that the wishes and intentions of Thomas Pleasants and Mildred, his wife, had been so faithfully rendered in the ninety years that have gone by. For the bright bevy of young girls, with their pretty costumes, and well cared for appearance, are but the modern representatives of the sisters of older generations who have preceded them in the same home, from whence, equipped for the world's work, they have gone forth, excellent women, and worthy of the care bestowed on them. An admirable display of needlework, and a most creditable performance of music, together with the announcement of prizes and distinctions gained in scholastic contests, testified that Pleasants' girls of to-day hold their own in all branches of knowledge. Some antique pieces of furniture recall the time when Mr. Pleasants dwelt there himself, and in the hall stands a bust of the founder, while yonder, best of all, is the garden, kept and preserved for the little maidens for their sole use and pleasure in accordance with the wishes of the donor, expressed nigh a century ago.



LADY ARABELLA DENNY.

LADY ARABELLA DENNY.

FOUNDED well back in the eighteenth century, and the first institution of the kind established in Ireland, the Magdalen Asylum in Lower Leeson Street remains unto this day carrying on the good work, promoted and supported in the first instance by the charitable Lady Arabella Denny. In the annual appeal made on its behalf in the chapel attached to the asylum, the public are reminded that it was founded by Lady Arabella Denny in the year 1765. Who was this good lady, and what do we know of her?

Lady Arabella Fitzmaurice was the second daughter of Thomas, First Earl of Kerry. She was born in 1707, married about 1727 Arthur Denny, Esq., M.P. for County Kerry, was left a widow in 1740, and died at Blackrock, County Dublin, 18th March, 1792, aged eighty-five years. Such, in brief, is the chronicle of the life of this noble woman, who, if nothing more was to be recorded, would have long since been forgotten, and her name passed into oblivion. But Lady Arabella Denny was no ordinary person, and quite apart from her high rank and station, would, we imagine, have gained attention from the force of character and intellect that she displayed.

“This excellent woman,” wrote one eighty years ago, “will long live in the records of humanity as the protectress of the helpless and the penitent—disdaining the too common pursuits of fashionable life in the rounds of ceaseless pleasures which her fortune and rank placed within her reach—and equally disinclined to inactivity she nobly determined to be useful. An opportunity soon offered, and the kindness, patience, and perseverance which surmounted obstacles that would have appalled a more ordinary mind, cannot be recollected without admiration.”

There is reason to presume that Lady Arabella promoted and helped many charitable schemes set on foot in our city, and we find particular mention made of her efforts in connection with the destitute children in the workhouses. Owing to mismanagement, the funds for their support were insufficient, the children were neglected, and the mortality amongst them very great. Lady Arabella came forward with a suggestion that a certain number of influential ladies should be allowed to visit the workhouses and interest themselves in the wants of the little ones. This was agreed to by those in authority, and Lady Arabella obtained at first assistance from many ladies of consequence. In a short time, however, they wearied of their self-imposed task, and it is related that Lady Arabella was the only one whose visits were punctual and assiduous. "She felt the importance of the office she had undertaken, and finding herself gradually forsaken by her associates, took the whole charge upon herself, and devoted, not only her time and attention to the concern, but supported it by several pecuniary contributions. She reprov'd the offending and encouraged the good. She provided every article that became necessary, and engaged the nurses to fulfil their duties with greater tenderness and alacrity, especially to the sick and weakly, by suitable rewards."

The happiest results, we are told, followed, the children were well cared for, the number of deaths decreased, and about 1764 the following resolution was unanimously agreed to:—"That for three years past by the particular and constant attention of the Right Hon. Lady Arabella Denny, whose direction the officers and servants are ordered to observe, everything relative to the management and other concerns of the house hath been conducted in a most exact and proper manner. That by the extraordinary care of the nurses, excited by the premiums of the Right Hon. Lady Arabella Denny, for retrieving such of the infants as are sent hither weak



MAGDALEN CHAPEL, LOWER LEESON STREET.

and sickly, many of their lives have been saved. That the thanks of the house be given to the Right Hon. Lady Arabella Denny for the extraordinary bounty and charity in promoting the present salutary regulations in the children's side of the workhouse of the city of Dublin, and that Mr. Cranier do acquaint her ladyship therewith." While Lady Arabella found time for other good deeds, it is related that for the Magdalen Asylum, "her own and favourite institution, she was constant and ardent in her exertions." She obtained for it the patronage of the Queen Charlotte, she drew up regulations for its management, and by her example and influence induced liberal donations and subscriptions to be given for its support, an influence that was felt by those who came after, and who "equally distinguished for their rank in life and zealous charity, have since continued to promote its objects with the same laudable assiduity."

Lady Arabella came of distinguished parentage. Her father's line traced back through many centuries, and found them Lords of Kerry and Lixnaw in A.D. 1253. Her mother was Anne, the only daughter of the great Sir William Petty, one of the most remarkable men of his own or any age. He is known to us best, perhaps, as maker of the "Down Survey," and the Secretary to Henry Cromwell. He amassed a large fortune, and accomplished during his life a vast amount of work, displaying extraordinary fertility of resource, genius, perseverance, and ingenuity. His connection with Ireland began in 1652, and when making his will in 1685, he states—"I would that my daughter might marry in Ireland, desiring that such a sum as I have left her might not be carried out of Ireland."

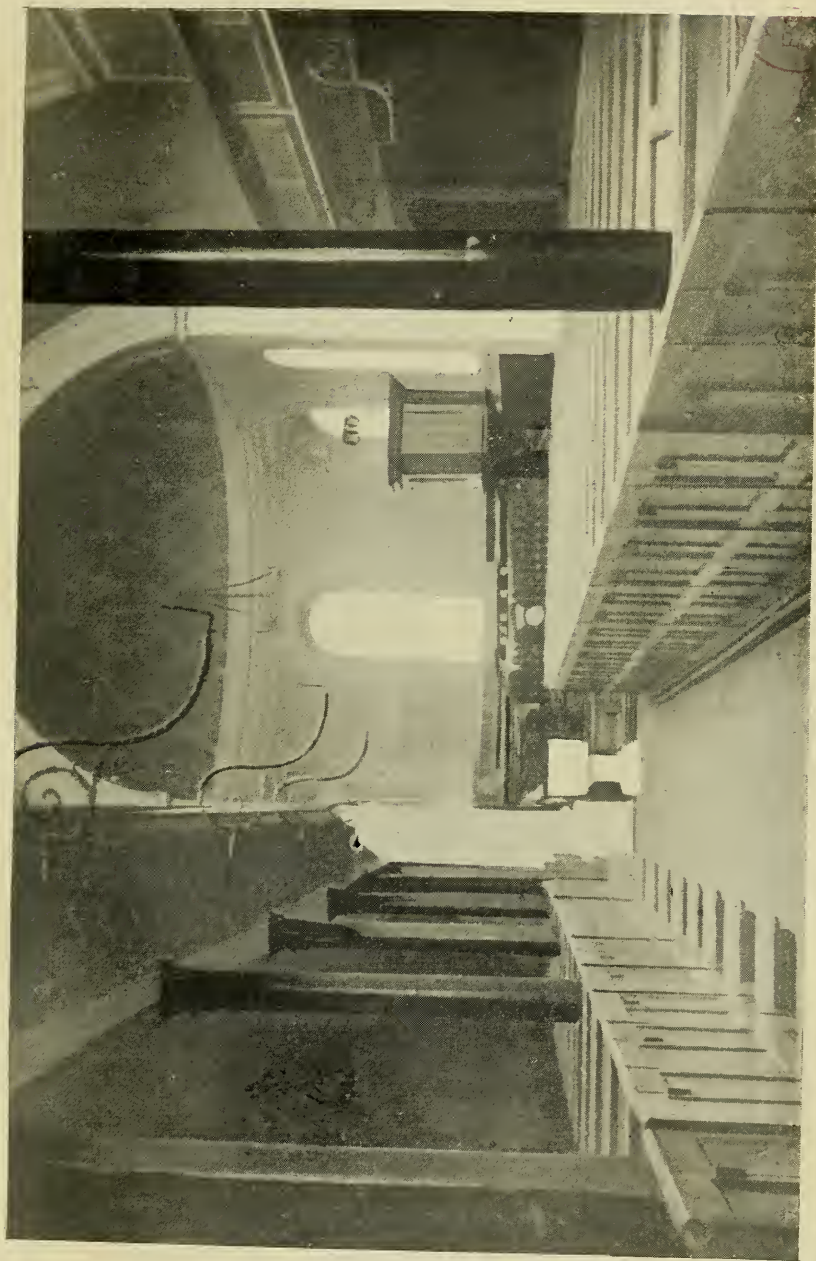
We know how his two sons became in turn Earls of Shelbourne, but leaving no heirs, the estates and property came to their sister's son, John Fitzmaurice, the brother of Lady Arabella. The title of Earl of Shelbourne was revived again for John Fitzmaurice and later his son,

William, was made First Marquis of Lansdowne, ancestor of the present holder of the marquisate. In speaking of Thomas Fitzmaurice, 1st Earl of Kerry, his grandson said he had married "luckily for me and mine, a very ugly woman, Anne Petty, who brought into his family whatever degree of sense may have appeared in it, or whatever wealth is likely to remain in it." The husband of Lady Arabella belonged to the ancient family of Denny, who had represented the County Kerry in Parliament for many years.

We turn back many pages in English history to find the story of how their great ancestor, Sir Anthony Denny, groom of the stole and favourite at the court of Henry VIII., found courage to tell the dread monarch of his approaching end, and give him goodly words of wisdom. Sir Anthony was the only one among the courtiers who ventured on delivering the dire tidings, but with such dignity did he perform it, that Henry the King loved him for his faithfulness, and gave him a magnificent pair of gloves worked in pearls, which remain in his family to this day.

Lady Arabella Denny became a widow in 1740, and having no children to succeed him, the estates to which Mr. Denny would have been entitled passed to his next brother. In the years that followed, Lady Arabella lived in the neighbourhood of Dublin, and a century and a half ago she was residing on the northern side of the city, near Glasnevin. We get glimpses of her in the pages of Mrs. Delany. The pleasant, clever Mrs. Peudaroës had become the wife of Dr. Delany, later Dean of Down, and from her home at Delville she wrote accounts of her daily life the people she saw, and how she occupied her time, and from these letters one learns much of the Dublin society of the middle of the eighteenth century, when it is admitted that for brilliancy and grandeur the old capital reached its zenith.

Writing to a friend in England on the 29th May, 1750:



MAGDALEN CHAPEL, LOWER LEESON STREET, DUBLIN—(INTERIOR).

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“ You can easily imagine how little time I have had at command since my coming to this place. D. D. dined in Dublin at Lord Grandison’s and left Bushe and me to a *tete-a-tete*. I got a cold by a succession of company last Sunday, who drank tea in my garden. The last company was the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Arabella Denny, Mrs. Fitzmorris, who staid till very late and the wind north-east.” Then again on the 20th October, 1750, she writes—“ Tuesday, I staid at home, worked hard in the morning, and had no interruptions—that was very comfortable. Wednesday, went in the evening to Dublin to the Philharmonic Concert. We paid four visits on our way to the concert, Lady Roos, Mrs. Fitzmorris, Lady Arabella Denny (found her at home), and Lady Knapton, then called in Anne Street, drank tea with my Mrs. Hamilton, and carried her and her daughter with us to the concert. Was not that sprightly doing? Came home safe by ten o’ the clock.” A few years later, writing again from Delville, on the 13th July, 1754: “ The observations on Lord Orrery, &c., lately published, is much talked of and commended here, but Swift was more loved and known here than in England. On Wednesday I went to Lady Arabella Denny’s Assembly; she lives in this neighbourhood and keeps every Wednesday.” Another epistle, dated 20th April, 1759, informs her friend, “ On Monday Lord Shelbourne and his sister, Lady Arabella, dined here, and were much pleased with everything (they are the pink of compliment) but especially with my bow window closet, and the day was favourable,” and on a later date she relates about a dinner party at Lady Arabella’s, when the Lord Chancellor (Bowes) was present, and how her hostess sent word in the morning to her in case Dr. Delany would not wish to meet his lordship, who had been much opposed to him in a law suit in which he had been engaged. Mrs. Delany went to the dinner party, but her husband did not, and she remarks that “ Lady

Arabella is a very civil, sensible woman, but she must have been a very absent way when she invited her company."

Passing over many years we meet Lady Arabella again at Blackrock, which she termed "my house at Peafield Cliff," now known as Lisaniskea, and here the Rev. J. Wesley came to visit her in 1783. "We prepared for going on board the packet," he writes, "but as it delayed sailing I waited on Lady Arabella Denny at the Blackrock. It is one of the pleasantest spots I ever saw, the garden is everything in miniature, on one side a grove, on the other a little meadow and a greenhouse with a study (which she calls her chapel), hanging over the sea, but it cannot be long before this excellent lady will remove to a nobler paradise."

Lady Arabella was then aged seventy-six, but she lived for nine years longer, and, indeed survived Mr. Wesley himself, who died in 1791. It was at Blackrock that Lady Arabella introduced silkworms with the object of promoting silk culture in Ireland. Her uncle, Lord Shelbourne, had left Lady Arabella a moderate income, but she was not a wealthy woman and doubted when settling her affairs did she possess so much as nine hundred pounds in ready money, and regretted that with regard to the "hospital which has had my best attention since the 1st November, 1759, and the Magdalen Asylum since the time it was founded, I am sorry that the smallness of my fortune will not, in justice and prudence, allow me to make any donation to charities so worthy of support." In her seventy-third year she wrote her wishes with regard to the many and costly gifts of jewellery that she owned, and which she desired should go to those she loved and respected, as well as other personal possessions to friends whom she regarded. She made no fewer than ten "codicils," having to alter her bequests as time went on. It was in 1779 she wrote, after piously commending herself to the Grace of God

Almighty, "I think it my duty so to regulate my affairs in this life, small as they are, in such manner as shall make me cheerfully resign my life whenever it shall please God to call me from this state of existence, where by the Divine grace which I implore, I trust I shall endeavour to live with respect to God, my neighbours, and myself, and not be afraid to die."

Lady Arabella (we notice, by the way, that she spelt her name *Arbella*, and spoke of her two god-daughters as *Arbella Caldwell* and *Arbella Crosbie*) had evidently, however, a great fear of being buried alive, and leaves the most explicit instructions to prevent such a catastrophe happening to her. "With regard to my own person," she writes, "my desires are very moderate, that I may not be buried till I am certainly dead I desire that I may be permitted to lie on my bed for at least seventy-two hours or longer," before being placed first in the leaden coffin, which was to be enclosed in one of oak when medical testimony had shown death had really ensued; this was to be covered with black baize and no ornament, "my name and age only on the top, with the date." She wished to be conveyed to the Church of Tralee (where probably her husband was interred), and for this "an hearse will be necessary, and one mourning coach with two of my servants will be decent, the two to have scarfs as usual, the drivers of such to have hatbands and scarfs only, each person to be allowed for their expenses on the road as follows:—To the servants in coach (which should be men) each 4s. 4d. per day, and the drivers, 2s. 2d. per day, and this allowance for fourteen days only, being full time for their return." We can in imagination see the little mournful procession start away on the bleak spring morning and, journeying day by day, bear the burden of their honoured lady from her home on the eastern sea coast to her last resting place across the breadth of Ireland, almost within sound of the waves of the western shore.

Lady Arabella had a warm, affectionate heart, and she speaks in terms of great love for her nephews and nieces and those about her. Her cousin Kathleen Fitzmaurice, who lived with her, she describes as an agreeable, affectionate, faithful friend, to whom she left any fortune she possessed. Thomas Fitzmaurice, a nephew, was given his mother's picture, "knowing he will always set a high value on it." "To my grand-nephew, my dear Lord Fitzmaurice, I bequeath my three diamond buckles, to make for his use a pair of knee buckles that he may think of me and of our many serious conversations which his lovely mind used to be pleased with." Another nephew, Dean Crosbie, got the Holy Bible, by Baskerville, and her dear niece, Lady Anne Fitzgerald, "my gold Etwee and the chain belonging to it, which I beg her to accept for my sake." An Etwee was a small case for holding pins, and the name is from the French *Etui*, a case. The yellow diamond ring goes to the same niece, "who meritts the regard of all her family," and the garnet bracelets to her god-daughter, Arbella Crosbie, while Arbella Caldwell obtained some drawing instruments and twenty guineas to buy pencils. To Barry Denny went the amethyst ring set with brilliants, and to his lady "my sable muff and tippet as I received them from their excellent grandmother, my mother-in-law, Lady Letitia Denny, whose memory I love and honour, and am glad to know that the pearl necklace which she gave me on my marriage I did return to them much improved some years since, and to Mrs. Usher, widow, who has laboured with me in attention to the Magdalen Asylum in Dublin, I leave my ring, composed of a diamond and ruby heart, with brilliants set over them, that she may think of me who respects her virtues." To Mrs. Ashworth, for her kind office, during her great illness, was given the silver tea kettle, and to the Rev. Beatue King, for the aid he afforded her by his Christian labours in the works of charity he



REV. CANON CARMICHAEL.

was engaged in for the public, a small sum to buy books as he shall choose. Her nephew, Sir John Colthurst, was to receive £50 to buy nets for his national design of fishing, and "my nephew, the Earl of Shelbourne, whom I have loved from an infant, my diamond ring, which I hope he will wear for my sake, and I entreat Sir John Hort to accept of my chamber clock, he values time and makes a good use of it." Thus did this "ornament of human nature" remember those that were dear to her, and she passed from this life in March, 1792, aged eighty-five, having been "long and eminently distinguished for her virtues."

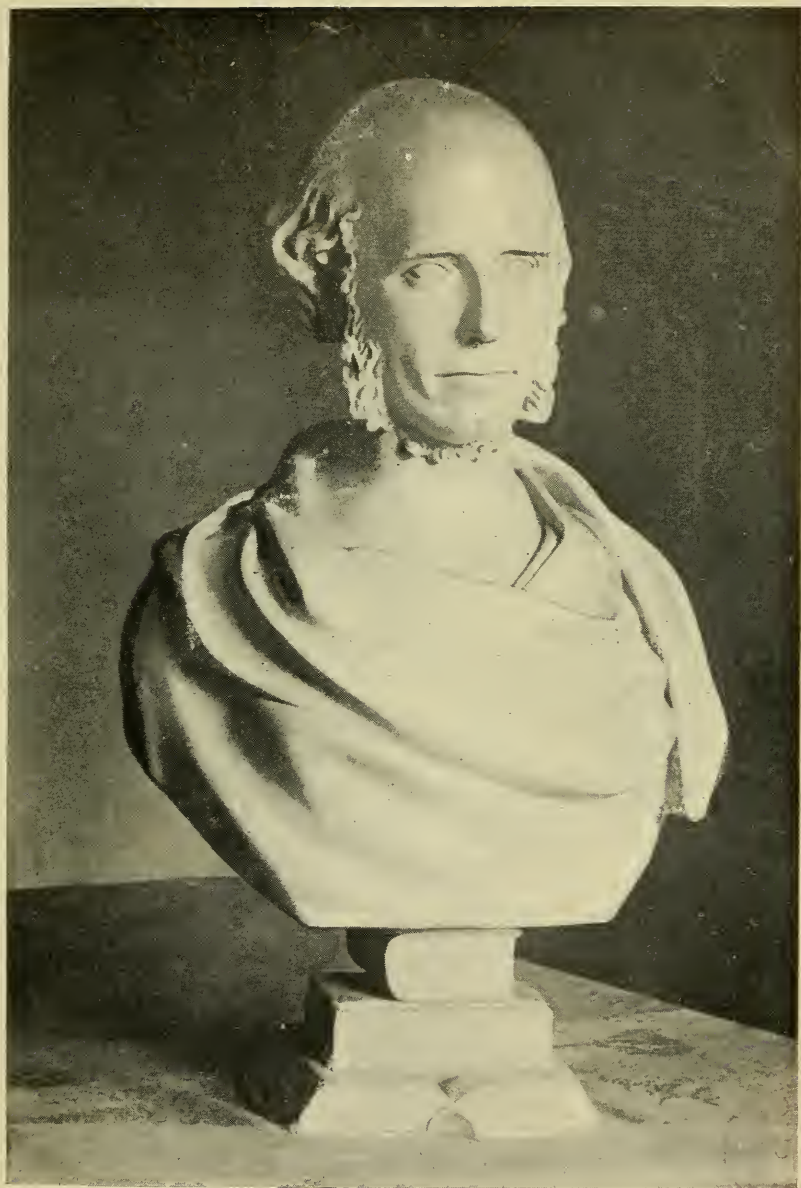
The chapel belonging to the asylum, and which was opened a couple of years after the institution, has an interesting record, having ever been remarkable for the distinguished ministers who have occupied the post of chaplain. In addition to providing a place of worship for residents in the neighbourhood, it has fulfilled the purpose for which it was erected, and which was the usual practice when founding charities in former times, that of being a means of support for the institution under its care. The chapel was opened for Divine Service on Sunday, the 31st January, 1768, when "an excellent sermon" was preached by Dean Bayley, and £150 collected. "His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant Lord Lifford, the Lord High Chancellor, and several of the nobility were present, together with ladies of quality and persons of high distinction." As the chapel was small, the system of tickets was adopted, and these could be obtained gratis beforehand, but in the notices regarding the charity sermons, it was always earnestly "hoped that children will not be brought, as it is intended to reserve as much room as possible for the benefactors."

In 1810, it is stated, "on Sunday last their Graces the Lord Lieutenant and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon went in state, escorted by a detachment of

Dragoons, to the Magdalen Asylum in Leeson Street, where a charity sermon was preached and a liberal sum collected in aid of the institution, to which their Graces liberally contributed."

In a history of Dublin, compiled eighty years ago, the following account is given of this chapel:—"The chapel attached to the institution is capable of containing upwards of five hundred persons, and is always crowded to excess by visitors, too, of the most respectable classes. Consequently, the Sunday's collections are considerable. This is to be attributed to various causes—first, the great interest excited for the charity by the excellent lady, the Foundress, which has been preserved by females of the highest rank in Society, who have largely contributed themselves; secondly, the chapel has been remarkable for being supplied for many years with the most popular preachers of the metropolis. Should a stranger inquire where he can hear an eloquent preacher, and see an exemplary character at the same time, he may gratify his curiosity and receive improvement together by attending the asylum chapel and hearing Mr. Dunne. Mr. Dunne's predecessor, Dr. Nash, was also an excellent preacher, and greatly increased the funds of the institution by his meritorious exertions."

A later account states that the congregation which attends the interesting service in the Asylum Chapel, is so increased, "that it has been found necessary to enlarge it at two different times till it was capable of containing nearly seven hundred persons, whose weekly contributions are the principal support of the institution," and a writer in the *Freeman's Journal* about the same time draws the attention of the Paving Commissioners to the shameful condition of the footways about Fitzwilliam Square and Upper Pembroke Street, and states that the thoroughfare of foot-passengers through these streets that are alluded to surpass credibility, particularly on Sunday, and ladies and



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families in going to the Magdalen Asylum in "Leeson Street must get knee-deep in mud."

Some forty years ago there was an appeal made in the Magdalen Chapel by the Rev. A. Pollock for the Hospital for Incurables at Donnybrook, and the chaplain advised those present to visit this hospital and see the work carried on there. The result of the interest this aroused took the form of a bazaar promoted by several very influential ladies in the congregation, and a sum of £600 was obtained and a bed founded in the hospital and placed in the Eglinton Ward, bearing a tablet recording the account of the bazaar of 1862.

The traditions and characteristics of the Magdalen Chapel have been maintained unto this day, and the old-fashioned pews of the eighteenth century church are crowded as of yore, while the sacred edifice itself is, in the minds of the present generation, inseparable from the name of Canon Carmichael, who was recently described as the orator of the Irish Church. The congregation numbers among its members representatives of all that is best in Dublin society, and the chaplain possessing the gifts and abilities of his predecessors, but with an originality all his own—even as he has exceeded them in length of service, so also, it may be claimed, has he in the extent of his personal popularity.

"THE GOOD LORD MAYOR" OF DUBLIN.

THERE is only one instance on record, so far as we know, of a Lord Mayor of Dublin who is described as above, and he was Humphey French, who occupied that position in 1732-3. The particular attributes that gained him such a pleasant designation have been borne witness to by no less a personage than Dean Swift,

to whom, of course, he was well known, and who, indeed, designed to write an account of him.

The Dublin of the first half of the eighteenth century was a comparatively small place, and the Dean of St. Patrick's and the Lord Mayor met frequently, without doubt, and of no one, perhaps, had "the Drapier" a higher opinion than of the occupant of the civic chair, "I take him," wrote Swift shortly after his death. "to be a hero in his kind, and that he ought to be imitated by all his successors as far as their genius can reach." Humphey French was a merchant. He resided in High Street, and filled the office of Lord Mayor in 1732. He was elected member of Parliament for the city the following year, and he died in 1736. Swift had a few years previously addressed to him a paraphrase of the ninth ode of the 4th Book of Horace, and he expressed himself as follows in a letter dated "Deanery House," to George Faulkner, a short time after his death:—"I have often mentioned to you an earnest desire I had, and still have, to record the merit and services of the Lord Mayor Humphey French, whom I often desired after his Mayoralty to give me an account of many passages that happened in his Mayoralty, and which he has often put off on the pretence of forgetfulness, but in reality of his modesty. . . . I desire you, therefore, to inquire among all his friends whom you are acquainted with to press them to give you the particulars of what they can remember, not only during the general conduct of his life, whenever he had any power or authority in the city, but particularly from Mr. Maple, who was his intimate friend, who knew him best, and could give the most just character of himself and his actions. When I shall have got a sufficient information of all these particulars I will, although I am oppressed with age and infirmities, stir up all the little spirit I can raise to give the public an account of that great patriot, and propose him as an example

to all future magistrates in order to recommend his virtues."

This biography of Lord Mayor French was never accomplished by Swift, nor do we know whether he ever obtained the information he sought through Faulkner. Let us look for a moment at the Dublin over which Humphey French ruled.

The recent starting of two additional newspapers may be taken as indicative that the city was growing, and *Faulkner's Journal*, which began in 1728, and the *Dublin Weekly Journal*, in 1730, had a fair share of popularity for many years. The foundation of the Dublin Society (now so well recognised as the R.D.S.) in 1731, doubtless, attracted much notice among the men of Dublin city, who looked far into the future, and had concern for the prosperity of Ireland, though little could they imagine how great a work was inaugurated in their midst at that time. Coals were fifteen shillings a ton, but on the 23rd January, 1733, it was chronicled that in the metropolis "Colds were so rife about the town that there is scarce a family without them, and it lies, for the most part, in people's heads." The remedy suggested was to drink about three pints of cold spring water going to bed, and in two nights a cure was effected.

It was probably a troublesome community that Lord Mayor French had to govern, for the butchers and the weavers in the Liberties had frequent disputes among themselves, which ended sometimes in desperate battles, involving loss of life and injuries. Executions took place, for trifling offences, in St. Stephen's Green, and highwaymen frequented the outskirts of the city, who robbed and maltreated travellers along the Stillorgan and Rock Roads. It is agreeable to learn that suicide at this period was regarded as a "British custom," which it was hoped would not prevail in Dublin. The heavy rain experienced in Dublin in the month of

August, 1905, had a prototype in 1733, when, on the 27th August, "such great and heavy rain fell as raised the water so high in St. Patrick's Church, that Divine Service could not be held," and, but a few years before, the Well of St. Patrick had, to the great consternation of the "inhabitants, entirely failed, which is the more surprising, because it was never known before in the memory of man." And this in the month of March, forsooth!

Did the Lord Mayor witness the following, and join in the festivities? April 21st, 1733: "Last night a large bonfire was made on the steeple of St. Patrick's Church on the news of the Excise Bill being laid aside in England, and another before the Dean's House, where a barrel of ale was given, and healths drunk for 'the Drapier,' 'the City of London,' and 'Prosperity to Ireland.'" Among the city improvements that occurred during the "Good Lord Mayor's" reign was the opening of Dr. Steevens' Hospital, the finishing of the Library of Trinity College, a school was built near Clontarf, and two new theatres were opened in Rainsford Street and Aungier Street. Mercer's Hospital was in course of erection, and the steeple of Trinity College was begun. Humphey French had for his Sheriffs during his year of office Daniel Cooke and Henry Hart, but they were called bailiffs and not sheriffs in those olden days. The packets due from England were anxiously looked for, and when fashionable folk got married, the fortune and appearance of the bride were always noticed in the newspapers. Monsieur Lalauze, from Paris, was teaching dancing at the new booth in Dame Street, where, indeed, a short time before a lady walking in her garden mistook some leaves of hemlock for parsley, and "was like to have poisoned herself." In the account of the literature of the time sold in Dublin we notice that *The Four Seasons*, by Mr. Thompson, can be obtained for a British half-crown, and that the

History and Adventures of Gil Blas, newly done into English in two neat Pocket Volumes, could be purchased for 5s. 5d. There is not much available concerning the life and history of Humphey French, but to all time those searchers in the past story of our city, with its customs and ways so different to those of our own time, will remember that he was the "Good Lord Mayor," who was Chief Magistrate of Dublin during one portion of the period when the Second George was King.

MEMORIES OF MERRION STREET.

HIS Majesty the King marks a new epoch in an ancient district, when he lays the foundation stone of the new buildings connected with the Arts and Science Department, in the space of ground that lies between the east and west boundaries of Kildare Place and Merrion Street. We travel very far into the past when we speak of "Mynechans' mantle," and "Menson's fields," by both of which designations was the land hereabouts known, and we touch a later period—yet a century and a half intervenes—when we find the first Duke of Leinster installed in his new house on the "Molesworth fields," a more modern name for the locality under notice. A crowd of recollections can be gathered up connected with this spot. We know, perhaps, but little of the good ladies of high birth who occupied the nunnery of St. Mary de Hogges, but, who, doubtless, from their saintly lives and mature years, wielded a powerful influence in their time, but what use was made of the land covered by the Mantle of Mynechans, as they were called, we know not, and it is probable it lay waste outside the city in the long years before the lords of Molesworth owned it and leased it. James, Earl of Kildare, made the proud boast, amply justified in time, that Dublin would follow him when he erected "the most stately private edifice in the city" as a residence in the then unfashionable quarter of the metropolis, but which has for more than one hundred years claimed the opposite distinction, and regarded the proximity of Leinster House a chief attraction. The Duke's house and the Duke's lawn are full of memories of their own, and would take much space to tell aright. There

is Lord Edward Fitzgerald looking from the windows of the great mansion, which he, in common with the country servant girl, who cried to be sent home, found gloomy enough, with the courtyard and high walls surrounding it. The soldiers searched its many rooms in later days for him, and the stately apartments have witnessed important gatherings within their walls, and the Volunteers have gathered on the lawn in the days when it was the ducal abode, and the scene of much grandeur. Again, too, comes into view the famous Exhibition of half a century back, honoured by the presence of a Queen, younger a good deal than is her son who comes to-day, but who as a boy on that occasion paid several visits to the great enterprise, so nobly promoted by Mr. Dargan, and displayed the keenest interest in the wonders he then beheld, and many of which were explained and pointed out to him by his father, the Prince Consort.

Of Merrion Street proper, and its olden inhabitants, it is our present purpose more particularly to speak. In an early map of Dublin it was called Merrion Lane, and there is not much difficulty in picturing a country aspect, when houses were few, and open spaces or fields lay round about. Were there not squatters on Merrion Square when it was enclosed in 1791, who had to be bought out? and the thoroughfare up to the "green area of St. Stephen," was doubtless rustic enough to be termed a lane till then. Stately dwellinghouses were, however, erected, and the little street (for we deal only with the portion that runs from the square to the row), was soon the abode of families of rank and distinction. It is still a disputed point whether No. 24 can rightly claim to be the birthplace of the great Duke of Wellington—the authorities differ, and to more than one locality is assigned the honour; but, there can be no doubt, at all events, that Mornington House, as it is still called, was the residence of the duke's father, and the year

1765 is named as the date on which Garnet, Earl of Mornington, moved thither from Grafton Street, where he had resided in a house with a good garden, just opposite the Provost's. Whether his son, Arthur Wellesley, was born in this house in Upper Merrion Street (which had previously been owned by the Earl of Antrim) or not, is, as before mentioned, open to question, but we may safely conclude that some very charming musical parties and entertainments were given in the spacious drawingrooms now so unromantically filled by the *impedimenta* required for the working of a Government office. Lord Mornington was a keen musician, and a composer of considerable merit. Perhaps it was in No. 24 that he thought out his popular glee, *Here in Cool Grot*. We pass on to a later resident in this famous house, Lord Cloncurry, and find him in 1791 entertaining at dinner his Excellency the Earl of Westmoreland, at that time Viceroy of Ireland. His son, Valentine, had that very day taken his degree in Arts in Trinity College, and he mentions in his *Recollections*, as a curious coincidence, that on this occasion one of the aide-de-camps in attendance on the Lord Lieutenant was Captain Wellesley, later the Iron Duke. Still later Lord Castlereagh was in occupation, and during the important debates on the Union it was here were gathered those who worked the passing of the measure, and were assisted in their arduous cogitations by liberal hospitality on the part of their host. Lord Cloncurry mentions as showing the depreciation of property caused by the Union, that whereas his father paid £8,000 in 1791 for No. 24, the year after the Union was passed it only fetched £2,500, and he doubted, "although still (1849) in the best and most fashionable quarter of Dublin, it would not now in all probability fetch the odd £500." His lordship could never have contemplated the other uses that the houses of the great could come to, and how surprised he would be to hear that almost the whole

street has been bought up by the Government, and the value of the various premises amounts to a considerable sum.

A noted resident in Merrion Street early in the eighteenth century was the Right Hon. William Conolly. This remarkable man, the son, it is said, of a publican or blacksmith, rose to great eminence at the Irish Bar. He was chosen ten times in succession a Lord Justice of Ireland in the absence of the Viceroy, and he held the appointment of Chief Commissioner of Irish Revenues, though Swift unkindly insinuates that he got the latter place not for his merit, but for so much hard cash. He was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons in 1715, and occupied that distinguished position until his death on the 30th October, 1729, and Archbishop Boulter mentions that he left behind him a large fortune, "some say £17,000 per annum, and Dr. Coghill, who is already a person of weight, and has done good service in Parliament, was named to succeed him." At his funeral the wearing of linen scarfs was first adopted, as a plan to aid in the encouragement of linen manufacture in Ireland.

The Parsons family came into Ireland during "the spacious days of the great Eliza," and we find that one William Parsons was a Commissioner of Plantations in this country in 1602. Some 150 years later a descendant, or one of his kin, was born, who became known as Sir Lawrence Parsons, and later as Earl of Rosse. He had also the dignity of Viscount of Oxmantown, but this distinction died with him, though the Earldom passed to his heirs. In number 22 lived this Sir Lawrence, it being one of the largest houses in the street, and the splendid proportions of its rooms (now dedicated to the services of crippled children), and the handsome hall, show the grandeur of idea that prevailed as regards the homes of our nobility in the metropolis at the time. There is a rare sample of Bozzi's exquisite work in the

mantelpiece in one of the drawingrooms, but there is less of the beautiful stucco decoration that is so usual in these fine old Dublin mansions, and which is very noticeable on the stairs and landings of No. 24. This Lord Rosse had been M.P. for Longford in the pre-Union days, and doubtless deserved well the honours he subsequently obtained. A later holder of the title nearer our own time made his name famous by the monster telescope he erected at Birr, and his son has achieved a lasting fame by the now accepted "turbine," the latest and most wonderful improvement for increasing the speed of ship locomotion. Yet another distinguished resident in this famous little street, Sir John Macartney—he was an attorney by profession, and had also the post of Remembrancer, and Auditor of Accounts in the Exchequer; he got his knighthood for his labours in promoting the inland navigation of Ireland, and was made a baronet in 1799. It will be remembered that he was Chairman of the Grand Canal Company in 1791, and the bridge that connects Upper and Lower Baggot Street is called by his name. He was a member of the Dublin Society, which then held their meetings in Hawkins Street, in the old Theatre Royal, as it later became.

At the beginning, and onwards, of the 19th century there were living in Merrion Street such personages as the Solicitor-General, Philip Crampton, the Controller of Stamps, Jonathan Cooper, the Countess-Dowager of Miltown, Sir Hugh Crofton, the Right Hon. J. M. Mason, Lieutenant-General Freeman, Lady A. Monck, and a host of other well-known names, and it has maintained its eminent respectability down to the present day, in the class of its private residents. By slow degrees, but sure, each house is being absorbed for public purposes. The Land Office is enlarging its borders on the eastern side, while at "one fell swoop" the western is acquired by the Government for the new College of Science, and other public buildings they intend

erecting. In a short while the character of the old street will have changed, where rank and fashion congregated in the olden time, and ball and rout kept the linkboys busy when electric light and gas were not, in the rooms where beauty and wit held court, and hospitality was given without stint, where the stately dame descended from her coach, or the latest toast entered her sedan chair, where noblemen mounted their steeds before motors could have been thought possible, here in Merrion Lane, with its row of lordly dwellings. Time has set a mark, and "the old order changeth, giving place to new." Vast schemes for the benefit of the country have grown in the passing of the years, and the working of them, and the development of their purposes, will be carried out on the ground over which we have travelled, but, though no trace of the former occupants may remain, yet their memories still linger, and we have one advantage that our forefathers possessed not, namely, that from the Merrion Street of our discourse we can journey in a few minutes by electric car to the sea breezes of Myryong, from which it takes its name, the lord of the soil having been the Viscount Fitzwilliam of Merrion, whose broad acres are now owned by the Earl of Pembroke.

THE ROMANCES AND LEGENDS OF ELY PLACE.

THERE has been a pleasant picture conjured up quite recently of an Irishman eminent in this his day walking in his garden in Ely Place and pondering how he could best serve a worthy class of his fellow-citizens. Those who were fortunate enough to be among the bidden guests in the summer just gone by to witness the play, *The Tinker*, written by Mr. Hyde, and acted in Irish, will remember the charm of Mr. Moore's garden. It is thus often with a great city—hidden away, a few minutes from the busy thoroughfares, and the passing of men, is preserved a corner of peaceful quiet, which, from the contrast of its surroundings, takes on a beauty of its own. Ely Place is one of the few spots left in Dublin that has an old world solitude. It has retained the respectable dignity of its first greatness, and although the memories of the great past invest it with all that was full of life and brilliancy in the Dublin of old, there remains somehow something that is fitting in the quiet respectability of the present. There is probably no place for its extent that comprises so many interesting incidents as the little *cul de sac* that we call Ely Place, though in its early days it was known as Hume Row, for here close by in 1768 had Dr. Gustavus Hume the street known still by his name, and then erected some of the mansions in the present Ely Place, which designation it obtained from Dr. Hume's son-in-law, the Earl of Ely, some years later, when he resided there, having built the splendid residence No. 8, facing towards St. Stephen's Green. This was in 1773, and as Ely Place the street has been known ever since, but lengthened and extended by the addition of what was called, until

lately, "Smith's Buildings," from a gentleman, Thomas Dodd Smith, Esq., who lived here for some time in the first half of the nineteenth century, but it is now all Ely Place,

There is a strange medley in the recollections of this small portion of the city, for here dwelt the great Lord Clare, who lived and died in troublous times, and had on one occasion to barricade his house against an anticipated angry mob, and to this day in the adjoining residence can be seen the holes in the stone stairs made to allow the muskets of the soldiers to pass through for firing on an infuriated populace, who might enter the home of an unpopular judge. These splendid mansions of the olden times with their exquisite mantelpieces, stuccoed walls and ceilings, superb apartments, and lofty proportions. Stately dames passed up the grand staircases, and the renowned beauties of the Irish capital made bright the gay receptions that were given in them by the lordly owners. For Ely Place was essentially the abode of peers, for in addition to Lords Ely and Clare, we find also Lord Avonmore, Lord Redesdale, and many others of high state. First and foremost our interest centres round the Lord High Chancellor, John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, who ruled affairs with a haughty spirit, and spent a not over happy existence, by all accounts, in his fine house in Ely Place. We know that his diningroom could accommodate thirty guests at a time, and on the walls were stuccoed representations of the Mace and Purse, with the strings crosswise, reminding those present of the rank of their host; great St. Domingo mahogany doors enclosed the apartments, but iron gates protected the passages beneath, and great planks of timber were placed across the hall door of three inch thickness on one occasion, while Lord Clare carried a pistol continually about with him.

There are many stories told of Lord Clare, and the

unpopularity he gained when party feeling ran high in the metropolis over the projected Union, and it is oft repeated that death even did not save him from the imprecation of the mob. He died one hundred years ago, and seven hundred lawyers and leading men in the city followed his remains, on foot, from Ely Place to St. Peter's churchyard, while Lord Cloncurry tells that he was obliged to address the infuriated populace from the balcony of Lord Clare's house in Ely Place, "ere they could be induced to relinquish the unseemly hooting which swelled his death knell." The Earl of Clare was then but fifty-three years of age, and we can form some idea of the magnificence of the style and fashion in which he lived from the splendid coach belonging to him that now occupies a prominent place in the Museum *Rotonde*, and which created as much interest and curiosity, when it was in the stable of Ely Place, and crowds were permitted to inspect it, as it does to-day.

Another Lord Chancellor, Redesdale by name, lived later in Ely Place, and from here directed Major Sirr in the proceedings connected with Robert Emmet and Sarah Curran. And this reminds us that in 1780 the famous John Philpott Curran himself came to live in No. 4 Ely Place, and welcomed, if we remember rightly, an old teacher of his youthful days, who visited him here in the zenith of his fame. Is it the case that right opposite, a cobbler's stall was set up and occupied by Curran's brother, who took pleasure in calling out "Good morning, Jack," when he saw his distinguished relative leave his house over the way? Chief Justice Bushe dwelt in No. 5 in the early part of the 19th century, but, great and good lawyer that he was, a more noted personage succeeded him in his residence, John Doherty, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. In the State apartments of Dublin Castle will now be found the Carrara marble mantel-pieces that

formerly stood at each end of Judge Doherty's drawing-room, and were probably admired by the guests that crowded the hospitable abode whose owner claimed cousinship with George Canning, whom he was said to resemble, but had to submit to being shouted at by the mob in the streets of Dublin as "Dirty Doherty," perhaps gaining their dislike from his great victory over O'Connell, in the House of Commons. It was Chief Justice Doherty that had the stone staircase bored through in case the soldiers needed to fire, but it is not exactly recorded that his house was ever entered, but this and the strong gate of hammered iron-work barring the lobby shows that precautions were deemed necessary in those rather lawless times, and can be seen to this moment by anyone who has the curiosity to look. For Ely Place has in some measure lapsed from the grandeur of its former inhabitants, and several of these stately dwellings are now utilised as public offices, and His Majesty's Civil Servants write and cipher in the old rooms filled with the ghosts of those who held possession of them in the past.

Judge Doherty was a great teller of stories, as was the custom of his day, when one had the gift, and there was more tolerance in the listeners than there would be now. He was speaking to his family in his drawingroom on the 8th September, 1851, when he fell from his chair, and when raised up was found to have passed away. The first occupant of this same house was a member of the La Touche family, and behind it, part of the present Fitzwillian Square, was a plot of ground known as "La Touche's Fields."

It will be remembered that the mansions erected in Ely Place were at the first detached, and it is only in comparatively recent years that the intervening spaces have been filled up with smaller residences, a mode that can be noticed with curious effect in St.

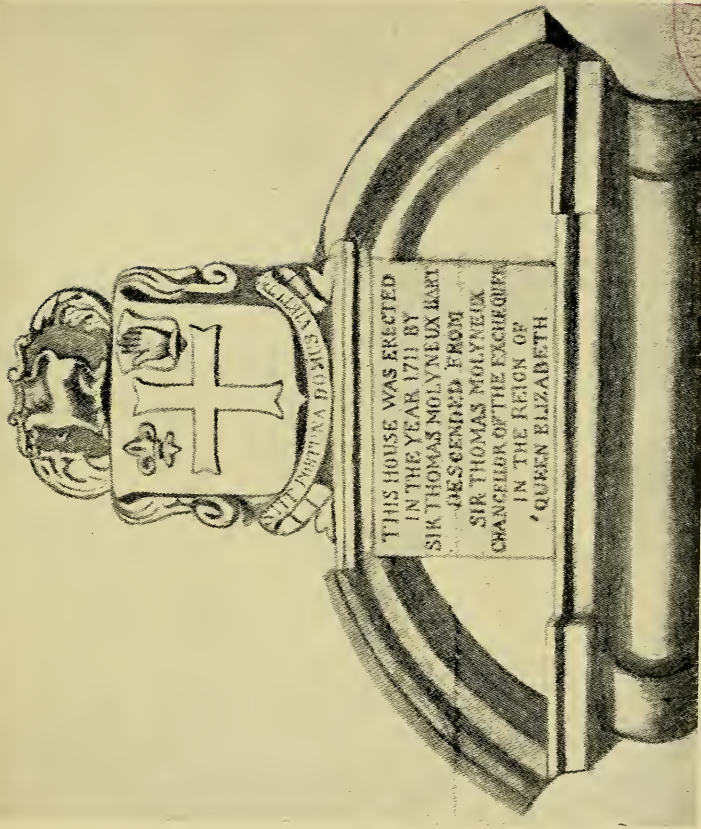
Stephen's Green, and the principal squares, where quite small houses are squeezed in between two larger neighbours. An idea can be gained of the open spaces about the Ely Place district, when it is recalled that a lady living in St. Stephen's Green in 1798, saw from her window the soldiers surround the house in Baggot Street the morning John and Henry Sheares were arrested, which house is now the branch office of the Ulster Bank, and was then the corner, or last one, next Lower Pembroke Street. Speaking of the Brothers Sheares recalls us to Ely Place once again, to the "Chancellor's," where Mrs. Sheares for many weary hours waited outside in her sedan chair for the purpose of seeking the intervention of his lordship on behalf of her ill-fated husband.

We find yet another eminent lawyer and a lord in the precincts of Ely Place, for here about 1785 lived Lord Avonmore. He had been M.P. for Donegal and Carrickfergus before he was Baron of the Exchequer, and a Viscount. It is recorded of him by a writer of the time "that his rising sun was brilliant, his meridian cloudy, his setting obscure." He died in 1805. Mr. Alexander Jaffray, who was a director of the Bank of Ireland in 1790, lived in Ely Place in that year, and had as neighbours Charles O'Neill, Esquire, who was member for Cork; Mr. Henry Halton, M.P., for Donegal; Mr. John Latouche (before mentioned), M.P., for Dublin; the Right Hon. J. Monck Mason, M.P. for Kilkenny; Mr. John Egan, M.P. for Queen's County; Mr. Robert Boyd, M.P. for Roscommon; and Sir J. W. Johnston, Bart., who was member for Wicklow, from which it will be seen that the Houses of Parliament were well represented in Ely Place, in the pre-Union days, as, in addition to the above, J. Philpott Curran was the elected of Co. Westmeath. No one can enter the great houses in this secluded quarter of the city without being struck by the size and splendour of their

proportions, and with the aid of imagination it is easy to picture them as in olden times. The garden in Upper Ely Place, if we remember rightly, belonged in times past to the fine detached house in St. Stephen's Green, now occupied by, and altered for the purposes of, the Royal College of Science, but when inhabited in former days by grand and wealthy owners was the scene of much brilliancy and gaiety, and never more so than when fashion and beauty assembled of old in the quiet garden that remains to this day in Ely Place.

AN OLD DUBLIN HOUSE AND ITS OWNER.

MOLYNEUX HOUSE, in St. Peter Street, is one of those handsome mansions of our city that give us some idea of the dwellings of the former generation, although in these latter days they have fallen from their high estate, and become public institutions or places of business. A notice in the papers a few days ago mentioned that the present occupants of Molyneux House were about to move, and this for the moment draws attention to the old family residence of the Molyneuxs, which has for many years past provided a home and retreat for respectable aged females. Peter Street, as it is familiarly called, gets its name, of course, from the adjacent church dedicated to St. Peter, and this site was known, we are told, so far back as 1323, as St. Peter's del Hille. The street dates from the early part of the eighteenth century, and was then regarded as a thoroughly "genteel" part of the city to dwell in, and we find the names of several distinguished and wealthy people occupying houses here at that time, and this can be well understood when it is remembered how small and confined Dublin was two hundred years ago, and that in this quarter was the fashionable church of St. Bride as well as the palace of the Archbishops—St. Sepulchre—and the homes of various members of the nobility and professional classes in all the surrounding streets. It is, therefore, not surprising to find that so important a personage as Dr. Thomas Molyneux, one of the leading men in Ireland, both for his medical knowledge and his scientific attainments, and who had been President of the College of Physicians some years previous, should select Peter Street as an agreeable situation for his new house in



THE MOLYNEUX ARMS.

the year 1711. It was a large residence, as can be seen to this day, with spacious apartments, and fine entrance, and when decorated and ornamented according to the habit of all wealthy enough to afford it, must have presented a splendid appearance when the fashionable world came to visit the State Physician in Ireland, and his lady, in their new abode.

Dr. Molyneux came of a remarkable family, many members of which distinguished themselves. His father was Samuel Molyneux, of Castle Dillon, Co. Armagh, Chief Engineer of Ireland, and his eldest brother was the celebrated William Molyneux, who was M.P. for Dublin in 1691, and represented the University from 1694 until his death in 1698, and is probably best known as the author of *The Case of Ireland's being bound by Acts of Parliament made in England stated*. He and his brother Thomas were both born in Dublin at their father's house in New Row, and when Thomas Molyneux first practised in Dublin he resided in this house. The history of the different members of the Molyneux family, and the noted people with whom they were connected by marriage, would fill many pages, but as the first occupant and builder of the Molyneux House is the subject of the present account, it must be confined to his story.

Thomas Molyneux was born in 1661, and was educated in a school in Dublin, kept by Dr. Henry Ryder. After his course in Trinity College he went abroad, a very lengthy and expensive tour at that time, and though he left Dublin in May, 1683, he did not reach the Continent until the end of July, at so many places did he stop, and so numerous were the acquaintances he met. While at the University of Leyden he met Locke, and in after years kept up a correspondence with him. He graduated in Dublin in 1687, and owing to the very disturbed state of Ireland settled first at Chester in England, and practised there

for a time, but, after the Battle of the Boyne, returned to Dublin, and began to practise, as before named, at his father's house, where he then resided. He was soon elected a Fellow of the College of Physicians, and became a most successful practitioner. In addition to his medical work he found time to write a number of most interesting papers, chiefly on subjects of natural history, and it is remarkable that it was in his *Notes on the Giant's Causeway*, that the opinion was first stated that this was a natural production, and not the work of man, as evidently had been hitherto believed. He also wrote a medical essay entitled, *On the late Coughs and Colds*. He paid a visit to London in 1699, on which occasion his portrait was painted by Kneller, which is now in Trinity College. In the years, 1702, 1709, 1713, and 1720, he was President of the College of Physicians, was appointed State Physician in 1715, and Professor of Medicine in the University in 1717, besides holding the position of Physician-General to the Army in Ireland. On the 4th July, 1730, he was created a baronet. He had married Catherine, daughter of Ralph Howard, grandfather of the first Lord Wicklow. He had sixteen children, his eldest son, Daniel, succeeding him when he died in 1733. He is stated to have taken great interest in every kind of learning, and to have sought the society of those who possessed it. He was as well an "excellent physician."

“ IN THE PARISH OF ST. MARK.”

EVERY reader of the *Weekly Irish Times*, and also that perhaps larger army of persons who find the daily *Irish Times* each morning on their breakfast-table, will see, if they turn to the last column on the back page, nearly the last line in the corner, these words—“ In the parish of St. Mark.” By one of the admirable laws of our land it is, we believe, necessary thus to indicate in precise terms the exact spot from which the printed journal comes, but our present concern is not with such matters, but to see what the words themselves convey.

“ In the parish of St. Mark ! ” We notice first that we are in a Christian country, and remember how in the Acts of the Apostles we are told that “ Barnabus took Mark with him (from Antioch), and sailed away unto Cyprus.” Travellers to the beautiful city of Venice know that it has many associations with San Marco, whose relics have lain in the great cathedral called by his name since the year 828. “ In the parish of St. Mark ” again we look back many pages in English history to find the first mention of parishes and the division of broad acres and vast tracks into set parcels and bounds. Parishes were formed in England, some say, as early as the seventh century, but the parochial system was not completed until the reign of Edward III.

“ In the parish of St. Mark ” we stand, however, in the City of Dublin, and the special parish of St. Mark which claims our attention, has much to justify close research. It is in some respects the most remarkable portion of the metropolis, for within its limits, more than a thousand years ago (to be very exact, A.D. 852) the Scandinavians first landed, took possession of the place, and founded the city.

It would take too much space to enter into the question as to whether any semblance of a town had been already established when these men from over the seas pushed their flat boats over the mud banks of the Anna Liffey, and stepped ashore just close to where Westmoreland Street now is. The reason we can be pretty certain of the locality comes from the fact that near this they erected a long stone to mark the landing place, and as a token of taking possession. The name "Steyn" or "Stein" in connection with this spot is mentioned in many annals and records of the city, and the tract of ground round about was called "The Steyne" and the Long Stone stood, it is thought, on the site of the present Crampton Monument at the junction of Brunswick and D'Olier Streets. The River Liffey at this period spread over the low-lying ground hereabouts, and it was not until many years after that it was walled in and the waters driven back into a narrower channel.

The history of the river is full of interest from the time when King John gave the citizens liberty to build on its banks as well as a grant of the fishery of one-half. The shifting of the sand and the choking of the channel in consequence led to many discussions and much correspondence between the Lord Mayors and the Parliament until we come to the year 1661, when we find Mr. Hawkins building a great wall along the Liffey, commencing near the "Long Stone," and proceeding towards the sea. This undertaking practically gave us the parish of St. Mark, for the ground so reclaimed is in the main portion what now constitutes the district under notice.

It is hard at this distance of time to imagine the appearance of this part of the city—now so busy and full of habitations—as it looked when the waste land gradually became dry ground, and buildings were erected upon it. We know that of old the pious people of the thirteenth century built somewhere near the river an hospital or hotel intended for the use of leper pilgrims,

who then took ship for Spain, in order to worship at the shrine of St. James of Compostella, the patron saint of sufferers from that terrible malady. It was Henry de Loundres, Archbishop of Dublin, who founded this hospital, built "at the Stayne near the sea shore, without Dublin, near the Priory of All Saints (now Trinity College), and about half way between it and the Abbey of the Blessed Virgin Mary, near Dublin."

Pilgrims from all parts of Ireland journeyed up to this religious hospital, and wended their way from the city by a road which obtained the name Lazar's hill in consequence. This in time degenerated in Lazy's hill, and it was not until 1771 that it received its present designation of Townsend Street, in honour of the then Viceroy the Marquis of Townsend. Up to the beginning of the seventeenth century the Staine or Steyne, as the ground hereabouts was called, and which comprised an area of nineteen acres, was covered by the Liffey at high tide, and it is stated that on one occasion in 1792 a boating party, which included the Duke of Leinster, landed at Merrion Square, near Holles Street. It was in 1663 that Mr. Hawkins built his "great wall," and thus, with the embankments and improvements carried out by Sir John Carroll and Sir John Rogerson, it was that the ground was gained from the river. The term "Hawkins Wall," though much in use in old city records, is now seldom heard, but there are few Dublin citizens of to-day who have not been in Hawkins Street, whether at pantomime season or other times.

Now very early in the eighteenth century there was living on Lazar's or Lazy Hill, which seems to have become a suburban road, a Mr. John Hansard. He belonged to a worthy and respectable family, several members of which had held important positions. Mr. Hansard's father had lived before him on Lazar's Hill, and we can gather that his residence was a fine one, from the fact that an Alderman of the city who had

accepted the office of Lord Mayor took Mr. Hansard's house, the owner spending £400 on it to put it in suitable order, but the alderman, changing his mind, refused the Mayoralty, and the City of Dublin gave Mr. Hansard a grant of £40 to enable him to emigrate to America to make up for his disappointment. Mr. Hansard, however, does not appear to have travelled so far, for we find that he died in his native city, and was buried in St. Andrew's Church in 1758, where he had been baptised some seventy-seven years before.

But we are anticipating events, and return to the year 1707, for it was then that an Act of Parliament was passed declaring that the parish of St. Andrew is too large for the parish church thereof, and that it shall be divided into two several vicarages or parishes, which shall be called by the names of the Parish of St. Andrew and the parish of St. Mark, then the boundaries of the respective parishes were set forth, and it was ordered that all eastward of College Lane (now College Street) and all eastward of Fleet Lane and Fleet Alley (now Westmoreland Street) should form part of the parish of St. Mark. In Fleet Alley stood a place known as Fleet House, and this in later times came to be called "The Sugar House," and now on its site stands the office of the *Irish Times*. The Lord Lieutenant, John Lord Carteret, laid the foundation stone of St. Mark's Church in 1729, and here we come back again to John Hansard, for it was from him the ground was obtained, and it is thus described, "And whereas the said John Hansard, of Lazy Hill, Esquire, having a field or park all walled in with a brick wall situate and lying backwards on the south side of Lazy Hill, between the glass house and his said John Hansard's garden, hath given the west part of the said field or park towards the east 250 feet and the breadth of the said field or park from north to south containing in the east-end of the said ground thus given 160 feet or thereabouts for a church and churchyard,

vicarage house and garden for the said parish of St. Mark." Lazar's Hill at this time had several distinguished residents, but the district was not much in favour owing to the inundations it was liable to from the Liffey, therefore it can cause no surprise to find that the new church was slow in coming to completion, and that three decades elapsed before it was finished. There can have been but few parishioners, and it required the aid of Parliament to the extent of two thousand pounds to build the church and complete it.

There was an interesting account given in the *Irish Builder* some years ago of this church, its first minister, and the graveyard. We are reminded that the high stone wall, which was only removed ten years ago, was thus erected as a preventive against "bodye snatching," so usual in those days. The old Steyn's Hospital, if tradition speaks true, is carried down in our remembrance by its site occupying in turn the residence of Lord Roscommon and Lord Ely, then for sixty-five years the *locale* of the Royal Dublin Society, next as the Theatre Royal until its destruction by fire in 1880, again rebuilt and known as the Leinster Hall, and now once more a theatre. By degrees we can see houses being built near the new Church of St. Mark, roads and streets being formed, the route to Ringsend opened up by the making of Great Brunswick Street. The buildings and grounds of Trinity College are in the parish of St. Mark, and at the present day the district is thickly studded with habitations. Several important business thoroughfares come within its care, and a large number of poorer dwelling-places are also included in its bound.

It is an interesting old parish, now nearly two hundred years since it was first thought of, and about one hundred and fifty in actual existence. It comprises in great measure reclaimed land taken from the sea, and although it touches at its western limit the landing place of the Ostmen, yet the record towards the east in olden times

is of shipwreck and disaster by water. So late as 1670 a storm brought the flowing tide up to the College walls, and a little later a collier was wrecked on the spot where Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital now stands.

We think kindly of the worthy citizens of old who lent willing hands to extend and improve the city that they loved. Alderman William Hawkins, who died on the 22nd December, 1680, is buried in St. Werburgh's. His "great wall" is perhaps forgotten, but frequenters of the Theatre Royal know the street close by that is called by his name. Sir John Rogerson was Lord Mayor in 1693, and member for the city in 1695. His son became a Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and his daughter married Abraham Creighton, the first Lord Erne, two names perpetuated in the streets which formed part of the land bequeathed to her by her father.

Have many of our readers ever walked from Carlisle Bridge along the South Quays till they terminate at the Dodder? Great ships line the riverside, and the passer-by has to avoid collision with the cargoes that are going between them and the warehouses on the line of route. It is a busy thoroughfare, and gives glimpses of traffic and commerce never seen, except at the water's edge. There is much that is grimy and squalid in parts, for the workers hereabouts have tasks on hand that brook small particularity concerning appearances. Gas works, flour mills, timber yards, all working people here. But a fresh sea breeze comes up the river, and life is well worth living after all. It is a pretty walk, too, in its way, for we can look across the water and see the handsome frontage of the Custom House and the vessels moving off on their voyages afar. Every river is full of wonders and sights; the dark coal ships, the bright passenger boats, the small craft, and the large merchantman, all telling of the wonder of the deep and lands other than our own.

We will saunter pleasantly round the bounds of our

Parish of St. Mark, recalling first that our starting point owes its name to Elizabeth Burgh, who, as wife of Chief Baron Foster, was the mother of the last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. Loyalty to the reigning House was very much in evidence when other portions of the walling in of the Liffey were in progress, for King George and Queen Charlotte lent their names to two bits, while Hanover and Great Britain are utilised in other places. Nor are we quite done yet with the Royal family, as, turning back towards the city, Great Brunswick Street carries us almost the whole way, passing by Queen's Square, so named in 1840 from the young Queen Victoria, then three years on the throne. Turn down Sandwith Street, named (Mr. Macready thinks) probably from a Dublin merchant of a century back, Joseph Sandwith, and Mr. Blacker tells the origin of "Clenahan's Folly" hereabouts. It will be remembered that the Royal Hospital for Incurables first had its beginning in the Parish of St. Mark, and occupied premises now known as the Westmoreland Lock Hospital, and nearly opposite at the present day is the Elliott Home for little children. There are many other associations to be thought of and recorded, but we are warned it is time to cry halt by the glimpse we now get of the clock jutting out from the "Sugar House" "in the Parish of St. Mark.'

THE KING'S HOUSE, CHAPELIZOD.

“THE KING'S HOUSE.” Why the name and wherefore? From what King was it called, and when did he dwell there? Do all Dublin citizens know the history of the King's House in the ancient village of Chapelizod? It has been surely a happy thought on the part of the present owner of this most interesting abode to throw open for a charitable purpose (on the 19th and 20th June) in this year of Grace, 1903, and within a brief period of the coming of His Majesty King Edward, a place so full of historic associations, and where for a brief time, two of his predecessors, it is said, have sojourned. The King's House has been noted in the annals of fact and in the pages of fiction, so therefore stands worthy of our notice and attention. By slow degrees the relics of the olden time disappear, so we must value more highly whatever remains, and although to many the outer aspect of the house of the King at Chapelizod may be familiar enough, it is possible that all who pass it by on the journey to Lucan or elsewhere do not know of the high esteem in which it stood in the troublous days, when there were rival claimants for the English throne and the issue was fought on Irish soil, and the old house near the village called after La Belle Izod formed a temporary refuge for James II. before the battle of the Boyne, and a longer resting place a little later for the victorious William. Now we know why it was called the “King's House,” and after two hundred years we still name it so, as the tram-car of modern days whirls us swiftly past its gates. What changes has the old house witnessed in the two centuries of its existence? It is thought that King William liked somewhat this Dublin home, for it is recorded that he had the gardens laid out in the fashion so dear to Dutch minds, and, in

fact, this was regarded as a pledge that he would return again, and, perhaps, live here for a while ; but although the up-keep of the gardens of the " King's House " became a yearly charge of £120 on the Civil List, the good people of Dublin never saw William III. any more, and had to be content with his effigy, as erected and seen to this day in College Green.

Some of the Lord-Deputies lived in the " King's House " in the early period of the eighteenth century, but since 1740 it has not been so used, and the prim, stiff garden paths and quaintly-cut hedges got sadly out of order and over-grown, as all things horticultural will do when neglected.

Now, where in fiction do we find ourselves in the " King's House ? " Has not Mr. Lefanu immortalised it in his famous story " The House by the Churchyard," wherein we learn much of the gay doings that took place in the neighbourhood of Chapelized in former times, and are introduced to several remarkable personages who dwelt in the neighbourhood.

In the " King's House " lived, we are told, Colonel and Mrs. Stafford, who gave what were considered very sociable dinner-parties at the then fashionable hour of five o'clock, and had a very aristocratic company to partake of the saddle of mutton and gooseberry pie that they provided, while later some members of the gathering found their way into the garden, and had pleasant talk and a little song down by the osiers that grew at the side of the River Liffey, and the evening ended with a dance indoors. So we see that the " King's House " has many memories and associations, and we travel back many years when it was the home of the King to the time beyond that when Dutch and Belgian workers prospered at their trade of wool and linen in the village close by, which takes its name from a yet remoter past that is connected with the fair daughter of another sovereign, Aengus, King of Ireland, La Belle Isolde.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE DUBLIN OF THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE further back one goes in the history of a city the more marked are the changes, and though these come gradually gliding, imperceptibly to those around, yet each epoch claims certain distinctions of its own that are different from what went before or will come after. The brilliancy of life in Dublin in the eighteenth century has naturally focussed much attention on this period, and a wealth of information has been gathered concerning the ways and doings of the capital in that gay time of its existence. We will, however, on this occasion look still further into the dim distance of the past, and fashion for a moment some features in the daily life of the citizen in the days when a Charles was king. That the streets were narrow, badly paved, and ill lit, can be imagined when it is remembered that such was the usual state of affairs in most cities, but our character for cleanliness and order was not of a high standard; it must, however, be recorded that there was only one scavenger employed by the city council, and not alone was this the case, but the official in question was a widow. Now this lady—and it is truly remarkable that so long ago women's rights with regard to civic appointments should have been acknowledged—took a solemn oath to do her duty in keeping the city nice and clean, but she evidently lacked the ability or the sense of responsibility that her position entailed, for it is recorded against her—Kate Strong was her name—that “she scarce kept the way from the Castle to the church clean, or that from the mayor's house to the church, and neglected the rest of the city, which she

cleansed but sparingly, and very seldom." No wonder the city fathers were very wroth with Mrs. Strong, but worse was to come, for it is told that "the more she was followed, the worse she grew, and kept the streets the fouler."

Instead of the vehicles for hiring waiting on a hazard, we learn that the carmen rode up and down the streets at a furious pace looking for passengers, and causing much peril whenever there was a crowd. While persons on foot ran another considerable danger, as many of principal thoroughfares had no side paths, and only posts at intervals divided the roadway, and protected the passers-by from the equestrian traffic. We would hardly care to meet "the gentleman what pays the rint" walking about at his own sweet will when going shopping in the best parts of the town, yet so usual was this sight that it became necessary to employ men to kill the pigs running about the streets, and cart them away. If one wished to take a quiet stroll up an almost country lane, it could be done in those far distant days by passing up what we now know as the busy mart of South Great George's Street, but then called George's Lane, and lying just outside the city walls. The fashionable Grafton Street of to-day, too, was but a zigzag outlet to the green pasture of St. Stephen, where indeed sheep grazed and snipe were shot.

The Dublin of the seventeenth century had, however, many fine houses, and several noted personages resided there. We find my Lord Conway in Skinner's Row. The father of this Viscount (who was Secretary to King Charles the Second), had been a Privy Councillor during the reign of the first Charles. Mr. Pepys tells us how that "General Monk is made Lieutenant of Ireland (1660) which my Lord Roberts (made deputy), do not like of to be Deputy to any one but the King himself." This General Monk is known in history as the Duke of Albermarle; he died in 1670. What are we to think

of this? A gentleman named Lane had to write to London for a hat! This is what he says to his cousin, a State Secretary, "Please ask my cousin, Peacey, to get me a Dutch hat of a large square block, no hats worth anything are obtainable in Dublin, their crowns are all too small." This was in May, 1634, and we must hope that the twenty shillings Mr. Edmund Lane sent in payment got him the headgear he desired.

Wood Quay does not count now as a very aristocratic quarter, but from here did Baron Longford date such letters as he wrote during the reign of Charles I. Do readers know what the Court of Claims was doing in the latter half of the seventeenth century in Dublin? Just parcelling out the land of Ireland, as the Estates Commissioners in another fashion are doing in the twentieth century. They (the Commissioners of the "Court of Claymes") were appointed to decide between the rival claimants—those who had forfeited thier estate by adherence to the King;—the soldiers of the Cromwellian army, who had obtained grants; the loyal subjects of the restored monarch, all these rights had to be adjusted and investigated, and the five Commissioners sat each day in Dublin in the year of grace, 1666, one of the five being no less a person than Sir Winston Churchill, knight, the father of the great Duke of Marlborough, and ancestor of the present politician of the same name. He lived in Bridge Street while resident here on this important business, which involved much legal inquiry, and lengthy searchings before being settled.

Quackery in medical cures has prevailed at all times apparently, but Dublin in the seventeenth century was interested in the exposure of James O'Finacty, who claimed to have special power of healing, but, who, having declined a public exhibition of his method of treatment, to which he was invited by Sir William Petty, and Sir Robert Southwell, on the part of the Duke

of Ormond, then Lord Lieutenant, all confidence in him was destroyed, and the "wonder working priest," as he was called, had to retire, though doubtless the numerous gifts he had received enabled him to do so in comfort, but after the visit paid him at his lodgings in Kennedy's Lane by the two gentlemen above named, he found it convenient to make a sudden departure from the city and went out, the chroniclers say, "like the snuff of a candle."

Far otherwise is the story of Mr. Valentine Greatraks, who came on the scene afterwards, but his life is a tale in itself. "The Stroaker," was living in Dublin up to 1681, and formed an object of much concern and speculation to all classes of people who heard or knew anything of his wonderful cures. Workmen of the labouring class received a shilling a day at this time, and skilled artisans double that amount, but when the Puritan period was passed they frequently were treated to beer in addition to their wages, and it is a curious feature of the age then that special wines were supplied for the preachers on Sundays in the city churches, sack and canary being most general. Each sacred edifice was required to provide a certain number of buckets, ladders, and hooks in case of fire breaking out in the vicinity, while the poor people who received charity out of the church funds were required to attend prayers twice every Sunday, and to wear the badges with which they had been provided.

There were many strange customs in this old Dublin, now long since given up. The stocks wherein offenders were imprisoned, the pillory on which they stood suffering the scorn and derision of the passers-by; the public atonement of wrong-doing at the time of Divine Service, the whipping of criminals through the streets, and yet the same old order of life as goes on to-day, buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage, banquets, theatre-going, great funeral rites,

and many benefactions for the poor. While the sister island went through the troublous times told in history of the seventeenth century, the echoes of it reached our own shores, and as the city showed signs of mourning on the death of the martyr King, so quickly had it to prepare for the arrival of Cromwell at Ringsend, while the Blue Coat School in Blackhall Place reminds us of its existence as the "Hospital and Free School of King Charles the Second."

THE CUSTOM HOUSE—HOW IT WAS BUILT.

THE handsomest building in Dublin is probably the Custom House. Its great size and isolated position render it a striking object, and the many points of beauty it possesses conveys to the spectator a pleasing sense of satisfaction at the completeness of the whole.

Do many persons in Dublin know who was the architect that left us this lasting memorial of his taste and skill? We venture to hope that few are ignorant of the debt the citizens of the capital are under to the memory of James Gandon, who came among us a stranger, gave of his best, lived with us, and was brought to his last resting place in the churchyard at Drumcondra.

We will not enter here into the other works undertaken in our city by Mr. Gandon, and which have added greatly to its style and dignity as a metropolis, but will confine this brief paper to the difficulties and even dangers that surrounded the early days of Gandon's labours when the construction of a new Custom House for the Port of Dublin had been decided on. There had been formerly, as seen on old maps, a Custom House near Essex Bridge, and when the question of its removal was mooted, the scheme met with great opposition from the Corporation and merchants, who doubtless feared some detriment to their enterprises if a change in its position was effected.

However, the order came from the Government that a new Custom House was to be built, and on the 15th January, 1781, the Right Hon. John Beresford, Chief Commissioner of the Revenue, wrote to Mr. Gandon, informing him of the fact and instructing him to undertake the work of designing it.

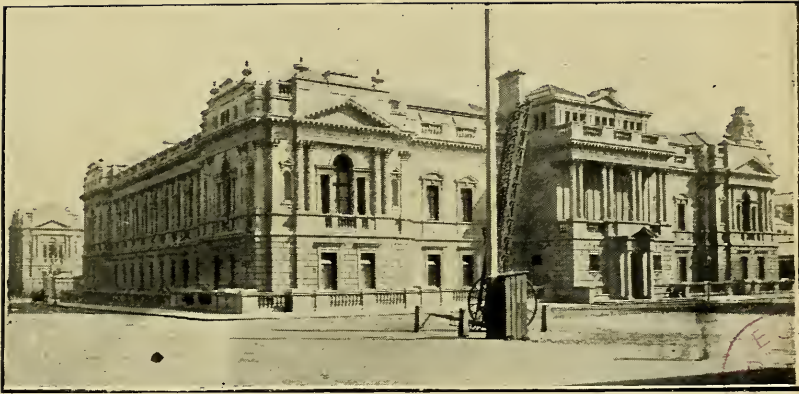
James Gandon was born in London on the 29th

February, 1742, and had, at the time of which we are speaking, attained considerable distinction in his profession. He had, we believe, no particular connection with Dublin, but had some years previously sent in a design in competition for the Royal Exchange (now the City Hall) but was not successful in having it accepted. The position of affairs in Dublin with regard to the new Custom House may be gathered from the fact that Gandon's arrival in obedience to Mr. Beresford's summons had to be kept a profound, secret with the result that the letters of introduction with which he was provided could not be presented, and he spent a rather uncomfortable time of uncertainty regarding the work he had come about, and loneliness from the peculiarity of his position. He has left a record of the impression made on him concerning the artistic tastes of the residents :

“ In traversing a city of such large extent—the capital of a Kingdom—I was greatly surprised to find but one print shop. The few houses to which I had access scarcely possessed a picture or print, and those which they had were but indifferent, mostly suspended from the wall without either glass or frame.”

The ground selected for the new building had not even been purchased at this time, but when this was arranged the difficulties that presented themselves dismayed Gandon the more he advanced. He relates soon after his arrival—“ At last I ventured, but at very early hours in the morning, to walk over the grounds,” and the necessity for being cautious will be understood when it is told that a meeting was held to devise some way of preventing the project from being carried into effect, and the Sunday after the site had been marked out, hundreds of the people met there, and it was feared that the trenches, which had been dug, would be filled up.

On this occasion, however, the mob, perhaps rendered good humoured by the amount of whiskey and ginger-



NATIONAL MUSEUM, KILDARE PLACE.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

bread consumed during the day, only amused themselves by swimming in the water with which the trenches were filled. Later, however, in response to a meeting convened by the Corporation and headed by some of the leading citizens, the people paid another visit to the place and pulled down a fence that had been erected on the river side. Mr. Gandon received several threatening letters, and we are told he never visited the scene of the works while they were going on without a good sword cane in case of necessity.

In addition to the human opposition to the project, there were natural obstacles to be overcome; the ground chosen was low-lying, and was liable and subject to the overflowing of the river. All the district round about was under grass, and a ferryboat was the means of crossing the Liffey where O'Connell Bridge now stands, while the tide frequently covered a mile of surface just at the very part that had been selected for the great undertaking. The work went on, however, in spite of all, but Gandon writes despairingly at this period; he was, he said, "like a general forced to take the field without a staff or even non-commissioned officers," as the assistants he had to get from London could not come for several weeks. The first stone of the Custom House was laid on the 8th August, 1781, and the whole was not completed with new docks and stores until 1791, when it was opened for business.

Shortly after the commencement of the work Mr. Gandon was obliged to return to London owing to the illness and subsequent death of his wife, to whom he had been married in 1771. He, after a brief period, returned to Dublin and brought with him his son and two daughters, as also his clerk of works. He took a house in Mecklenburgh Street—the same, it is stated, as where the Miss Gunnings were born—and from this time Dublin may be said to have become his home. While the great business in which he was engaged proceeded steadily in

spite of the obstruction put in his way and received from Mr. Gandon unremitting attention with regard to each detail, he was sometimes called on by persons in high position to undertake other commissions, which were carried out in many cases. He made numerous friends, and men of rank, such as Lord Tyrone and others, recognised the greatness of the genius with whom they had to deal. John Howard, the philanthropist, said of him at this time, "An ingenious man and a treasure if you can keep him in Ireland."

While looking always for the best talent to do credit to his work and obliged in the first instance to largely import labour from the other side, Gandon was ever anxious to seek on the spot for helpers if they could be found. The story of the designing of the Heads of the River Gods is an instance in proof, for while he had already ample specimens of the skill of the great London artists, Carlini and Banks, he was ready to give Edward Smith a chance in the design for the Royal Arms, which, being done to his satisfaction, led to a commission for the figure heads, which are regarded as wonderful examples of skill. Gandon himself considered that in a structure of such magnitude a certain amount of decoration was necessary. Yet "dependence is rather placed on their forms and combinations of the profiles for producing the effects required, the ornaments are few, and an endeavour is aimed at to give these a just character applicable to their destination." The statues on the front were intended to represent the four quarters of the world, and representations of Neptune and Mercury also find a place on the summit of the building, while over all the great statue of Commerce, executed by Edward Smith, signified the purpose of its construction.

We had recently in these columns the advantage of learning how the important Port of Dublin came gradually into being, and we have also had foreshadowed what our river will resemble when the long-continued

drainage scheme is brought to completion. The Custom House unites these two, for when the Anna Liffey flows beneath the last bridge on its way to the sea it comes into touch with the ships of all kinds and nations that have entered our port.

For one hundred and ten years has our beautiful Custom House stood there on the water-way of the city, handed over in its perfected completeness by its designer, who ended his days close to the scene of his labours, and near to the metropolis that he helped so considerably to adorn. Mr. Gandon lived in his later years at Lucan, where it is said he designed no fewer than forty villas, and put forward many projects in connection with public improvements and national memorials. "His Tivoli" he called the scenery of his home, and, ever a martyr to gout, he enjoyed the beauties of his surroundings from a bathchair.

Mr. Gandon was very anxious to see King George IV. as he passed through the village on his way to the Curragh, and it was hinted that Royal honours were desired for him on the part of the Monarch in recognition of his talents, but Mr. Gandon was too aged and weakly at the time for the meeting to take place. He died in 1824, at the age of eighty-two, and a number of his neighbours walked the eight miles to Drumcondra to take part in his funeral. We close this short account of a great work by a quotation from the preface to his life—"The noble buildings with which this great master (Gandon) embellished our metropolis have rendered his name dear to every Irishman, and will hand it down to the latest posterity as that of the most distinguished architect that Ireland has ever employed in her service."

COST OF TRAVELLING ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

IN the current number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* we get an insight into the expenses of travelling as experienced by a Dublin gentleman, Mr. Humfrey, who was living in Fitzwilliam Street a century back.

This gentleman would appear to have crossed frequently over to England, and as he kept a record of the prices he paid *en route* during his journeys, we are afforded a comparison between the charges then made, and what the modern tourist is able to accomplish with far less fatigue and expense. The fare from Dublin to Holyhead was one guinea for each first-class passenger, and half a guinea for a servant. The price for carrying a gig was also a guinea, with five shillings additional as "slinging money" (charge for loading). A horse was the same as a gig, but three shillings and sixpence sufficed for the "slinging."

The sums paid for posting to the various places varied, one stage to Cheltenham of fifty-five miles costing—horses, £4 7s. 6d.; turnpike, 14s. 2d.; postboys, 14s. 6d.; total £5 16s. 2d.; while another to Leamington of forty-four miles came to—horses, £3 6s.; turnpike, 8s. 3d.; and postboys, 11s.; total £4 5s. 3d. The number of miles traversed each day ranged from 20 on one occasion to 102 on another, and the setting down of each place stopped at, with the sums paid to get there, gives us some idea of the slowness of transit, and the consequent fatigue our ancestors underwent when they wandered from home, and which contrasts so strangely with the rapidity of an express train dashing past the old-time stopping places and covering an entire journey in a few

hours that formerly occupied several days, and at a cost, too, many degrees cheaper.

The charges at the English Inns in 1827, as set down in the diaries of this "Last Century Tourist," are pretty much the same as at the present day, two shillings for breakfast and three shillings for dinner, &c., but money was of somewhat higher value then than now.

It is of interest to notice that soda water, which the traveller obtained at the King's Head, Derby, cost eightpence, and the old and ever present grievance of tips to servants is alluded to, and is entered at from three to four shillings at every inn where he stopped the night. The Post Coach in which Mr. Humfrey with his family journeyed from Bath to London cost him £5 4s., and it did 108 miles in the day. While travelling in Ireland, we learn that from Dublin to Castleblayney in the Monaghan Coach, it took from six o'clock in the morning until five in the evening, and cost twenty-five shillings.

It is impossible to read these accounts of touring without admiring the energy of those who underwent the process of changing horses and numerous stoppages, and a rate of travel, in some instances, not exceeding five and a half miles an hour, while paying large sums for the privilege, and wondering how they would regard the modern methods of locomotion.

HOLYHEAD IN 1748.

IN these days, when but a few minutes elapse between the arrival of the passengers at Holyhead and the departure of the boats, it is of interest to read what the good people had to endure a century and a half ago when they desired to make their way to this country from England.

A gentleman, writing in October, 1748, says, "I arrived at Holyhead Wednesday last, and am one, I believe, of a thousand passengers who are waiting for a fair wind to Ireland." This gentleman had been previously at Chester, and hearing that a ship was to sail from Parkgate, had hastened thither on horseback to take advantage of a passage which promised to be done with all speed, for among the company on board was an Officer who carried despatches for the Lord Lieutenant, one of which was a reprieve for a person sentenced to death. The weather proved unfavourable, and his ship, after making several attempts to do the voyage, had to get back to the coast near Parkgate and was not even able to land its passengers; but kept them tossing on the water, within sight of shore, till next morning. Then some of the party decided to take horses and guides, and to make for the Head. It was night by this time, and a fisherman lent good aid by getting over some fords near Flint, and after riding twenty-two miles the travellers reached Holyhead, and heard the town was so crowded there was no room or entertainment, but fortunately meeting with an agreeable set of gentlemen that the writer knew, they did the best for each other, and the time passed pleasantly. Two Fellows of Trinity College and two counsellors, or

lawyers, were of the company. The place was also full of labouring men returning from the harvest, and with their wives and children and other poor persons numbered nearly seven hundred, who would all have been very badly off for food, but for a collection made on their behalf by their richer fellow-travellers ; but new people arriving each day from Beaumaris and Chester made provisions very dear. Several accidents had happened owing to the weather, and many fishermen had been lost while looking for herrings during the storm.

THE DOWN SURVEY AND ITS MAKER.

THE majority of Irish people have heard of the Down Survey, but probably to many their knowledge of it or what it means, does not extend beyond its curious designation, which has, indeed, sometimes caused it to be regarded as specially connected with the county bearing that title. Now, the Down Survey—which it may be mentioned simply means a specification of lands *surveyed down* on a map, in contradistinction to a civil survey, which consisted of lists or registers only—was one of the most remarkable undertakings ever accomplished in Ireland, and its utility is testified to by the fact that to the present day, use is made of it in regard to divisions of land in this country. When one looks back over the various bills that have been passed, and Acts of Parliament formulated dealing with the question of the ownership of the land of Ireland, it comes as a surprise to find that but two centuries and a half ago the greater part of the country was being parcelled out, and sub-divided in the manner told in the history of the Down Survey. Space would not permit a detailed account of this great work, but a brief outline must be given to properly understand the positions of affairs in the year 1654, when Dr. William Petty was charged with his peculiar task. The civil war was over in 1652, and the “kingdom of Ireland” was at the disposal of the Parliament, inasmuch as the Church or Crown lands, and the estates of those who could not prove that they had shown “constant good affection” were appropriated by the “powers that be” for the reward of those who had rendered valuable service, or given money in the late troubles. These forfeited estates comprised the greater

part of the country, and whoever of the native population that remained, with any claim of incumbrance, was ordered to migrate into the province of Connaught, or tempted by subsidies to go abroad.

Our purpose here is, as clearly as may be in a small compass, to deal with the Down Survey, so we pass quickly over the historical portion of this unsettled period, and the treatment meted out to the inhabitants by their rulers, and come now to the different claimants for the dispossessed lands of the Irish people. They were many in number, and different in class and qualification. These were first the "adventurers," who were persons who had advanced "or adventured" money to the Parliament for the purposes of the war, and to whom had been pledged so many thousands of Irish acres. Then there was the army, for the pay of the soldiers was in arrears, and it was quite understood that they were, according to the custom of the time, to get their share of the spoil, and then the Government had to reserve a considerable portion for the payment of some of the public debts, and the rewarding of the more distinguished supporters of the Parliamentary cause.

This, then, was the condition of poor Ireland. She was to be cut up, divided, and handed over in proper and equitable portions to the large host who were eagerly seeking to get as goodly an inheritance for themselves, and their heirs, as possible. The Government took as their share the Crown and Church lands, the titles and the forfeited lands in the Counties Dublin, Kildare, Carlow, and Cork. The adventurers were to be satisfied with 11,000 acres charged on Munster, 205,000 on Leinster, and 45,000 on Ulster, and it was arranged that in July, 1653, a lottery should be held in London to decide first in which province each adventurer was to have his allotment, and then in which of the ten counties it was to fall. It has been mentioned that Connaught had been given over entirely to the Irish

owners in the original scheme, but subsequently Sligo, and parts of Mayo and Leitrim, were allotted for some of the army that had fought in England, then the forfeited lands in Connaught itself were found to be very considerable.. Next Donegal, Leitrim, Longford, and Wicklow, were given to the garrisons of the Munster cities, certain portions of Dublin and Cork were reserved for maimed soldiers, and the widows of those who had perished in the wars, and a number of desirable persons who might wish to leave their own Province of Connaught in consequence of the Irish transplantation were offered lands of equal value on the left bank of the Shannon.

Thus much of explanation is necessary to get even a small idea of the magnitude of the task that lay before the Government officials who were charged with the carrying out of this great scheme. It was computed there were some 35,000 claimants to be satisfied, and as the value of the land varied according to the province it was situated in, various calculations had to be made in order to effect just apportionments. It was evident, however, that the very first thing necessary was a survey and a map, and although the Surveyor-General (Benjamin Worsley) was on the spot, and several attempts at settlement had been begun, the Lord-Deputy Fleetwood perceived that a man of exceptional powers would be required to grapple with, and carry out, the difficult plan that had been embarked on, and his choice fell on Dr. William Petty, who was then filling the position of Physician-General to the Army in Ireland, but was already well known for his great scientific attainments, and possession of more than ordinary powers of organisation. The Act for this Survey and Distribution of Forfeited Lands was passed in 1653, but so many preliminary negotiations and arrangements had to be effected that the work did not really commence until 1655, and was finished in 1656.

To recount the difficulties and the opposition that

Petty met with in the course of his labours would take many pages. He had jealous rivals watching every move, and anxious to detect any error. He had divers parties to please, all seeking to gain the best advantage for themselves, and he had his own upright will and determination to do justice to all if possible, but to withstand any attempt to alter what he conceived was the right course to carry out. Many changes had to be made from the original plans, as the work displayed new complications as it proceeded, but beyond a slight extension of time, Dr. Petty never hesitated until he saw the completion of the purpose he put before him. His first step was to engage a staff of 1,000 persons, forty of whom were clerks, and the remainder mostly surveyors and measurers, and we get a picture at this early stage of the master of this vast corps when he planned his course of action, and met the objections and opinions of those who differed from him at the first. "His way was to retire early to his lodgings, when his supper was only a handful of raisins and a piece of bread. He would bid one of his clerks, who wrote a fair hand, go to sleep, and while he ate his raisins and walked about he would dictate to the other clerk, who was a ready man at shorthand. When this was fitted to his mind, the other was roused and set to work, and he went to bed, so that all was ready." It was at first intended that the survey of the lands, and their distribution, might be carried out together, but this was soon found to be impracticable, and the survey was completed before the distribution began, an arrangement the more necessary in consequence of some partial distribution having been made previous to Dr. Petty's appointment, which caused confusion and dissatisfaction, and which, together with dispute among the committees of officers, and fresh grantees constantly coming from England, rendered the settlement a doubly difficult task. Petty had to enter into several bonds

and agreements both as regards what he was to do, and the remuneration he was to receive, the powers that were to be granted to him, and the rules and plan of work he was to observe, all of which have been very fully recorded by Dr. Petty himself in the writings he has left on the subject, wherein also he recounts the troubles and anxieties that were put in his path each step of the way, when at the age of 33 he commenced the "survey laid down" of Ireland.

To follow the labours of the surveyors and admeasurers as they went up and down the land over bog and waste ground, putting down on their lists the "parcelis great or small" over which they passed, noting likewise what was profitable ground, and what unprofitable, taking knowledge of how much belongs to each delinquent proprietor, and naming clearly the barony and bound of each estate. Likewise observing all walls, hedges, ditch, or valleys that came in their way, and noticing all castles, churches, raths, or hills that were to be seen. Very explicit instructions also were given as to the method in which all observations and measurements were to be made "upon single sheets of large paper," and the care to be taken to secure that no defective work could pass as "good and allowable." Dr. Petty made his terms as to the sum he was to receive, and the amount he had to pay his workpeople, but not the least of his difficulties was the circumstance that he frequently had to use his own resources while the survey was in progress, and was even in the end paid in different fashion from what he at first expected. Among his staff he employed a number of men skilled in various arts, according to the work he required them to do, such as a wiremaker for the measuring chains, a watchmaker for the magnetical needles, with their pins, and others of different trades to suit his requirements, besides obtaining from London time scales, protractors, and compass-cards, as well as a "magazine of royale paper,

mouth glue, colours, and pencils," for Petty supplied his agents with everything "whatsoever they sent for, into the country, furnished them many times with extraordinary hands, made up their worke fair for them when they had finisht it in the field, paid them their moneyes before due uppon rebates, also when accompts were difficult to be made up, or notes and receipts lost, he compounded with them by the lump, and he never had any suit of law, and but one complaint to council, and but one arbitration uppon the numerouse intricate contracts which he had occasion to make."

The previous surveys made in Ireland had only been those of the County Londonderry, and the King's and Queen's Counties, and what was known as the Stafford Survey. Worsley had also been making surveys for grants, and forfeitures, but to Petty came the idea of connecting each previous attempt, and make a general survey of the three provinces. To him also belongs the credit of making territorial and natural boundaries the chief objects, instead of the former method of using estate boundaries only, the advantage of the former, from their permanency, being far greater, more particularly in view of the fact that the survey itself was for the purpose of changing and altering the extent of the estates themselves. The practice he enjoined of mentioning prominent buildings, heights of mountains, and a variety of general information regarding roads and harbours, marked out, as has been well said, the enlarged views he took of the work before him. "It would be no easy task in our own day," writes Sir Thomas Larcom, "to accomplish in thirteen months even a traverse survey in outline of 5,000,000 acres in small divisions, and it was immeasurably greater then. But then, as now, the difficulties of the direction of such an operation did not lie in the work itself. They arose from the obstructions thrown around him by ignorance

on the one hand, and jealousy on the other ; without any power possessing sufficient knowledge, strength, and general control to afford protection and support."

The story of Dr. Petty's trials and difficulties have been related at full length in the *History of the Down Survey*, written by himself, but the admirable manner in which he carried it out has been borne testimony to by more than one writer, and how complete was the confidence inspired by what was done is shown by the fact that within a brief period of the distribution houses were built, trees planted, marriage jointures and family settlements made on the lands thus disposed of "as in a Kingdom at peace within itself, and where no doubt would be made of the validity of the titles." When Petty delivered up the result of "his worke as compleat and perfect," he was subjected to a severe and close enquiry into many matters connected with it that his enemies brought against him, but after a prolonged suspense he was absolved from all accusations made against him, and received the payments that were due. Such in brief was the purpose accomplished and intended by the "Survey laid down," or "laid down by admeasurement," and which first got its designation from "the word Down being so written as often as it occurs in the MS."

FAMILY LIFE IN DUBLIN 150 YEARS AGO.

SELDOM has there been a more interesting story told of bygone days in Dublin, than that revealed by Mr. H. F. Berry in the last number of the journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, just published. The article is entitled "Diary of a Dublin Lady in the Reign of George II." and although we are informed by Mr. Berry that the notes he has extracted from the diary are mainly concerned with the prosaic business of recording money spent, the items are coupled in each instance with some facts which give them a very real personal interest, and which, with the light connecting touches imparted by Mr. Berry, make altogether a complete picture of the social life in our city a century and a half ago, as participated in by a family occupying a good position. The diary is that of a Mrs. Bayly, whose husband had an appointment in the Court of Exchequer, and these "domestic account books" found their way in course of time to the Record Office, where, we doubt not, many similar interesting records are still reposing were life but long enough to search through the treasures stored there, and in the meanwhile we are grateful to Mr. Berry for giving us a peep into Mrs. Bayly's home circle as seen through the medium of her house-keeping expenditure. We can fancy that no one would be more astonished than the good lady herself if she could have known that her simple little daily jottings would provide both amusement and pleasure to far-off generations, just as, perhaps, the price of our lunch to-day at Mitchell's and the tram fare to Dalkey, might prove most entertaining reading to anyone who came across note books in the twenty-

first century. The Bayly family lived in Peter Street, at that time a favourite street for the homes of barristers and solicitors. They attended Divine Service at St. Bride's Church close by, now, sad to say, falling into ruin, and we learn that on the death of Mr. Bayly in 1753, the family pew there was draped in mourning. This cost a guinea. When out at Milltown for the summer the family went to Donnybrook Church. There were, apparently, five Misses Bayly, and we trace their education through the sums paid to different masters, Mr. Haskins getting £1 2s. 9d. "for teaching the five girls to write." They also had dancing lessons, and "Elizabeth and Nancy were taught to sing and play on the spinnet." They were also sent with their attendants to see the several amusements and shows going on in Dublin, the price of the admission paid being entered with great precision by their careful and business-like mother. We are made fully acquainted with the amount of wine got in at a time to stock the cellar, and it is new to learn that "hock" was considered good for the jaundice and for fever. To get change of air, it was thought quite far enough to journey to Harold's Cross, where Mrs. Bayly arranged for sufficient rooms for her family and man-servant, with "the use of the dairy, and leave to walk when we please in the garden." for 15s. a week. In 1761 Mrs. Bayly and one of her daughters made a great excursion to Tinnahinch, Powerscourt, and the Dargle, and spent £2 0s. 9d. The list of books read by the family, most of them of a religious kind, is interesting, as showing the style of literature of the day, while "the newswoman" supplied newspapers, for a quarter, for the large sum of 2s. 2d. There is a touch of nature that will bring Mrs. Bayly very near to mistresses of households at the present day to learn that she had to part several of her maid servants for "saucy tongues," while the calls on her purse to the nurses who cared her children were very



QUEEN ANNE HOUSES, WEAVER SQUARE.

PUBLIC



DRAWINGROOM--KENMARE HOUSE,

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heavy indeed. The Bayly family were evidently very fond of the theatre, and when the daughters of the house were grown up, and presented at the Castle, they seem to have led a very lively, fashionable life, visiting the play-house when the best actors were performing, and attending the concerts and other entertainments going on. They also went to the Marlborough Gardens, as well as to the Rotunda, then termed Mosse's Gardens, from the name of the founder of the hospital. Mrs. Bayly does not omit to mention the sums she lost or won while playing cards—a form of amusement at that time greatly in vogue in polite society. “Lost at cards at Mrs. Lodge's drum, 2s. 2d.; paid for the cards, 6½d.” There are numerous entries for “chair hire.” But the most interesting in this respect is the one for the day that Mrs. Bayly went down in a sedan to Dublin Castle to invest £200 in two debentures at 5 per cent. “Walked home, but the money was so heavy I could not walk going.” Was it all in silver or copper, we may ask? We get glimpses of festivities at different places, through the “tips” given to servants when Mrs. Bayly went abroad. When she dined at the Lord Chief Baron's, she gave my lord's servants 2s. 2d., and when she and her daughter dined at the Lord Chancellor's they gave “Mr. Norman, the butler, 2s. 2d., and another footman of my lord's 1s. 1d.” Breakfasts in Trinity College, debates in the Parliament House, and balls at the Mansion House, were also among the matters chronicled in this wonderful diary. The illumination of the windows in the Peter Street house took place in 1759, and eighteen sockets were paid for for this occasion. Mrs. Bayly, too, did not forget the charities of the city she lived in, and visited some of them in person, and in 1764, she sent a guinea to “the excellent Lady Arabella Denny,” then founding the Magdalen Asylum in Lower Leeson Street. She bought numerous lottery tickets, which took the place of the bazaars of the present day as a

way of raising money for different hospitals. One of the most curious and entertaining portions of Mr. Berry's paper is that referring to the old signs, and names of the Dublin shops and inns. Mrs. Bayly, he says, never omitted when mentioning anything she bought to add the name or sign of the place where she got it, and as these are now almost extinct (the numbering of present-day streets rendering them unnecessary), the long list rescued from the past of these quaint titles is most interesting. Mr. Berry has drawn for us from the pages of what many might regard as an unlikely volume, a life-like sketch of our city, as it was in the days of its great brilliancy and fashion, and shown it to us as it must have appeared to the eyes of Mrs. Delany, and Dean Swift.

THE OLD CHURCH AND PARISH OF ST. BRIDE.

WHILE, as practical, sensible citizens, we must look gladly at the great scheme that is in contemplation for the improvement of a very old and dilapidated portion of Dublin, it is permissible for the antiquarian and the dreamer to give a sigh of regret for the removal of ancient landmarks and places associated with the past. In the Bill that is to be presented to Parliament during the next Session to enable Lord Iveagh to carry out the vast project he has in view with regard to what is termed "The Bull Alley Area," there is the following paragraph:—"Powers will be taken, if thought fit, to remove the remains of any bodies buried in the church or churchyard of St. Bridget's, comprised within the said area, and for the reinterment of the same, and for the removal of such church and churchyard;" and this removal is now actively going forward. Very soon there will be nothing left of St. Bride's. When we remember that the history of the parish commences in the middle of the twelfth century, and has continued down to within the last few years, it can be conceived what an important place it has occupied in the church records of our city. Situated in what was formerly the business centre, and then fashionable quarter of Dublin, we find constant mention made of St. Bride's Church and parish in all old annals and deeds. We learn here of the "Tylting Table," where is stated the fixed tithes to be paid to the minister on festivals and certain occasions, the Easter Offering being, from every married couple, 4d. sterling, and every single man or woman 2d. sterling; while, at the same season, "the Parish Clerke, for his attendance in the church the whole year," received

from each householder four-pence sterling. The Minister also got a portion of the profits from the Mills, the Cattle, and the "Corne" that were owned by his parishioners.

We notice that in 1685 St. Bridget's Church was rebuilt, and in 1723 it was "beautified at the expense of the parish, and a large bell hung up." In 1762 there was a new pulpit erected, which cost £50, and just a hundred years later (1860) this "three-decker" was removed, and a low pulpit and various other changes were introduced, and a number of improvements effected at the cost of £800. It is recorded that a new "Altar-piece" appeared in the church so far back as 1769. It cost £50, and a further sum was paid later for "painting the Altar," which was done the same year. A great renovation and repairing was carried out in 1789, when new slating, new flooring, and new painting was done at the cost of upwards of £500. There were several other improvements carried out during the years between this time and 1860, when the most marked alteration was effected, both inside and out.

It was in this old Church of St. Bride that many of the Bishops of the last century were consecrated. We read that Dr. John Hoadley, Archbishop of Dublin, here consecrated, in 1742, Dr. John Rider, Bishop of Killaloe, on which occasion the Rev. Dr. Brandratt "preacht an excellent consecration sermon." In 1758 Dr. Thomas Salmon was here made Bishop of Ferns and Leighlin by his Grace Charles Cobb, Archbishop of Dublin, assisted by William Carmichael, Bishop of Meath (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin), and William Bernard, Bishop of Derry. The list of clergymen connected with St. Bride's goes back to 1180, and throughout are the names of many who rose to eminence and distinction. To judge from the charity sermons that were delivered in this church, and the numbers of distinguished preachers, we can form an idea of the crowded and fashionable congregations that were in

the habit of worshipping there. The chief Church dignitaries of the day in turn preached in St. Bride's for the various objects of the parish, while remarkable men, such as Dr. Lawson, Lewis Kerr, the famous school-master; Henry Peckwell, of whom it was said that "in St. Bride's pulpit he flung his arms about like a wind-mill;" John Walker, the founder of the "Walkerite Society;" James Whitelaw, and Walter Kirwan, lent their aid in the cause of charity, in some cases with wonderful results. It is stated that on the day that Dean Kirwan preached the largest collection ever got here was received, the amount being £344. The sum, however, is a small one compared with the sums given in St. Peter's Church after an appeal by the same most eloquent preacher, when on one occasion, for St. Peter's Schools, £720 was obtained, and in the same place, in the same year (1796), for the Female Orphans, no less than £1,015 was gathered from the congregation. In addition to the above-mentioned celebrated preachers at St. Bride's, special mention must be made of the Rev. Peter Roe, of St. Mary's, Kilkenny, who preached in St. Bride's Church in 1805, when "the church used to be crowded to such excess that the very windows were filled, even outside, and not one spot in the whole church was left unoccupied. . . . the interest excited was exceeded only by that called forth by Dean Kirwan."

Many noted people, now long forgotten, lie buried in the graveyard, and the church itself contained several memorials of the dead. A bust of Dr. Lawson was subscribed for in 1758, "to be placed in a conspicuous place of the church in order to transmit to posterity the high sense they (the parishioners) had of his many excellent qualities, and their gratitude for the number of learned discourses delivered by him in that church, which was not less than one hundred and eleven, many of them charity sermons, by means whereof the fund had

been considerably enriched." Sir William Petty (author of the Down Survey, and grandfather of Lady Arabella Denny) was living in Dublin in 1670, and had the misfortune to lose two of his children from smallpox in that year. He died in London in 1687, and left by his will £50 for a small monument to be set up in St. Bride's Church in memory of his son, John, and his near kinsman John Petty. His stepson, Sir William Fenton, had also been buried in St. Bride's Churchyard. The streets surrounding St. Bride's Church were for more than two hundred years occupied by families of position and distinction, and among the names of the residents in what is now a most uninviting locality can be found the ancestors of some of our most distinguished fellow-countrymen of the present day, who were in their own time persons of note and importance. Sir John Gilbert has given us a census of the inhabitants of many of these streets, taken in 1659, when the curious custom was followed of distinguishing the English from the Irish. In Bride Street itself we notice that there were at this time living there 232 English and 54 Irish persons. Among the former was Lady Philips and her son Robert, while in Sheep Street, close by, was the Lord Aungier. The proportion of English to Irish in the parish at this period was six to one, which probably accounts for the greater amount of wealth and fashion in this quarter of the city, as so many of them held high official and military positions.

The long list of notable people who dwelt in this region who were connected with St. Bride's parish in the eighteenth century is a most remarkable and interesting record. We are reminded of some of the greatest men of the time, and are brought in close touch with them by the simple entries in the vestry-books of this ancient church. William Swift, the great Dean's uncle, "the best of my relatives," was buried at St. Bride's in 1705,

while his other uncle, Godwin Swift, lived at the corner of Bull Alley. In 1699 was granted the marriage license of Joseph Fenton, and "Jane Swift of Bride Street." In 1742, on the 5th February, there died "at his house in Bride Street," the Right Rev. Anthony Dopping, Lord Bishop of Ossory. Thomas Morgan, Recorder of Dublin, and John Forbes, who was Lord Mayor in 1756, were both associated with the church, as were also William Scott, Justice of the King's Bench, and Arthur Wolfe, later Viscount Kilwarden. The father of Theobald Wolfe Tone lived at 27 Bride Street in the year 1773, and James Napper Tandy lived in the parish in 1794. There were several celebrated inns in Bride Street, "the Queen's Head" (where Sir Francis Burdett lodged a hundred years ago), being one of the oldest, while the "Robin Hood" is described as one of the greatest inns in Dublin. There were several institutions, such as schools and alms-houses, built in connection with the parish church, and from time to time we meet with mention of donations given towards their support, as in 1696 Mr. William Story gives £50 for the school, and in 1818 Thomas Pleasants bequeathed three thousand pounds for the same object. In 1689 Sir William Domville, Knt., "bequeaths the sum of £50 to be put out to buy coals for ye poor," and in 1697 Lady Elizabeth Domville gave £5 "for ye poore," and the same year Mrs. Katherine Story left £20 for the school. In the "Notes from the Diary of a Dublin Lady in the reign of George II.," recently published, we gain an insight into the home life of a family in easy circumstances and mixing in good society in Dublin in the middle of the last century. Mr. Bayly occupied a position in the Court of Exchequer, and resided with his family in Peter Street, at that time a favourite place of residence for members of the legal profession. Mr. and Mrs. Bayly and their son and daughter went to St. Bride's Church, where they had a pew, and their

family burial place was in the vaults beneath the church. Mr. Bayly died in April, 1753, and their pew was draped in mourning—a fact that his wife mentions in her diary, coupled with the statement that the doing so cost a guinea. Among the notices of the year 1777 is one declaring that the west side of Bride Street, being part of the Libertys, of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, "is not guarded by any watchman in the night, and that robbers and other rogues, when pursued by the watchmen of this parish, do make their escape by running there for shelter," and a request was to be made to the Chapter to remedy this state of things, and not allow their Libertys to be any longer a harbour for the rioters and thieves, "as it is long known to be so." The Vestry of St. Bride, on their part, appointed at this time ten additional watchmen, armed with helmets, swords, and halberts, and directed them "to watch and patrol in a silent manner, with dark lanthorns, and without hideous outcries to disturb the peace of the inhabitants who pay them, and to warn rogues to keep out of their way." That this further protection was not unnecessary we may judge from a paragraph in a newspaper dated 8th March, 1765, which informs us: "Last night an attempt was made to break into the house of Hugh Carmichael, Esq., Bride Street, by applying a Ladder to the street windows, and a great part of the leads of said house were then stript off and carried away, notwithstanding a Watchman's Stand is almost opposite to the said house."

It was in 1698, exactly two hundred years ago, that an Act of Parliament was passed by King William whereby every county in Ireland was to plant or cause to be planted so many trees of different sorts at seasonable times yearly. The number of trees so allotted that fell to the share of the county of the city of Dublin amounted to no less than 21,500, and the Grand Jury did apportion "ye number of trees, Oke, Elme, and Fire to be planted

by ye Parrish of St. Bridget's amounted to two hundred." However, in 1702, when the ministers and church wardens met and took this order into their consideration, they stated "they doe find that there is not Land in ye said parish to plant ye said Trees, and they doe, therefore, find ye Execution of this Act as to ye said parish of St. Bridget's wholly Impracticable." In thus briefly touching on some of the incidents in relation to this most ancient quarter of Dublin much has been omitted of equal interest and novelty in regard to the past history of the parish; but it is, perhaps, sufficient to recall, even for a moment, before they pass away for ever, the scenes that were enacted, and were centred around the now disused Church of St. Bridget.

THE MAKER OF THE DOWN SURVEY.

SIR WILLIAM PETTY.

ONE of the most remarkable men of his own, or, indeed, of any age, was William Petty, who was born on the 26th May, 1623, at the little town of Rumsey, in the County of Hampshire. His father was, we are told, a clothier and a dyer of cloths, and at an early period in his life did his clever son develop those characteristics of enterprise and independence which he displayed so remarkably later on. William Petty when 12 years old could work, it is said, at any of the trades, such as carpenters, joiners, and watchmakers, that he saw in his native village, and had also acquired a competent smattering of Latin, and began Greek before he was 15. He made a voyage to Caen in Normandy, while still a boy, and not only contrived by a series of little speculations and small earnings to support himself for a time, but also learned the French tongue and continued his classical studies. He later became a student of the College of Caen, where he got instructions "in common arithmetic, practical geometry, and astronomy, conducing to navigation, dialling, etc.," which fitted him for entrance when 20 years of age to the King's Navy in England, having also a good knowledge of mathematics. When the Civil War broke out young Petty retired, and took up his residence on the Continent, and there remained for several years, frequenting the various schools of learning at Utrecht, Leyden, and Amsterdam, and the School of Anatomy in Paris. During his sojourn abroad Petty made acquaintance with a number of distinguished persons, who quickly recognised the abilities of the young student. At this

time there was much intellectual controversy going on in Paris, and there were congregated, in addition to the leading minds of France, a number of noted Englishmen, who sought refuge from the disturbed conditions at home, to follow out more congenial pursuits.

Space would not permit us to linger at length over this interesting portion of Petty's career, but there can be no doubt that he had exceptional opportunities of meeting the great intellects and fertile minds of the age, and of hearing discussions on subjects such as astronomy, physics, and physiology among a company that comprised such men as Hobbes, the philosopher, Dr. Pell, the mathematician, Father Mersen, and many others. At all times one is struck when reading the story of Petty's life by the indomitable energy and courage he displayed in the search after knowledge, and this under conditions of want and poverty, for while he was holding converse with these great master-minds he was extremely poor, and lived, according to record, one week, at least, on "threepenny worth of walnuts," and suffered many privations. When he returned to England his father had just died, and he took up his business for a time, but a mind like Petty's was not likely to rest quiet in such a fashion, and after a short while he comes into notice again with a most remarkable invention, for which he obtained a patent, this "being an instrument whereby any man may write two resembling copies of the same thing at once," in other words similar to a modern device for obtaining duplicate copies of letters at the one and the same time. His next enterprise is even more extraordinary, for remember we are speaking of the middle of the seventeenth century, and this was a suggestion that "Literary Workhouses" should be established, in which children may be taught as well to do something towards their living as to read and write—as he considered that

before learning reading and writing children should be acquainted with the things they read of, and have some thoughts worth recording in writing, so he thought it would be more profitable to spend some years in the study of things than "in a rabble of words," and also that the business of education should be committed, not to the worst and unworthiest of men, as was the custom, but should "be studied and practised by the best and ablest persons." The various ways in which Petty became known are related in the chronicles of the time, but one remarkable incident can only be touched on here, as it led more directly to his further advancement, and this was the marvellous restoration to life of a woman who had been executed for murder at Oxford, and certified to be dead, but by the united efforts of Drs. Petty and Wilkins survived for many years after. Petty had been created a Fellow of Brasenose some short time previous on the recommendations of several distinguished men, who testified to his ability, and after assisting the Professor of Anatomy in the University he finally succeeded to that post, which he held, with another appointment bestowed on him by Gresham College—namely, that of Professor of Music. At Oxford he was in the midst of a very learned company, but he ever took a foremost place in all the gatherings that pertained to subjects in which he was interested.

We now come to his first connection with Ireland, with the fortunes of which country he was destined to have a good deal to say, and with which to the present day his name is associated, as many of the broad acres of Kerry form part of the heritage of his descendant, the Marquis of Lansdowne. In 1652 Dr. Petty was appointed Physician-General to the Army in Ireland, and he landed at Waterford on the 10th September in that year. Within a short time he effected many improvements, and by his wonderful energy and management, he not only supplied all the hospitals

and garrisons with all they required from his department, but contrived to do so at less expense than before. For several years Petty's work lay in a different direction than attending to the wants and needs of sick soldiers, for he was soon called on to take up the administration of the great scheme of land distribution, as related in a former paper. It was not until 1658 that the labour connected with the "Down Survey" was ended, for Petty was chosen as a member of the committee for allotting the adventurers' lands, even after those of the army had been concluded. Petty was now elected to Parliament, for both West Looe, in Cornwall, and Kinsale, and chose to represent the former place.

We next find him defending his character from a serious charge brought against him by Sir H. Sankey, in connection with his work on the Down Survey, wherein he was accused of gaining many advantages to himself in the way of lands and money, to the detriment of the Parliament, and of others. To all these accusations Dr. Petty was able to return a clear answer, to show how in his best labours, carried on under great difficulties, it was impossible but that many would be dissatisfied with his decisions, but he was able to show clearly that in anything that he now possessed in Ireland he received it as payment for his work, or purchased it from those who wished to sell, by permission of the Council, and that if a strict account were taken it would be found that the State was still his debtor.

As Parliament was immediately dissolved, Petty returned to Ireland, and the disturbed condition of affairs caused no further action to be taken in the matter, although it was not allowed to drop by his enemies, and on the resignation of Richard Cromwell (the Protector having died the year before, 1658), he was dismissed from all his appointments by the political party then in force, and was deprived of his Fellowship at Brasenose College on the 9th August, 1659.

Never daunted by whatever happened to him, we meet with Dr. Petty in a few months in the company of all the scientific and learned men of the early days of the reign of Charles the Second, among whom were the members of the Philosophical Society of Oxford, now all assembled in London, and meeting at Gresham College. Here they formed themselves into an association for the discussion and promotion of experimental philosophy, and Dr. Petty is still to the fore with the papers he read at the meetings, and came under the special notice of the King from his investigations of medical chemistry, and the art of navigation, which led to his having the honour of knighthood bestowed on him, an event which took place on the 15th July, 1662, on the occasion of the incorporation of the Royal Society, of which Petty was naturally one of the original members. Sir William appears in so many of the important enterprises of the period that it is difficult to condense an account of them. But it may be named that he wrote papers on such subjects as the plague, the history of clothing, and advanced many views concerning "The Building of Shippes," while his "double-bottomed cylindrical vessel" has been regarded ever since as a most remarkable experiment, and which competed with success in a race between Dublin and Holyhead, with the packet-boat, and in 1663 he built another on the same model, which he sent also successfully across the Channel, having first given his crew and their families an entertainment before starting. "Having sent their wives and children in Ringsend coaches, he provided them a banquet of burnt wines and stewed prunes, apple pyes, gingerbread, white sopps, and milke, with apples and nuttes in abundance, and all this, besides meat, tongues, and other more solid food for the men themselves, and soon, after much crying and laughing, hoping and fearing, Sir William got them all to part very quietly, one from

another, intimating to the women that if they succeeded, there was a fleet to be built of double-bottomed vessels whereof every one of their husbands would be a captain ; and in time it was not unlikely that they themselves would be ladyes : unto which they simperingly said, wiping their eyes, that more unlikely things had come to pass."

It has been mentioned that Sir William Petty received as part payment for his services in connection with the Down Survey some of the parcels of land that the Parliament had at their disposal, and he now further increased his possession in Ireland by purchasing some of the land debentures that the officers and soldiers who owned them were ready from their own need to dispose of. It was in the County of Kerry that Petty was originally given his share, it being a portion of the country that every one else tried to avoid obtaining, from its wild and unprofitable nature. However, foreseeing that it possessed possibilities of future development, Petty added by purchase to his property in this district, and became the owner of 50,000 acres.

The settlement of the land question was by no means complete when Charles II. came to the throne, and an Act was passed and a commission appointed dealing with the several sets of persons still having "claims," and in the work published by Sir W. Petty in 1672, entitled *The Political Anatomy of Ireland*, we got an insight into the divisions, wherein the inhabitants of the country were divided, and the respective shares they obtained of its soil. Sir William himself took up the duties of ownership in the then desolate region where his estate lay, with all the ardour of his earnest nature. He established iron and copper works at Kenmare, and endeavoured to develop the sea-fishing industry. For several years he had endless disputes over his rights, and he mentioned in a letter to a friend that he had about thirty law suits connected with his

land in Ireland, and this during a time when his house in London was destroyed by the great fire, and he had suffered great losses also from the same cause.

Sir William married in 1667 Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Hardress Waller, and widow of Sir Maurice Fenton, who is described as "a very beautiful and ingenious lady with glorious eyes . . . an extraordinary wit, as well as beauty." They lived in Dublin for some time, and their two eldest children, a boy and a girl, both died of smallpox in 1670, and were buried in St. Bride's Church, where also was interred Sir William's cousin and near kinsman, John Petty, a fact alluded to in his will, when he leaves "£50 for a small monument to be sett up in St. Bride's Church, Dublin," to their memory. After the death of these children, Lady Petty did not care to reside for some time in Dublin, and during Sir William's absence from her in London, when attending to his Irish affairs, his letters testify to his strong affection, and his anxieties on her behalf, and the little sons and daughter who came later. On one occasion the parting was reversed; it became necessary for Sir William to remain in London, and Lady Petty stayed in Ireland attending to business in Kerry, guided by the written directions of her husband, who counselled her "to be courageous, let not every cross affect you, let none break your rest, talk with everybody, hear all their tales, see with your own eyes." Later on Petty, who fought to the end whenever he considered he had a fair cause, after being shipwrecked crossing the Channel, and seriously ill at another time, besides several minor disasters, finds himself in Chancery, and arrested for contempt of court over the dispute with the farmers of the revenue. He was not, however, kept long in confinement, and consoled himself in the brief period by translating the 104th Psalm! "When I was vexed in considering the wicked works of man, I refreshed myself in considering the wonderful works of God."

It is difficult to crowd into a short notice the multitudinous works, and writings in which this wonderful man occupied himself, and it is necessary only to name briefly the more important of them to give some idea of the variety of his genius. He wrote "Severall Musick Lectures," "Six Phisico-Medicall Lectures read at Oxford." "A Treatise of Irregular Dialls," "Observations on the Bill of Mortality," "Treatise of Taxes," "Satyricall Poems," "Novel Experiments," "Political Arithmetick," and many others. He took a deep interest in all the political questions of the time, and made numerous suggestions which have since been put into practice. He prophesied that the growth of London would be westward, owing to the wind blowing so continuously from that quarter, which would lead wealthy people to move further from the fume steams of the east, he advocated religious toleration in the fullest and broadest sense, he lamented the existence in Ireland of "so many nasty cabbens, in which butter nor cheese, nor linen yarn, nor worsted, can be made to the best advantage by reason of the smoak, as also for the narrowness of the place, which cannot be kept clean nor safe from damp and musty benches, of which all the eggs laid or kept in these cabbens do partake. Wherefore, to the advancement of trade, the reformation of these cabbens is necessary." He calculated that there were in England 10,000 parishes, in each of which there are 100 sermons a year preached, and he speculates on the effects produced by these "one million sermons per annum, composed by so many men of so many minds, and methods, upon the discomposed understandings of above 80 millions of hearers."

Sir William Petty died in 1687, up to the last writing, speaking, and thinking of great matters, reforms and improvements. He left three children, two sons and a daughter, in whose education he had taken the deepest

concern, and drawn up codes of study and action suitable to their needs and position. Of his daughter, Anne (who inherited much of his own business capacity), he wrote to Robert Southwell he hoped "that one day Arithmetik and Accountship will adorn a young woman better than a suit of ribbands, to keep her warmer than a damnable dear manteau." He was in 1680 offered for the second time a peerage, which, however, he declined. Lady Petty was, after his death, created Countess of Shelbourne by James II., and her two sons, Charles and Henry, succeeded in turn to the Earldom. The title becoming extinct in 1751, on the death of the latter, the estates and property left by Sir William Petty passed to the son of Anne Petty, who had married Thomas Fitzmaurice, Earl of Kerry, ancestor of the present Marquis of Lansdowne. Much has been omitted in this brief record of Sir William's life and work in the wilds of Kerry, his residence in Dublin, and the part he took in promoting scientific and other projects in the city; his correspondence with leading statesmen in matters concerning the benefit of Ireland and her people; his founding of the College of Physicians, and drawing up the rules and constitution of the Dublin Society, and many other schemes which he promoted. He was truly a great man, known, perhaps, best in England as the founder of Political Economy, and in Ireland as the maker of the Down Survey. He passed through a troubled life, beset with many cares and disappointments, but to the last he maintained a brave spirit, and in all his writings and works a noble mind, and a genius far in advance of his contemporaries. He died at his house in Piccadilly on the 16th December, 1687, aged 64. He was buried in Abbey Church of the little village of Rumsey, his birthplace, having prayed at the end, "Grant me, O Lord, an easy passage to Thyself, that as I have lived in Thy fear, I may be known to die in Thy favour."

THE CANALS OF DUBLIN.

THE GRAND CANAL.

THE Grand Canal is older by nearly quarter of a century than the Royal. The company that promoted its construction was formed in 1765, and they likewise had a capital of two hundred thousand pounds. Passing, as it does in its earlier portion, through a more fashionable part of the metropolis, the Grand Canal is a familiar object to all residents of the south side of Dublin. Every day thousands pass across its waters over the numerous bridges that connect the suburbs and townships with the business streets, and many fine residences are built along the route it pursues after it leaves the dock at Ringsend up to Portobello. By the banks grow rows of splendid elms, and pleasant shady walks are thus found. Barges full of turf glide smoothly down, and add much that is picturesque to what is truly a pretty scene.

Standing, say, on Leeson Street Bridge, one catches a long vista of tall trees on either side of the canal, their shadows reflected in the water, a boat heavily laden with the brown sods from the bogland far away, a touch of colour in the distance from some red brick building, the merry bark of a dog whose owners are giving it a swim, and there is presented as charming a picture as could be desired. There are many points of beauty on the Grand Canal, and we have merely selected one that is of daily occurrence. It is hard to imagine what Dublin was like before this canal was made. The city was so small, and fields (now covered with streets and houses) stretched away into the country. Toll-gates stopped the traveller on his way to or from the city, and several

of them were situated near to where the canal later formed the boundary.

The fashionable folk who frequented the Ranelagh gardens knew no canal, and the few residences that were scattered here and there on the outskirts of the city in the eighteenth century were regarded as almost in the country, and suitable to resort to by persons requiring change of air.

The Grand Canal begins its journey at Ringsend, and it, too, makes its way up through the sloblands or "Lotts," but this time on the south side of the river, and it goes away to Athy and Mountmellick, and also to Portarlinton, Carlow, and Bagnalstown in the direction of the Barrow, and as far as Killaloe, Portumna, and Dromineer in the Shannon direction. So travels it now, but it was less ambitious in its younger days, and the extension to Athy was only accomplished in 1791, and further afield later on. It was the Commissioners of Inland Navigation who first started the Grand Canal, and for nearly twenty years it was under their control, then its affairs were transferred to a company. The money needed for the work was obtained by means of grants and public loans, a large part of the latter being remitted by the Government when the passenger traffic ceased at the opening of railways.

It is of interest to recall that the portions from the Shannon to Ballinasloe and the Mountmellick and Kilbeggan branches were instituted to give employment to the poor in the earlier half of the nineteenth century. It must not be forgotten that these canals were of great public utility at a time when railways were not, and even at the present time they do good service as a passage for the carrying of heavy goods not suitable for other means of transit.

One notices that in the year 1791 the doings of the canal and its company were particularly active. Most of the bridges that we know so well were erected about

that time, and called by the names of the directors then holding office. We will, therefore, glance at an advertisement of this date, and see what it offers.

“GRAND CANAL PASSAGE BOATS.

“CANAL HARBOUR, JAMES’S STREET.

“A boat sails at 6 o’clock every morning from Dublin for Monasterevan, and another sails from Monasterevan to Dublin at the same hour, and each arrives at its destined place at 4 in the evening. Two other boats sail, one from Dublin and the other from Monasterevan at 7 o’clock, and arrive at 5 in the evening; and two other boats sail from Dublin to Sallins, one at 1 o’clock, which arrives at 6 in the evening, and the other from Monasterevan to Sallins, which arrives also at said hour from the 29th September to the 25th March, and from the 25th March to the 29th September said two boats sail, one from Dublin to Sallins, and the other from Monasterevan to Sallins at 3 o’clock, which respectively arrive at Sallins at 8 o’clock. At 6 o’clock every morning these boats leave Sallins, one for Dublin and the other for Monasterevan, which arrive at their respective stations at the hour of 11 o’clock following. The rate of passage in the first cabin from Dublin to Monasterevan, is 5s. 5d.; second cabin, 2s. 8½d., or a British shilling for every single stage in the first cabin, and a British 6d. in the second. Breakfast, 8d.; dinner, 1s. 7½d.”

We may presume there was some enjoyment in these lengthy canal journeys, although it would not suit modern taste to be so long upon the road, but, like the stage coaches and their passengers, what we have gained in speed has perhaps been a loss in variety. In the summer time, at all events, the hours passed in gliding between the canal banks, by field and meadow, sleepy towns and quiet villages, through locks and under bridges, must have had a pleasure all their own, and the convenience of the conveyance compensated our ancestors for the time spent *en route*, more particularly as they had very little choice in the matter.

As before mentioned, the year 1791 saw an extension of the canal, and most of the bridges got their designations at the same time. We will notice a few of these, and who they were called after.

Down at the starting point at Ringsend, where a metal structure now stands, was at first a draw-bridge of wood, known then as the Brunswick Bascule. A worthy merchant and citizen was George Macquay, of Thomas Street, sugar baker, and member of the Chamber of Commerce and the Ouzel Galley, who stood as godfather to the bridge that crosses what is now called Grand Canal Street, but which up to seventy years ago was known as Artichoke Road. Sir Thomas M'Kenny was also a director of the Canal Company, and a man of importance in his day, but though his surname was bestowed on the next bridge, modern folk forget that fact and call it simply Mount Street bridge, and put the prefix upper to that in succession, probably unaware that its right title is "Huband Bridge," from Joseph Huband, Commissioner of Bankruptcy eleven decades ago. What is the correct name of Baggot Street bridge? And who could remember John Macartney, who was chairman of the company in 1791, and had his name thus perpetuated *and forgotten*. Macartney was an attorney, and lived in Merrion Street. He was also Remembrancer and Auditor of Accounts in the Exchequer, and a member of the Royal Dublin Society. However, everybody knows that we are quite wrong when we speak of Leeson Street Bridge, although it is so printed on the tram tickets, but Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Eustace cannot be passed out of recollection in this fashion, and his name ignored in connection with this most important bridge, ornamented twice in honour of Queen and King, and marking the boundary of the Royal entrance within the city. Colonel Eustace was Deputy chairman of the Canal Company in 1791. He was a member of Parliament and a governor of the Foundling Hospital, and also a member of the Royal Dublin Society.

We pass on to La Touche bridge, which connects the city with the Rathmines Road, and which is often

termed "Portobello," from the district in which it is situated, but was called La Touche bridge from the Mr. William Digges La Touche of the eighteenth century, who was a director of the Bank of Ireland, and lived on the north side of St. Stephen's Green. Further on we meet Parnell Bridge, so known to the present, and owing its designation to the great grandfather of C. S. Parnell, who was created a baronet in 1766, and represented the Queen's County from 1783 to 1801. Sir John was, moreover, a Commissioner of the Revenue in Ireland, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a Lord of the Treasury. We have also Camac Bridge from Turner Camac, who, with Richard Griffith, were directors both, the latter being the father of the well-known, by name Sir Richard, whose "valuation" is so frequently quoted, his bridge being the last but one, which last was termed Harcourt, in compliment to the Viceroy, Earl Harcourt, but for some reason is more usually spoken of as Rialto Bridge.

The canal was in its early days when Lord Edward Fitzgerald strolled along its banks, when in hiding in a residence at Portobello Harbour, and generally had the children of his landlady accompanying him in those evening walks, when he used to laugh and speak merrily with them, although a price was set upon his head. It was in those same times that the canal bridges and canal itself formed "a safeguard to the city," for in 1798, in the month of June, we read that "it is not only the leading avenues on the canal that are provided with defences against the attacks of insurgency, but also the minor bridges and locks, where strong palisades are erected," and one of the caricatures of the period represented Sir William Stamer, who commanded a yeomanry corps, with a spy glass, at the wooden barrier at Baggot Street canal bridge, watching for the Wicklow rebels.

THE ROYAL CANAL.

CROSSING Baggot Street bridge, one day lately, an English visitor remarked to his Irish friend, "I had no idea there were any canals in Dublin." It is true we take small account of the water boundaries of our metropolis, nor reckon them among the attractions to be mentioned; and yet the canals, in their way, add not a little to the picturesque and unique appearance that likens our ancient capital to similar places abroad, and makes it different from the busy, begrimed towns met with in England. On the Continent, in some countries, the canal plays an important part in the commercial and social life of the inhabitants, and no visitor, say to Holland, but must have been surprised at the uses made of this watery highway.

The Dutch canals are, like ours, lined with trees, and thus make shady walks for those who pass along their side paths, and form a pretty setting for the innumerable barges that float upon the surface, delivering goods or carrying passengers. In Holland the busy housewife opens not her front street door to receive the marketing and to do her bargaining. Her goods and produce arrive by water, and while the owner of the provision barge goes within to deliver her wares, she leaves her "ship" in charge of a younger member of her family, just as the donkey cart of Dublin is similarly guarded.

The Grachten or canals of the low-lying Netherlands are very important items in the formation of the country, and in the estimation of its inhabitants, for without them there would practically be but little intercourse between many places.

Again all associations concerning Venice converge round the Canalazzo and smaller canals of this beautiful city. Song and story tell of the gondolas flying hither



GRAND CANAL HOTEL, PORTOBELLO
(About 1870.)



ON THE ROYAL CANAL.

and thither over the waters of the one hundred and fifty by-ways that intersect it, and that the only mode of locomotion is by means of its waters. There are great canals, too, in various parts of the world, passages cut so as to join land to land, and enable a route to be made where none existed before. Panama and Suez have both lent their names to such mighty deeds of achievement. But venture back for a few moments to our own country and city and look with fresh interest mayhap on the specimens that we possess, and pace their banks or cross their flowing streams with greater pleasure when we have given them some little thought and consideration.

There are two canals in Dublin, the Grand and the Royal. We will journey by the shorter one first. The Royal Canal goes from Dublin to the River Shannon, which it joins near Tarmonbury. It starts from two branches, one coming from the River Liffey, near the Lotts, and the other rising near Galfmanogue; these join near Prospect on Glasnevin Road, and pass onward by Lucan, Leixlip, Carton, Kilcock, Mullingar, and other places.

It is not our intention to follow it outside the bounds of the city, so we will look for a moment to its inception, which took place in 1778, when it was incorporated, and had a capital stock to start with of £200,000. The company got a charter, and obtained also an Act of Parliament to further their scheme, and were assisted by £66,000 from the very Liberal and off-hand Parliament then sitting in College Green to aid them in their efforts. The new mode of locomotion was availed of to a large extent by passengers, and there are still some old persons who remember having travelled by this means. The boats were fairly comfortable, and pictures of "fly canal boats" show covered cabins on the decks, which give the idea that in fine weather, and if time was no object, the trip would be very enjoyable. Meals

could be obtained on board at moderate prices, and the fares for the various journeys fixed at reasonable sums.

Every day a boat started from Dublin, and one also from the other end, so that a constant service was kept up. The dock of the Royal Canal is close to what we now call the North Wall, and the old designation of "the Lotts" owes its origin to the fact that these slob lands, covered with water at high tide, were portioned out in 1773 to members of the Corporation by the drawing of lots, and which ground was reclaimed from the inroads of the river by the building of the North Wall.

We pick up some memories of more than a century back as we pass by the bridges that span the waters of the canal, for as each archway was constructed it received the name of a director of the company who were carrying out this great scheme, and who was naturally a person of some importance. These names in the case of the sister canal have fallen into disuse, owing to the appellations of the streets which the bridges connect being substituted. The first on the Royal is known as Newcomen Bridge, so called from Sir William Gleadowe Newcomen, the great banker in Castle Street in the eighteenth century, and whose country residence was Carrickglas, County Longford, now the home of the Lefroy family. The next, at the Ballybough Road, has as godfather, Edward Clarke, who was a director of the Canal Company in 1791. John Binns, weaver and merchant, gave his name to another. He had as partner in his business concern William Cope, and they had offices in Fownes Street and at Shaw's Court. The Right Hon. Sir John Blaquiere was a member of Parliament and a Knight of the Bath, while the Viceroy of the period is remembered by Westmoreland Bridge on the Glasnevin Road. Out away through fields and roadways goes this artificial river, and has gone for a hundred years or more. We make little of its purpose now as compared with what our ancestors thought of it,

but it forms a pleasing feature on the outskirts of the city, and long marked the municipal boundary in this direction. A journey by canal made an agreeable variety from a long coach drive, and the experiences and adventures encountered, enter largely into the social annals of those olden times. The waters of the Royal Canal go onwards through the parish of St. Thomas, past Love's Charity and land pertaining thereto, by the townland of Clonliffe, by the Cross Guns or Daneswell, then to Slutsend and Grangegorman, and so on towards Pelletstown and the country beyond.

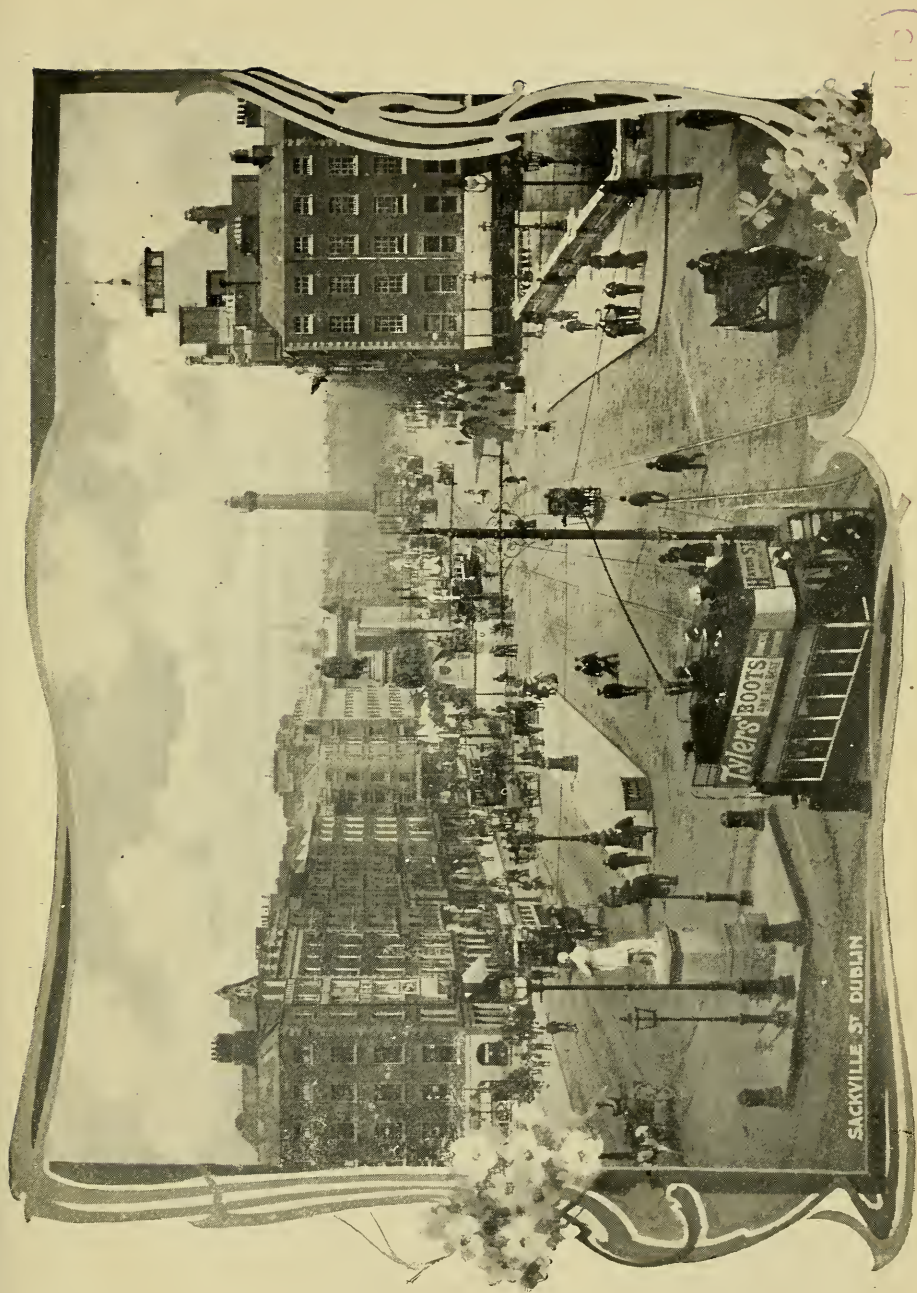
NELSON'S PILLAR, DUBLIN.

NELSON'S Pillar is, without doubt, the most conspicuous object in Dublin. Its great height draws our attention and commands our admiration, and we trust that every citizen has at least once in his lifetime made the ascent of the circular column and enjoyed the splendid view from the summit. It is a journey best made while some remnants of juvenility remain, as the many (168) steps are somewhat trying to those over whose heads several decades have passed; but the result is worth the effort, with the city lying at our feet, the splendid Bay of Dublin away to the east, and the Wicklow Hills southward.

Every schoolboy knows that Horatio Nelson fell mortally wounded on the 21st October, 1805, exactly a hundred years ago, and immediately there arose a desire on the part of his countrymen to do permanent honour to his memory.

In the month of November, 1805, therefore, we find an influential meeting held in Dublin for the purpose of deciding what form this memorial should take in the Irish metropolis. Several plans and estimates were subsequently submitted, and it was agreed that any structure worthy of the capital and the illustrious character whose services it was proposed to commemorate could not be raised at a less sum than £6,500. Subscriptions were invited, and before long a considerable amount was available. The design of a pillar containing a spiral staircase and surmounted by a statue of the great Admiral was decided upon, and the public were called on to make up the requisite amount for carrying out the project.

It was not until the month of February, 1808, that



SACKVILLE ST. DUBLIN

SACKVILLE STREET.

W. & A. G. & Co. Ltd.

the foundation stone was laid, and the completion of the work was not accomplished until the month of August, 1809. The money subscribed came from a variety of persons, and ranged from small to large sums. The Duke of Bedford, the Lord Lieutenant, before his departure, gave £200; and when the fund came to a temporary standstill, at between £3,000 and £4,000, the committee made an urgent appeal to have it brought up to the requisite amount, so that the work might be commenced, and stated they could not relinquish the hope that the subscription would be renewed with unabated zeal and liberality, and they, therefore, with confidence called on the nobility, gentry, and inhabitants of Ireland to enable them to perfect an undertaking, the object of which was to perpetuate the memory of a hero, to whom the Empire at large, and this island in particular, were so much indebted.

The immediate result of this notice came in a response from the then Viceroy, the Duke of Richmond, who desired his name to be added for the sum of £200, and the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Wellesley subscribed £100. The secretary of the fund was Mr. William Deey, who had offices in the Commercial Buildings for receiving subscriptions, and accounts were opened at the various banks in the city.

Among those who contributed were the members of several clubs, the Trafalgar Club, "the members now in town," the Kildare Street and Sackville Street Clubs, and the members of the Subscription Room, Commercial Buildings. The Corporation of Dublin gave £200, and the Provost and Fellows of Trinity College £100. The officers and men of several yeomanry regiments subscribed "one day's pay" and the crews of His Majesty's gun vessels stationed in Dublin did the same. Many noblemen gave handsome donations, and the leading gentlemen in the kingdom gave the then prescribed sums according to their means or inclination of

£1 2s. 9d. or £11 7s. 6d., which amounts appear with great frequency. We find the Right Hon. Lord Mulgrave, First Lord of the Admiralty, forwarding £30, and the Right Hon. Lord Collingwood, in a letter dated from Cadiz, transmits an equal sum, through the agency of Sir Edward Newcomen, who, as banker, was the medium for numerous subscriptions from all parts of the country and abroad. By degrees the fund slowly grew to the desired result, and it was definitely arranged that on Monday, the 15th day of February, 1808 (the 14th being the anniversary of the battle of Cape St. Vincent), the foundation stone should be laid. In view of the fact that even within recent years it has been more than once seriously proposed that the Pillar should be removed to what was regarded by some persons as a more convenient position, it is not to be wondered at that the "scite" selected in the first instance did not give universal satisfaction, and a very strong protest appeared in some of the leading newspapers advocating its erection much nearer the river, in fact, about where the O'Connell monument now stands.

The reasons put forward were plausible enough, the principle being that the pillar would be much better seen, and to greater advantage when viewed up and down the river, or from Cavendish Row to the Portico of the Bank of Ireland. However, the point seemed to have been decided, and about a week before the appointed day, some workmen proceeded to excavate the "scite" chosen "at the interception of Henry Street and Earl Street in Sackville Street."

Let us now pause for a moment and picture this great thoroughfare as it used to be. The tide of fashion set in towards the North side of Dublin about the year 1760, when the attractions of the Public Rooms belonging to Dr. Mosse's Hospital induced many persons of wealth and rank to build residences in its vicinity, and the splendid mansions in what we know as Sackville

Street were erected. The owner of the ground was the Right Hon. Luke Gardiner (late Lord Mountjoy), and it is stated he began the making of the street in 1749, and so planned it that in the centre was a wide promenade which became known as "Gardiner's Mall." At each side of the Mall there was a stone wall some four feet in height, having at intervals obelisks ten feet high, with globes on the top. A way for coaches and carriages ran along the entire length, and "The Mall" in Dublin was for many years the fashionable resort. Lord Drogheda was the first nobleman to erect a residence in the new thoroughfare, and for some time it was called Drogheda Street, which was changed to Sackville Street, and towards the close of the eighteenth century the entire neighbourhood was the residential quarter of the highest and wealthiest classes in the community. It can, therefore, be understood that the placing of the Nelson Memorial was a subject of much interest and importance, and sheafs of suggestions came to the committee as to what the writers considered suitable places, one of those proposed being Mountjoy square.

The body of gentlemen who had charge of the movement was afraid at one time that they might have to curtail the plan originally agreed upon, but finally decided to start with the funds they had in hands, and to trust that the public would subscribe still further as the work went on. They were anxious, they said, to erect a monument in the city of Dublin to record to future ages the brilliant victories of the late Lord Viscount Nelson, and hoped to receive a sum for this purpose worthy of the Nation and the Man.

They decided to carry out a plan that would be simple and without emblems or sculpture, yet of which the masonry alone would cost £5,000, and they reminded the public that much remained to be done afterwards, as it must be railed in, and a fund provided for keeping it in order and for hoisting flags on it on anniversaries, etc.

On the 15th February, 1808, the grand procession started from the Royal Exchange for the ceremony of laying the foundation stone. The streets were lined with military all the way up to the Rotunda, and at half past twelve o'clock horse yeomanry, foot soldiers, sailors with flags, the Marine boys, the Hibernian School boys, the Sea Fencibles, and a host of officers of the Navy and army in uniform, formed into line, and together with the subscribers to the memorial, and a long string of private carriages, wended their way to Sackville Street. The Lord Lieutenant and the Duchess of Richmond drove in the State coach, drawn by six "of the most beautiful horses," and brought up the rear of the procession, the members of the committee being distinguished in the centre of it by having white wands in their hands.

The names of the committee are as follows:—The Right Hon. Charles Long, John La Touche, Robert Shaw, Hans Hamilton, F. T. Faulkner, Luke White, J. C. Beresford, John Geale, George La Touche, P. D. La Touche, R. MacDonnell, Leland Crosthwaite, D. T. O'Brien, William Rawlins, James Vance, John Lindsay, John Carleton, George Macquay, Val. O'Connor, William Alexander, Arthur Guinness, John Leland Murphy, Secretary, William Deey.

The Merchants Corps attracted much notice, as did also the boys of the Marine School, a number of whom occupied a boat drawn "by eight or ten stout lads" on a car. The Provost and Fellows of Trinity College were present, as well as many of the scholars and students. The Commander of the Forces, the Earl of Harrington, and Major-General Sir Charles Asgill, and General Meyrick were among the military officers, and Admiral Bower represented the navy. The company as they arrived at the appointed place got into position in a square round the committee, and when his Grace (as the Viceroys were formerly termed) arrived he descended



NELSON'S PILLAR, SACKVILLE STREET.
On Trafalgar Day.

from his coach and entered inside the paling, whereupon all the gentlemen present immediately took off their hats, the Lord Lieutenant then went down the board, placed for the occasion, and a Freemason's apron was put on him by the architect, Mr. Johnston. The stone was suspended from a triangle, and when the signal was given by his Grace it was lowered. The Lord Lieutenant then took a trowel and placed some mortar on the stone. Immediately this was done, a sailor who had gone aloft the flag-staff (from whence a flag had flown since the previous day) gave the word to the sailors and others outside for three hearty cheers, the bands played Rule Britannia, and three rockets were fired as a signal to the batteries. At this point her Grace, the Duchess of Richmond came within the paling, and descended a few steps to view the foundation stone. "She wore a deep and becoming mourning," we are told, "yet seemed to enjoy uncommon health and spirits; she nodded to several gentlemen, who attended the ceremony, particularly the Provost." His Grace was in regimentals, with a black scarf on his left arm. A brass plate was now handed by Mr. Johnston to the Lord Lieutenant, who, after reading the inscription upon it, placed it in a bed made in the foundation stone, some melted resin was poured around, and another stone placed over it, and this ended the ceremony.

The Lord Lieutenant and the Duchess entered their carriage, the cannon at Carlisle Bridge and the Rotunda fired repeated discharges, and the yeomanry a *feu-de-joye*. The windows of all the houses in the vicinity were crowded with spectators, and it was remarked that red was the favourite colour worn by most of the ladies present. It was considered that the city had probably never before seen a grander or more impressive cavalcade, and Mr. Betham, the Marshal, was complimented on the management and good order that prevailed. It was likewise a matter of congratulation that notwithstanding

the great crowds, not the slightest accident occurred. The inscription on the brass plate ran as follows:—

By the blessing of Almighty God
 To Commemorate the Transcendent Heroic
 Achievements of the Right Honourable
 Horatio Lord Viscount Nelson
 Duke of Bronti in Sicily,
 Vice-Admiral of the White Squadron of his
 Majesty's Fleet,
 Who fell gloriously in the Battle
 of Cape Trafalgar
 On the 21st Day of October, 1805, when
 he obtained for his Country a Victory
 over the Combined Fleets of France and
 Spain, Unparalleled in Naval History.
 This first stone of a Triumphal Pillar was
 laid by His Grace,
 Charles Duke of Richmond and Lennox,
 Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of
 Ireland,
 On the 15th Day of February, in the year
 of our Lord, 1808; and in the 48th year of the
 reign of our most Gracious Sovereign,
 George the Third,
 In presence of the Committee appointed
 by the Subscribers for Erecting
 This Monument.

The completion of the Pillar was accomplished by the month of August, 1809, and the statue, which was executed by Mr. Thomas Kirke, an eminent Irish sculptor, was placed on its elevated position. The height of the Pillar is stated to be 126 feet from the pavement, and with the statue, eighteen, reach to 140 feet. The pillar is of the Doric order of architecture, and the statue is composed of Portland stone. It was regarded as a matter of satisfaction at the time, that every sailor entering the Port of Dublin had it in his view, and in a society paper of the day there is a paragraph alluding to the Mall, where it says: "here the rich and the poor, and the giddy of each sex resort, here they take the dust by way of taking the air—straining their eyes to gaze at Nelson."

DUBLIN STREET DANGERS IN THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

WE are apt at the present time to regard the streets of Dublin as being more dangerous to pedestrians than ever before, and long and loud are the complaints made by those who neither motor nor bicycle as to the manner in which the thoroughfares are monopolised by those persons who do. We have, however, other advantages in the way of pavements and police regulations that compensate in some degree from the perils we may run from the excessive speed of the modern means of locomotion, that were not possessed by our ancestors, and a picture is shown of the condition of affairs in this respect in Dublin one hundred and forty years ago, and a graphic account given of the perils of that time by a country gentleman in a letter written to the *Freeman's Journal* in February, 1764 :

“Gentlemen, I am a man that spends with my family every Parliament winter in Dublin. I pay all my debts and to be enabled so to do I frequently walk the streets to save coach and chair hire. But, gentlemen, I shall, with many others, be deprived of that satisfaction if the streets are not kept free of all nuisances, especially such as will endanger the lives of the inhabitants. The other day I had liked to have been killed by a fellow breaking a pair of young horses in one of the most frequented streets in town, I mean Dame Street. The latter run resty, kicked, plunged, and in such a manner alarmed the several persons present, that nothing but the life of a man or more was expected. Surely if magistrates were active, they have it in the power to remove the like. I should not, gentlemen, trouble you

with the above, but a day or two ago I had the mortification to see in the same narrow street six horses before the carriage of a coach drove about in the same inhuman manner. The terror of the several inhabitants was shocking to behold. Glad was I with many others to take shelter in a shop, and I am persuaded had it not been for one or two men who had courage sufficient to run at the horse heads, much mischief would have been done. This is an evil, I am confident, might be removed by your chief magistrate issuing a proclamation forbidding the same for the future. I have been frequently in London, where the streets are much wider than here, and I never met the like. Who will, what gentleman will walk about your city to be put in dread and fear of his life, have his pockets picked by beggars that are innumerable, or his leg broke by bad pavements."

[From the like and bad magistrates, Good Lord, deliver us!]

"A CONSTANT READER.

"Grafton Street, February, 1784."

THE STREET LIGHTING OF DUBLIN DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND BEFORE.

THE coming on of winter and the darkness of the days makes the question of light a very serious matter, but the people of the present time, who live in great cities and are the " heirs of all the ages " in the matter of modern discoveries, have little to complain of in this respect. We have light and abundance of light, and abundance of good light. It seems hard to realise that this period of time that we designate a century should be going out as it were in a blaze of electricity, incandescent burners, and innumerable jets of gas, splendid lamps, and excellent candles, and that it should be associated in its early years with street lamps, shaking dimly in the wind, the watchman with his lantern, and the snuffers laid regularly on the card-table to enable the players from time to time to brighten up the thick wick of the " dips " that were their only light. The necessity of good artificial light has grown with the world's progress, if indeed, the fact of having the means of turning night into day has not helped in its prosperity more than anything else. It is only a simple, primitive people who can afford to waste the precious hours when the pall of darkness covers the land, and where in northern latitudes without artificial illumination they would be for more than half the twenty-four hours in darkness. The cessation of all work comes with the failure of light, and it may therefore be presumed that one of the earliest devices of man was some way of adding to this length of day by means of artificial illumination to succeed the sun when it set. There is much of interest in tracing the history of the attempts that have been made in this

direction, but it has been reserved to the 19th century to witness, not only that which was the most universal and wonderful of all, but also to see that product superseded in its turn by another more wonderful still. We refer, in the first instance, of course, to gas, for, curious to say, until the introduction of this extraordinary element, the sole means of lighting (though improved in manufacture and kind), were composed of the substances that were in use from the earliest time. It may here, however, be remarked and noticed that gas has had a very short reign. The century was approaching its second decade before it became recognised as a medium of light, and it was not in general use until many years later. It was in 1802 that Mr. Murdoch, one of the first to see its possibilities, lit up with gas the great manufactory of Boulton and Watt, in Soho, London, and thousands came from far and near to see this wonderful sight when the front of the building was illuminated in the peace celebrations of that year. The manufacturing towns were the first to attempt its use, and then it was more for purposes connected with their works than as a means of light. There were a great many objections raised as to its introduction into private houses, and it was not until many improvements had been effected, that private persons consented to try the experiment inside their own walls. In 1807 a German named Winsor, who had laboured very hard in promoting its adoption, got permission to light up Pall Mall, and this thoroughfare was for several years after the only street in London so lit. It took a long time, even then, for its acceptance to be complete, and it was not probably for twenty years more that the great metropolis fully understood the boon. All other countries came later, and the principal cities on the Continent date their adoption of gas from some time after it had become known and used in England. Notwithstanding the immense hold, however, that gas as a lighting medium

obtained upon all classes of the community, and the almost complete monopoly it held, it is surely strange to find that for the last ten years or so, it is being slowly pushed from its proud position, and must ere long give way completely to its much more extraordinary rival, the electric light. Going as far back as 1785, we find it recorded as an event of importance that the streets of Dublin were in that year lighted on an improved plan by oil lamps with double burners, and there is an interesting account given of the funeral of a lamplighter that took place on the 6th October, 1789. "At the burial of one of the lamplighters on Tuesday night (funerals in those times generally took place at night), some boys with ladders and other insignia of the trade preceded the corpse. One of the fraternity had a large glass globe in his hand, which he struck with the knuckles of the other, to produce a melancholy tone. About a hundred lamplighters followed with lighted flambeaux till they reached the burial ground at Bluebell."

In 1818, in the month of January, there was an "extraordinary fog" experienced in Dublin, and the strange spectacle was witnessed of seeing all passengers in the streets after sunset carrying candles. It was not until 1825 that Dublin was lit with gas which, as before mentioned, was about the period it was becoming used in most great cities. It would not seem to have been accepted with much favour, for we find in 1837 (the year of the Queen's accession) an advertisement from the Alliance Gas Company, calling particular attention to the gas meters then introduced by them for the first time into the city, and saying that the use of gas had made but little progress in Dublin owing to the defective means of supplying it, and the high price. In the public illuminations that took place on different occasions, candles were used, and we notice that Mrs. Bailey, a lady of fashion and position, mentions that she paid for

eighteen sockets for the illumination of the windows of her house in Peter Street in 1759. When a specially attractive announcement was made of some ball or entertainment at the Rotunda, it was always emphasized by the statement that the entire building would be lighted *with wax*, and the price of admission was higher in consequence of this great addition to the comfort of the company, besides giving greater brilliancy to the scene. In speaking of the same building and the position it occupied at the close of the last century, a writer remarks:—"How strange to the patients (of the hospital) the rolling of coach-wheels far into the night, the shouting of the chairmen, and the cries of the link boys, the flashing of the flambeaux, must have seemed."

Among the improvements noted at the same period in connection with Sackville Street, was the taking down of a high wall that formerly surrounded the gardens of the Rotunda, and in place of which a smaller one, surmounted by a railing, "thickly set with lamps," was substituted. It is not generally known that one of the original sources of income that the hospital could command was an annual payment that was made by the owners of houses in Rutland Square, both for the extent of their frontage and the number of lamps at their hall-doors. The sum of one shilling and ninepence per foot was paid for the lights on the garden rails as a contribution to the hospital, and for the private lamps each one was rated at £1 14s. per annum. No house had less than two private lamps, many had three, and Lord Charlemont's mansion boasted of four. The smallest house in the square paid in this way £5 a year to the fund of the hospital, and the lamp tax on Charlemont House came to sixteen guineas.

The relics of these old lamps may be still seen, not only in Rutland Square, but in all parts of the metropolis, and until within a few years might also have been noticed

a couple of link extinguishers—a tube—up which the link boys thrust their flambeau or torch after seeing their patron home or safely deposited in the carriage to which they lent their lights to escort him. Many of these extinguishers are still to be observed in London, and it is a pity that in many instances they were allowed in Dublin to fall into decay, and were removed to make way for modern railings without these appendages.

It is not easy to remember that the grandmothers of the present generation, and the domestic servants of their time, were without the match-box and tapers with which we are so familiar. Every housewife then depended on the tinder-box, with its flint and steel, for the production of sparks of light, and the lucifer match was not known until about the fourth decade of the century.

The wax taper and other improvements came later, but many old ladies believed in the tinder-box all their lives, and would have nought to do with the phosphor-headed match. It seems to bring us back to very olden times to talk of links and flints and dim-lit streets, churches with sconces for the candles for reading by, and many other conditions of life which we can hardly comprehend at the present day, and yet it is only a short time back since such things were, and still the cry is ever that of the great German poet as he passed from the darkness of death into the great brightness beyond:—“Light, more light.” With the dawn of the twentieth century we stand possessed of the power of annihilating darkness with its dangers to life and property, and are promised that within a short time our city shall be completely illuminated by the most wonderful discovery of the age which has already conferred immense benefits on the world—the electric light.

THE STORY OF JAMES ANNESLEY.

STRANGE, and most strange, is the history of James Annesley, who, born in the County Wexford nearly two centuries ago, with all the circumstances appertaining to his acknowledged rank and prospects, yet before many years passed through such vicissitudes as happily fall to the lot of few. Dublin must have been wonderfully stirred in 1743 when the story of James Annesley, then a man of 28, claimed his right to the Earldom of Anglesea, and bit and bit came out the trials and changes of fortune he had undergone. There are many incidents and details in connection with this celebrated case (which lasted for fifteen days, and was the longest ever tried before the Court of Exchequer in this country) that need not be entered into, but a brief outline of the facts will suffice to tell a tale of real life which is stranger than fiction, though indeed such masters of fiction as Sir Walter Scott and Charles Reade have in *Guy Mannering* and *The Wandering Heir* enwoven the main circumstances that occurred to the subject of this record.

We go back in the world's history to the year 1706, when Lord Altham, heir to the Earldom of Anglesea, married Mary Sheffield, a natural daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, and a son was born to them in 1715, and this child was received, acknowledged, and accepted by a number of disinterested persons as the lawful son, and certain successor of the honours and possessions of Lord and Lady Altham. For some time all went well, and the little child received the care and attention that two devoted parents would naturally render. Nurses and servants guarded and minded him, costly clothes were provided, bonfires blazed at his christening, and

his health was honoured on numerous occasions by friends and retainers of the family. In a few years, however, disagreements arose between Lord and Lady Atham, and the latter left her Irish home, and, getting into bad health, returned to England, and died there later on. She professed the greatest affection for her little son, and was most anxious to have him with her, but her wishes in this respect were not regarded by her husband, and although so long as she remained on Irish soil she managed by bribing the servants to get glimpses of the child, he was never again under her care. By all accounts Lord Altham for a while treated the boy in a fashion in accordance with his position. He was seen by many of his acquaintances, properly cared for, and when old enough sent for instruction to a school, escorted by a servant man in livery, and wearing the fine garments that noblemen in those days bought for themselves and for their children. Circumstances changed, however, and Lord Altham, later Earl of Anglesea, came under the influence of a lady, a Miss Gregory, who, with the hope of some day becoming the Countess, took a dislike, it is said, to the boy, and endeavoured by every means to turn his father against him. That she succeeded is quite evident from the results that followed.

The child found by degrees that he was badly fed, his dress neglected, and he was placed with persons who no longer treated him with any of the kindness and deference to which he had grown accustomed. His first experience of this was in the country, where, at Lord Altham's seat, Dunmaine, in the County Meath, he had been left while his father was residing in Dublin. He would seem to have made his way to the city, and for a time lived with his lordship. at his lodging in Proper Lane. He was sent to a day school, and mixed with suitable companions, but again, in a brief while, misfortune overtook him.

TURNED ADRIFT.

His father moved to Inchicore, declined to look after him, and but for the humanity of several persons of humble position, he would have been brought to the workhouse, or whatever was the equivalent in those days for anyone who was destitute. James Annesley was not more than ten years of age when (according to the evidence given at the trial of ejection brought against his uncle for his place and power, some 18 years later), men and women who had known and seen him as a baby, rendered him such help, and kept him from stravation in the streets of Dublin. We can gather an idea of how low he came when a young gentleman in Trinity College, Amos Bush by name, relates that out of charity he took him as a servant, dressed and fed him, and the boy in return carried messages for his employer. Everywhere, and at all times, did the little James Annesley, however, assert his rank, and the story, as told by him, was repeated to the grandfather of Mr. Bush, who advised that he should no longer be retained in the position of a menial, and once more the unfortunate little lad was sent adrift. We see him again in Smithfield, where, riding a horse, with his clothes all torn and ragged, he is met by a former retainer of Lord Altham, Dominick Farrell, who had, so long as his wife would allow him, given shelter to the child of his previous employer. Mr. Farrell happened to be speaking to a Mr. Purcell, a butcher, when the boy James went by, and, related the strange story of who he was, and how he came in such a plight. Mr. Purcell there and then spoke to him, and promised if he continued a good boy to take care of him, and never let him want, which promise the little fellow gave on his knees in Smithfield. His short stay with the friendly butcher and his wife was evidently a happy one, for though he ran on errands for his benefactor in the

way of their business, yet the kind treatment he received more than made up for the humiliation of his position. But evil courses were being planned against him. Hidden away as he was, and making no claim on his father, his existence at all was a difficulty in the way of certain financial arrangements Lord Altham wished to make to relieve himself of some of the embarrassments he was involved in.

UNCLE DICK COMES ON THE SCENE.

Accordingly, next on the scene comes my lord's brother, Captain Richard Annesley, "Uncle Dick," as little James named him the day he first visited Mr. Purcell in search of his nephew. An attempt was made to remove the boy from under the care of his humble friend, and insinuations began to be made that he was not the legitimate son of the Earl, and that his mother was a country girl who was afterwards in the position of nurse to the child. Mr. Purcell's house was watched, and the boy grew, it is said, so apprehensive as to the result that he left it, and when next seen was in the employment of Councillor Tighe, whose son from compassion took the unfortunate lad into the house and for some days concealed him there; but when Mr. Tighe was informed about him he consented that young Annesley should be retained in his service, and dressed him in a suit of livery that had been worn by a former servant. Lord Altham died, and his brother laid his plans well.

TRANSPORTED FROM DUBLIN AS A SLAVE.

Having determined to get young James out of the way, he paid several men to watch and entrap him, then charged him with stealing a silver spoon, had him

conveyed to George's Quay, then put into a boat, which was rowed to a ship lying just near Ringsend, and having deposited the boy on board, returned himself in the boat to the city, and in a short time the vessel started on its way to His Majesty's Plantations; and the transportation of James Annesley into slavery was accomplished. Space does not here permit a full account of the hardships undergone by this poor boy during the next twelve years, for his term of servitude lasted for that period. Readers of Besant's *For Faith and Freedom* will remember the description there given of the treatment of such unfortunate creatures as came within this terrible bondage. Parted from everything held dear, reduced to a degradation that the lowest in their own land had no knowledge of, subject to the whips and blows of slave masters and overseers, and put to hard work in a climate very trying except to natives, the lot of all those who found themselves consigned to slavery was terrible in the extreme. James Annesley met with some kindness during the long period of his stay in America; he had more than one master, and there seems no record that his case was worse than hundreds of others. The wife of one of the masters took pity, evidently, on the lad, who must have shown signs that his former station was far different, and his labour was lightened in consequence. Again, as years went on, and he grew to man's estate, the daughter of a slave owner took more than common interest in the handsome youth that laboured in her father's fields, and a female slave on the same estate drowned herself in the river for his sake. To James Annesley, however the one thought ever uppermost was the desire for freedom, and on more than one occasion he made attempts to gain it. He was captured, brought back, and additional terms were added to his years of slavery.

TURN OF THE TIDE.

In 1740 it came to an end, and the twelve terrible years were over. James Annesley then entered the navy as a sailor on one of the ships under the command of Admiral Vernon. He told his pitiful story to some of the officers on board. He was brought back to England, and, without delay, began to put forward his claim to the title and estates of his father, the Earl of Anglesea, now held and enjoyed by his uncle, Richard Annesley. While prosecuting his cause, which might, it is stated by some, have ended in a compromise, a most unfortunate circumstance occurred. James, while staying at Staines, was shooting one day near the river, accompanied by a gamekeeper; they came upon a man named Egglestone and his son, occupied in fishing, and while engaged in conversation, with them, Mr. Annesley's gun went off, and Egglestone was shot dead. A charge of murder was preferred against Annesley, and the most contradictory evidence was given regarding a quarrel or dispute between the two parties. The result, however, was in Annesley's favour, and a verdict of "chance-medley," the old legal parlance for accidental death, was given by the jury, and he was again a free man, in spite of his uncle, for it transpired that though previous to the affair, the uncle had shown signs of coming to terms, and even made up his mind to resign all if his nephew would give him an annuity on which he could go and live in France. Yet when he heard of the predicament James Annesley was in he declared he would give £10,000 to see him hanged, and, it was believed, aided actively in working up the prosecution brought against him, and fortunately failed, as we have seen.

THE GREAT LAW SUIT.

In 1743 began the great law suit in Dublin, and lasted from the 11th to the 26th of November. It was tried in the Court of Exchequer, in Dublin, before Lord Chief Baron Bowes, the Hon. Baron Mounteney, and the Hon. Mr. Baron Dawson. The jury was composed of gentlemen of the highest position in Ireland, nearly all of them being Members of Parliament, and the foreman was Sir Thomas Taylor, Bart. The whole story of the birth, childhood, and boy life of the son of Lord Altham was gone over with great minuteness, and witnesses called on each side to tell what they knew or remembered of the little lad, whom they now recognised as the gentleman in court, who was the central figure in the case. With much patience and great ability was all heard and deliberated upon. Many points arose that required deep legal acumen to solve, fine eloquence resounded from the gifted lawyers of the time, and then at length came the verdict—and it was for the plaintiff. So at length was James Annesley righted, and he was by the law of the land acknowledged as the rightful owner of the broad acres and honours held from him for so many years by his uncle. For some cause that does not appear, except want of funds, James Annesley seems to have made no further effort to enter into the rights he had fought for. Richard, Earl of Anglesea, continued in the same position as before, and for some eighteen years, it is said, lived in enjoyment of the titles and estates. James Annesley married twice, his first wife being a daughter of Mr. Chester of Staines Bridge, in Middlesex, and the second a daughter of Sir Thomas l'Anson, of Bounds, near Tunbridge, in Kent, Gentleman Porter of the Tower. He had two sons, who died young, and he passed away himself on the 5th January, 1760.

GLIMPSES OF OLD DUBLIN.

In the perusal of this curious history one gets many glimpses of life in Dublin in those far away times, and can picture the scenes as they occurred in the places and localities that remain unto this day. We find my Lord Altham partaking of oysters with some friends at "The Glibb," in Thomas Street. Little James wore a scarlet coat, and had a laced hat when he attended Mr. Daniel Carty's Latin School in Proper (Phrapper) Lane, now called Beresford Street, and the place of instruction he went to in Blue Boar Alley, St. Werburgh Street, was kept by Bartholomew Dunn, where he was introduced by Mr. Cavanagh, the dancing master, as Lord Altham's son, his lordship being then a resident of Cross Lane, which at the present time has the prettier designation of Golden Lane, though the inhabitants are neither aristocratic nor wealthy, and the only thing golden, as a recent speaker said, are the hearts of the benevolent, and the hair of the children in the place. The Pretender and his doings seem such ancient history, and yet several of the witnesses in the famous trial dated their recollection of events from the report that he was in Scotland, and while some of the servants similarly remembered seeing the fireworks from Captain Annesley's lodging, opposite the old Custom House, in honour of King George's birthday, many others fixed their memories by the death of Queen Anne, and the description of the mourning worn by a great lady for Her Majesty is given in detail. That smallpox was prevalent, we learn from the fact that the boy James Annesley got it while living at Mr. Purcell's, the butcher's, and Mr. Tigh mentioned that he showed signs of it when he first saw him.

Lord Altham was buried in Christ Church Cathedral at night, as was the custom then. He died in November,

1727, and the lad James, hearing it was to be there, ran quickly to the church and cried bitterly, bewailing his fate as the coffin was placed in the vault by the light of many flambeaux. It may be presumed that *scull* was a term in vogue for a young urchin, when Mr. Amos or Amyas Bushe so described the little fellow, that he saw hanging about the gates of the college, and employed out of pity, though he took him sharply to task for saying he would some day be a lord, a speech that likewise made the boys in the street call him "my lord" in derision, and made some look to see was he deformed in person to deserve the title.

Although terrible scenes in connection with the punishment of transportation were, doubtless, common enough, yet the mob that followed the two men who carried the crying boy down to Essex Bridge till they got a coach, must have suspected that a cruel wrong was being perpetrated on a defenceless lad, when they saw him thus brought away to the ship they knew waited off Ringsend with her living cargo bound to the West Indies. Many in the crowd, perhaps, knew the child by sight, as in a very mean condition, and without shoes and stockings, he had been often seen in the neighbourhood, and his story was known as he wandered in the Dublin streets, or frequented the long meadows on Sundays. We close this brief record of a strange chapter of romance (which was used also by Smollett in *Peregrine Pickle*), by mentioning that the gentlemen of the jury engaged in this remarkable case received 20s. a day each for their attendance, owing to the unusual length of the trial, and that this sum they "very charitably and honourably" made a present of to the Infirmary of the Inns Quay, Dublin, which institution is now known as Jervis Street Hospital.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS ORDER OF S. PATRICK.

“RIGHT trusty and right well-beloved Cousin and Councillor, we greet you well.” In these words did his Gracious Majesty King George the Third commence his communication to Earl Temple, Viceroy of Ireland, that was to culminate in the founding of a special Order of Knighthood for this island. His letter or warrant bears date the 5th day of February, 1783, so 120 years have passed since this signal mark of a Sovereign’s good pleasure came to us. King George recites how “it has ever been the custom of wise and beneficent Princes in all ages to distinguish the virtue and loyalty of their subjects by marks of honour, to be a testimony of their dignity, and of their excellency in all qualifications which render them worthy of the favour of their Sovereign and the respect of their fellow-subjects; that so their merits may stand acknowledged to the world, and create a virtuous emulation in others to deserve such honourable distinction.” He then proceeds to state how he intends to found a Society—or Brotherhood—for the sole benefit of his Irish subjects, and he proceeds to name the fifteen noblemen who were to constitute the first Knights. They were—His son, Prince Edward (later Duke of Kent, and great grandfather of the present Prince of Wales), the Duke of Leinster, the Earls of Clanricarde, Antrim, Westmeath, Inchiquin, Drogheda, Tyrone, Shannon, Clanbrassil, Mornington, Courtown, Charlemont, Bective, and Ely. There were named, moreover, the various officials who were to be appointed, and the rank and precedency to be accorded to all who attained the high distinction of Knighthood in the

Most Illustrious Order, and all other necessary information for its future government. "And so we bid you heartily farewell," ends the King.

That such an Order of Knighthood should bear the name of Ireland's patron saint was only in accordance with the practice adopted in each country when a similar society was established, and the statutes and ordinances drawn up for its formation were the same in most respects. Of each one who was chosen for the honour of Knighthood, there were certain qualities expected, without which he could not be elected. He must be a Knight, "and without reproach," and also "a Gentleman of Blood," which latter meant that he possessed "three degrees of Noblesse, that is to say, of name and arms, both of his father's side, and of his mother's side." The Knights were expected to wear the full habits of their Order, when summoned to attend a Chapter, and their absence from such Chapter had to be satisfactorily explained, or they were subject to receiving a reprimand or punishment. A fine, indeed, of twenty shillings was fixed as claimable if the Knight appeared without the collar, badge and device of the Order, and a forfeit of five pounds could be demanded if he entered the Chapter without these and the full habit. It was ordained that always, and as often as the Knights shall wear their mantles, they shall go before the Sovereign (if he be present), and shall sit at the table according to their stalls, except children or brethren of Kings "or Princes strangers, the which shall keep their places after their estates."

When a stranger of sufficient degree was elected a Fellow of the Society or Brotherhood he had to obtain letters of certification from the Sovereign, and provided His Majesty had no "great and high lets and business" to occupy him, these letters should reach the elected one within four months of his election, when the various articles belonging to the Order would be sent to him,

and on the day he would be installed he was to bring with him a Mantle of sky-blue "Sattin;" and his banner, sword, helmet, and crest were to be sent "for to be and abide in the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick in Dublin for his life." If such a Knight was prevented by "great affairs" from coming himself to take his stall, then should he send a sufficient deputy to take his place on the occasion, and the deputy was to bear the said sky-blue sattin mantle upon his right arm during Divine service, "being set in the stall of his lord and master," although he was allowed no subsequent place or voice in the affairs of the Order. When a member of the Knighthood died, within six weeks are all the Fellows of the Order to assemble and to name nine of the worthiest and sufficient Knights without reproach that they shall know, and forthwith the Sovereign or his deputy shall choose of them that be named "him that shall have the most voices" as well as being the one that shall be by the Sovereign esteemed most honourable to the said Order, and most profitable to his Crown and Realm, to fill the vacant place. After a Knight was elected the Riband of the Order was sent to him in signification of his election, and his robe and hood were delivered to him in the Cathedral, where the public installation of the Knights was always to be held, the mantle being delivered to him after he had made his oath, "and not before;" then when he returned to the Chapter House he received the Collar, and so had full possession of his Habit wholly; and if a Knight died before receiving the Habit, he was not named one of the founders, "seeing he had not full possession of his estate," but if a Knight came not in all good diligence to claim his honours, then his election would be void, and the banner, sword, helmet and crest should not be put upon his stall until he came, so that in case of his non-arrival "his said hatchments be not taken down, or availed, but honestly put out of the chair,

and the crest and other things shall abide to the profit and use of the said Order."

One privilege the Sovereign had, that whereas he might at any time, by special licence, advance a knight to a higher stall than the one he occupied, yet once in the lifetime of the King he might make a general translation of all the stalls at his pleasure. Each Knight was expected, within a year of his installation, to have an escutcheon made of his arms, and hatchments in a plate of metal, "Such as shall please him," and have it "Surely set upon the back of his stall," and those that came after were to have theirs in like manner, but their plates of metal, or their hatchments, "Shall not be so large nor so great as those of the first Founders were."

The various oaths and admonitions in connection with the ceremony of entering the Order were fully set forth, and with the appointing of "three sober, discreet, and sufficient Esquires of the Body," to attend on the Knights during their installations, the appointing of six officers—Chancellor, Secretary, Register Genealogist, Usher-at-Arms, named the Black Rod, and King-at-Arms, named Ulster, and the ordering that a Common Seal of the Arms of the Order should be made, the directions of His Majesty came to a close.

Very specific orders were, however, given as touching the dress or habit of the Knights. The Lord Lieutenant, when representing his Sovereign, was to wear at all Installations or Chapters the same habits and robes "which we ourselves should wear," and pendant from his neck "from a sky-blue ribband, the Badge of our said Order." The mantles of the Knights are to be "of sky-blue sattin, lined with a white silk, having on the left shoulder a hood of blue sattin, lined also with white silk. The said mantle shall be tied with two strings of blue silk, mixed with gold. Their shoes shall be of white leather, with knots of crimson riband; the belt of their sword shall be of crimson sattin, and

they shall have a handle gilt, and a scabbard of crimson velvet." Each Knight was to wear a round hat, covered with white sattin, and lined with blue, "the front of which shall be turned back, and the same device, encircled with rays, affixed thereto, as we shall direct to be worn on the left side of their outer garment, and the said hat shall be surmounted with three falls of ostrich feathers, which shall be red, blue, and white, and round the hat shall be a band of crimson sattin, embroidered."

The Collar of the Order is set forth with great detail, containing, as we know, the motto of the Order in letters of gold—"Quis Separabit?" and the date 1783, together with the Cross of St. Patrick, and other devices. The different officers had each their several mantles and habits appointed to them, and, most important of all, "lastly, we will and direct that the mantles, habits, and vestments above ordained, shall be of those manufactures known by the description of sattins and silks wrought within our realm of Ireland." The various fees to be paid by each Knight came to £125, which were distributed among the officials of the Order.

A proclamation was issued by the Lord Lieutenant stating "whereas His Majesty hath signified his Royal pleasure that the great Ball room in His Majesty's Castle, in which the ceremony of the investiture of the Knights of the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick shall be performed, shall receive from thence forward the honourable denomination of the Hall of St. Patrick, and shall always be distinguished by that name, and that in the said Hall the Chapters of the said Order shall at all times be held, except when it is otherwise ordered by the Sovereign. We do, therefore, direct and proclaim that this Hall be henceforth called the Hall of St. Patrick. Whereof our Officers of State, and all other persons, whatsoever, are to take notice."

Charles, Earl of Normanton, was Archbishop of Dublin, and the Very Rev. James Verschoyle, LL.D., Dean of

St. Patrick's, and they were both, by Royal Warrant, allowed a higher fee than before for their services as Chancellor and Registrar of the Order, respectively. As Randal William, Earl of Antrim, was desirous of retaining the Military Order of the Bath, which he possessed, he had permission to relinquish the acceptance of the stall intended for him in the Order of St. Patrick, and being allowed to do so, Arthur, right trusty and well-beloved cousin of the King, Earl of Arran, was chosen in his room.

Since those far away days, St. Patrick's Hall has been the scene of many brilliant ceremonials connected with the installation and admission of Knights within the Order. Since the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland, the religious service in the Cathedral has been omitted, although the stalls with the banners and crests above them still remain. The last installation in St. Patrick's Cathedral was that of King Edward, who, as Prince of Wales, was created a Knight. As Sovereign of the Realm he now holds the office of Head (or Sovereign) of the Order, and the present Prince of Wales was a few years ago included among its members. There were originally twenty-seven "Collar-Days" in connection with this Order, such dates as that of the Gunpowder Plot, and the 29th May, "the restoration of the Royal Family," appearing among the festivals, birthdays, and Saints' days. The ceremony that will be exacted this year in connection with the installation of the Earl of Mayo, will not lack any of the splendour and interest of former occasions, and will have additional lustre shed on it by the presence thereat of the great-great-grandson of its founder, and also his namesake, George, Prince of Wales.

STAR OF THE ORDER OF ST. PATRICK.

THE announcement that the gift of his countrywomen to Lord Roberts is to take the form of a diamond representation of the star or badge of the National Order of Knighthood calls for a description of this portion of the equipment of the Knights of St. Patrick. It will be remembered that in the language of heraldry "the star consists of the Cross of St. Patrick gules on a field argent, charged with a trefoil, surrounded by a blue enamelled circle, containing the motto and date, and encircled by four greater and lesser rays of silver." The statutes issued at the foundation of the Order in 1783 declared that "the collar of our Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick shall be of gold, and it shall be composed of roses and harps alternate, tied together with a knot of gold, and the said roses shall be enamelled alternately, white leaves within red and red leaves within white, and in the centre of said collar shall be an Imperial Crown surmounting a harp of gold from which shall hang 'the Badge' of our said Order, and the said Badge shall be of gold, surmounted with a wreath of shamrock or trefoil, within which shall be a circle of blue enamel containing the motto of our said Order in letters of gold—viz., *Quis Separabit*, with the date MDCCLXXXIII., being the year in which our said Order was founded, and encircling the Cross of St. Patrick gules, surmounted with a trefoil vert, each of its leaves charged with an Imperial Crown or, upon a field argent." It was a happy inspiration to associate the gift to be bestowed on the most distinguished Irishman of the age with the Order of Knighthood that is reserved almost exclusively for his countrymen, and which has from its institution

counted among its members the greatest that Ireland would wish to see thus honoured. It is said that some one humourously remarked at the installation of Lord Roberts as a Knight of the Order in 1897 that the number of decorations he carried was quite out of proportion to the size of the wearer, but the "diamond star," a free gift from thousands of Irishwomen, will probably outshine many others that the illustrious Knight of St. Patrick possesses. When George IV. visited Dublin, in 1821, he constantly wore the star, riband, and badge of the Order, and was present at an installation of Knights in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and at a great banquet given subsequently in St. Patrick's Hall, and a few days later was present at an installation ball held in the Rotunda.

THE HELL-FIRE CLUB.

THE acquisition by the National Museum of a table authentically stated to have at one time belonged to the Hell-Fire Club brings our attention for a few moments to the story of this famous, or infamous, institution. It is necessary to turn back the pages of history some two centuries to form a proper estimate of society as it then existed, and to gather some idea of the tone and taste of the day before we can understand how men and women of high rank and good position deliberately formed coteries at the assemblies of which, according to report, all that is held most sacred and solemn was turned to ridicule and contempt.

The Hell-Fire Club with which in this country we are concerned consisted only of men members, but similar societies previously established in England, three alone in London, are recorded of being composed of ladies and gentlemen of the first quality, limited in number, and very exclusive. At a place called Medmenham, in Buckinghamshire, where a fine old abbey stood from olden times, Mr. Francis Dashwood, John Wilkes, Sir William Stanhope, and Lord Despencer in the eighteenth century formed a community sometimes called the Medmenham Monks, but also known as the Hell-Fire Club. These "Monks" were twelve in number, chosen from men of the highest rank, and who termed themselves Franciscans in honour of their founder. At this place were carried out all the practices for which such clubs were formed, and which, at a time when drunkenness and profligacy were regarded as the attributes of a gentleman, even attained a notoriety from the extent of their excesses. A pamphlet was published in 1721 which was a satire on the Hell-Fire Clubs of the period,

and proclaimed that they were kept by a society of blasphemers, who at their gatherings assumed the names of patriarchs, prophets, and martyrs in derision, and ridiculed the doctrines of the Trinity, and the mysteries of the Christian religion. A picture formerly hung on the walls of Schomberg House, in London, representing a scene of a Hell-Fire Club. The artist appears in the picture sitting on a donkey and engaged in the act of sketching the extraordinary scene before him, and the persons depicted in it were stated to be authentic portraits.

The three Hell-Fire Clubs in London were situated in prominent localities, and continued to flourish until with the others, they were suppressed by act of Parliament. The formation of clubs of a like character in Ireland is attributed to Colonel St. Leger and Richard Parsons, first Earl of Rosse. Colonel St. Leger (or Sallenger as it was commonly called) had a romantically-situated seat at Grange Mellon, near Athy, where his gardens, fishpounds, bowling green, and castellated gatehouse were the pride and admiration of the neighbourhood. He belonged to what was known at that period as the company of "Bucks," and every sort of extravagance and diversion was recorded of the gallant colonel and his neighbours and friends, who included old Bagenal, of Carlow, Buck Whaley, and also the celebrated "Jerusalem" Whaley. The fame and memory of Colonel St. Leger lasted in the district long after his death, and by reason of his connection with the notorious Hell-Fire Club, the country people maintained several traditions concerning him, one being that he still (or did to a few years ago) drive about the roads in a coach and four, but his coachman and footmen were minus their heads, as were also the horses. Some of the peasantry have declared they have met this uncommon cavalcade, and many would not pass near Grange Mellon at night.

Although it would appear that several of the Hell-Fire Clubs in England were put down in 1721, it was not until some years later, in 1735, that the far-famed one in Dublin was established. To Richard Parsons, Earl of Rosse, and James Worsdale, the painter, is ascribed the doubtful honour of its foundation. The meetings were held at the Eagle Tavern, Cork Hill, and the pranks and practical jokes of the members formed for a long period subjects of conversation among society in the metropolis. On the summit of one of the Dublin mountains is an old ruin, which on inspection proves to have been a building of considerable extent. This house on Mount Pelier (or Pelia, as the country-folk term it), was erected by Mr. Conolly, Speaker of Irish House of Commons, early in the eighteenth century, as a residence during the hunting or shooting seasons of the year. It contained fine apartments, and must have been from its situation a charming abode in fine weather. To this house the members of the Hell-Fire Club sometimes wended their way, and here in the midst of the beauties of nature and with the fresh winds of the hills about them, they carried on the same round of wild enjoyment that were customary in their city rendezvous.

All manner of tales and reports were current of these gatherings on the mountain side, and to this day the ruined dwelling on the top of Mount Pelier, visible from many parts of Dublin, keeps the designation of "the Hell-Fire Club," although it was only occasionally used by the members, and the greater portion of its fabric was removed in 1763 by Lord Ely, of Rathfarnham, to further the erection of a shooting lodge lower down on the slope of the hill. Among the fables circulated was a belief that his Satanic Majesty himself presided at these banquets on several occasions, and formed a pleasing addition to the lively and distinguished company gathered in his honour; but an easy explanation is

afforded by the suggestion that doubtless some member personated the character, and, allowing the simple people to catch sight of him amidst unusual surroundings, imposed on their credulity without much trouble. The practice of duelling was very usual in the eighteenth century, and among the habitues of a club composed of the most daring spirits of the time it is not to be wondered that the member "who killed his man," was held in high esteem, and was even, it is recorded, awarded a badge of honour after such an event, and the notorious Lord Santry (who was in 1738 tried by his peers in the Parliament House, College Green, on the charge of murdering one of his servants, and was sentenced to death, but afterwards pardoned) used, it was said, to notch the barrel of his pistol for every duel he fought in which he came off the victor.

Sir Compton Domville, of Templeogue, was uncle to Lord Santry, and from him has come into the possession of the National Gallery in Merrion Square a remarkable picture, entitled "The Hell-Fire Club." It was painted by James Worsdale, stated to be, with Lord Rosse, one of the original founders, and the portraits given—five in number—are full-length likenesses of the most prominent members, namely—Henry Barry, 21st Lord Santry; Colonel Clements, Colonel Henry Ponsonby, who was killed at Fontenoy in 1745; Colonel St. George, and Simon Luttrell, late Earl of Carhampton. The scene of the picture is believed to be laid at Santry Court, Co. Dublin, and the five gentlemen above-named are seated round a table covered with a green cloth; in the centre of which is a silver bowl, which holds a quaint wine bottle encased in straw, while tall slender wine glasses close at hand indicate the giving of a toast. This picture was exhibited in London in 1867, and was at the time owned by the Domville family. When sold, some years later, it was purchased by Mr. Wardell, who expressed a desire that it should

be presented to the National Gallery in Dublin, where it has been for the past five and twenty years.

Of what passed at the meetings of this strange club rumour had much to tell, but, doubtless, there was much exaggeration in many of the reports, though wild extravagance and excessive drinking were indulged in, without much doubt, and a deplorable incident in connection with the burning of a servant is stated to be the ultimate cause of the break up of the Irish community. One custom was confidently asserted to prevail in leaving the vice-chair unoccupied *pour le diable*, in whose honour the first toast was always drunk, and on one occasion it is reported that they deliberately "set fire to the apartment in which they met, and indured the flames with incredible obstinacy, till they were forced out of the house, in derision, as they asserted, of the threatened torments of a future state." So strange and eccentric was the behaviour of the high-born members of this, and the other similar clubs—the Mohawk, the Hawkabite, the Cherokee, the Sweaters, and the Pikkindindies—that we can hardly realise that such conduct was tolerated or even could have been regarded as consistent with the character of a gentleman.

The Bucks of Dublin were a powerful and numerous body, and many of their escapades brought terror and sorrow to the plainer citizens with whom they came in contact. The proceedings of the Hell-Fire Club, whether on the summit of Mount Pelier, or within the walls of the Eagle Tavern on Cork Hill, were whispered among the plainer folk with awe and horror. It was told how blasphemous toasts were followed by the awfully sudden death of the speaker on more than one occasion, while the sulphurous flames and fumes which were produced at their gatherings, caused any country person who happened to witness them for a moment to be convinced that they literally saw the infernal regions.

Among the beverages consumed by the members of the Dublin Hell-Fire Club was a mixture known as *scaltheen*, made by brewing whiskey and butter together, and as the making of this was an art in itself, they employed a special *scaltheen* maker. From this man have come many stories of the doings of his wild masters, who, as they imbibed the burning drink so carefully prepared, used, he said, to stand in impious bravado before blazing fires till they dropped down dead from the heat. Again, he related how brimstone certainly was perceptible to the senses when they were "waked," and how the very horses showed a dislike to draw their hearses. Of a certain black cat there are several accounts. This animal belonged to the Club, and had a place at the dinner table, when it was always served first, and any insult or neglect to it was regarded as an offence to be punished by the life of the offender. But the cat in the end is stated to have been the cause of the dissolution of the club, for the story goes that a country clergyman, although he knew no member of his profession ever entered this club-room, declared once, when in Dublin, that if he was invited he should feel it his duty to attend. He got the invitation and went, and his curiosity was so far aroused at seeing the cat helped first, that he inquired as to the reason, and received for answer, from the gentleman who was carving, that it was out of respect for age, as they believed it to be the oldest individual in the company. The clergyman replied that he believed so too, as it was not a cat but an imp of darkness. The Club rose *en masse*, and instant death awaited this rash speaker. He craved, however, five minutes to read one prayer, which was granted, and during this interval, the cat betrayed great uneasiness and indignation by means of yells and groans. Instead of a prayer, however, the wily cleric, it appears, was reading an exorcism which had the effect of making the cat assume its proper form of a fiend,

and it forthwith flew away, carrying the roof of the clubhouse with it, while the now truly terrified members listened with respect to the earnest exhortations of the clergyman, and decided to dissolve the club, and it is satisfactory to know that the curate was rewarded with a bishopric by the King.

With this agreeable ending of the famous Hell-Fire Club it would not be wise to entertain any doubts; all our readers can go and see for themselves what is stated to be a relic of these olden times in the table now in safe keeping in the National Museum, and which, besides being a most serviceable piece of furniture, well made after the fashion of the workers in the eighteenth century, has as ornament an unmistakable carved resemblance on one side of his Satanic Majesty, and has four supporters, which terminate in what look uncommonly like cloven hoofs.

ROBERT EMMET.

FOR one hundred years has the name of Robert Emmet been an interesting memory to his countrymen. Regard him as we may, patriot, hero, rebel, enthusiast, all alike feel a glamour of romance rests over the young life that ended a century back on the 20th September, 1803. His career has formed the theme for many a page in history, song, and story, and his name has served to recall to mind the stirring times in which he lived, and in which he endeavoured to play a leading part. There is no purpose now to be gained in dwelling on the causes and circumstances that fired the imagination of Robert Emmet, and which made him take up a scheme that cost him his life. The period at which he came to manhood was an exciting one, and the early years of his life must have been full of incidents that would naturally have a great effect—one way or the other—on a young active mind. That Robert Emmet became imbued with the notion that he was to be the saviour of his country came upon him at an early age, and was fostered, doubtless, by the persons with whom he was surrounded, and the sanguine hopes held out by many that he would succeed.

The story of Emmet's life in brief runs thus:—He was born in Dublin in a house on the west side of St. Stephen's Green, in the month of March, 1778. His boyish steps trod the streets of his native city many a time and oft. He, when old enough, entered the University, where his brother likewise was a student, and he was but twenty years of age when the authorities there deemed it necessary to remove his name from the College roll in consequence of his connection with

the United Irishmen. Four years later—the interval having been spent on the Continent—he returned to Dublin full of ideas for an Irish revolution. The failure of his attempt to seize the Castle and other strongholds of the city in July, 1803, led to his flight into the Wicklow hills, and it was while he was contemplating a return to the Continent that his retreat was discovered, his arrest effected, and after being tried, was sentenced to be executed. The 20th September, 1803, was the day this took place, now one hundred years ago, and the long verdict of all the generations of Irish men and women since then has been that Robert Emmet entered with genuine enthusiasm on a course that he knew was both dangerous and difficult, but that, so far as his share in it was concerned, he was prepared to meet the end that came to him with a brave spirit. The chief incidents of his short life have been written at length, quite recently by several writers, and many new minor facts have come to light concerning his family history. Dublin is full of associations connected with Emmet—the house on “The Green,” where he was born, still remains; Butterfield Lane, where he dwelt in hiding, still exists; and the residence near Harold’s Cross, where his arrest was effected, looks probably much the same to-day as it did then; while the place known as Bloomfield, near Donnybrook (now a beautiful home for mentally afflicted gentlefolk), was the spot where Emmet’s mother breathed her last in the early days of the same month that saw the sad fate of her son.

The Emmet family moved in good society in Dublin, the father of Robert Emmet holding the post of State physician to the Lord Lieutenant, but revolutionary ideas prevailed among the members of his home previous to the visit paid to the Continent by Emmet in 1798. How the idea of an Irish Republic grew during his sojourn in France, and what encouragement he may have received from Napoleon, has been discussed in

many pages, and how his plans shaped to maturity are related in the accounts of the trial that preceded his death.

Some recent writers have dwelt greatly on the youth of Robert Emmet, and the boyish vanity with which he acted, but Robert Emmet was five and twenty years of age when the end came, and even in these days, when school discipline and college authority is perhaps prolonged beyond what it was then, the quarter century marks the man and not the boy. In Emmet's case he had entered Trinity College when but fifteen, had left it after five years at the age of twenty, and during the next similar period was presumably his own master to all intents and purposes, and free to follow his own will, and attain whatever independence of character he was capable of. There are several details connected with his conspiracy that point to vanity and self assurance—his showy uniform, and the superior rank he assumed over his followers,—but there was plenty of the man in Robert Emmet in the orders and directions that issued from his pen and by his dictation. He was calm, too, and courageous in the face of danger, and probably felt most deeply of all the party the disappointment and disillusion when a fugitive among the Wicklow Mountains. His love for Sarah Curran has given the touch of romance and softness that was needed to make Robert Emmet a popular hero, and as Moore has immortalised them both in charming verse, so the memories of their unhappy fate has fastened their recollection on succeeding generations rather than the cause that gave rise to it.

There is one circumstance connected with Robert Emmet that remains in uncertainty, and that is, his place of burial. Several places of interment have claimed to hold his remains, and it is only within the past few weeks that the churchyard of St. Michan, which has been long considered as his last resting place,

a special grave marked "September, 1803," had to yield to ocular demonstration that the body there interred was not his. Robert Emmet claimed from those about him an epitaph of silence until other times dawned on the land he loved so well. It is possible the epitaph over his earthly resting place will never be written, but at the opening of a new and brighter era for the old country we can look back with something of love and admiration over the hundred summers that have come and gone to the brave spirit who, mistaken and misguided in his purpose, but loyal and true to it to the end, passed from this life on the 20th September, 1803.

VANISHING DUBLIN.

THE changes that take place in a great city vary both as to character and to time. There are periods when everything is at a standstill, when more than one generation live and dwell in identically the same surroundings; nothing alters, and even Time forgets to mark its passing. Then again there are waves of expansion and renovation, when each day sees fresh projects afoot, and a new aspect presents itself around. There are, too, the minor changes, the small alterations that are always, perhaps, imperceptibly at work, and the effects not realised at the moment. Dublin has passed through all such phases. For many hundred years the city proper was cooped up within strong walls protected by many ancient gateways, with narrow streets, "full of people," as Archbishop Ussher tells us it was in his day. For one thousand years has this good town of Dublin held a place in the annals of history, and for nearly eight hundred years it has been the capital of Ireland. There are but few traces left of the far-away days when the Scandinavian monarchs here held sway, but they left us, and we still have preserved the Cathedral founded by Sitric, and the Church of St. Michan across the river. A tiny portion of the city wall, and the Arch of St. Audoen bring us back in memory to those days when the foe was thus kept without, and the duty of the guard required him to know by what right any claimed admittance after certain hours. We have left far behind also the old cocoa houses, where the news and gossip of the day was discussed, and the wit and wisdom of the age found willing listeners and admirers. Where, too, are the halls of the various guilds who guided and

domineered over the trades and crafts of the city, and laid down laws and rules for the apprentices and members of their unions? What an old-fashioned sound is "The Tholsel," where merchants met and councilmen regulated for the welfare of the metropolis and its inhabitants. Into ancient history has passed the ceremony of "riding the franchise," and the doings of the mayor and his merry men as they went up and down, in and out, marking the borders of their dominion from the back yards of the city out along the Merrion Strand to the Cross at Blackrock. The days of the pillory seem likewise very remote, although it lasted into the first years of the reign of Victoria, and we have done away with the pleasure gardens—Ranelagh, Marlborough, and Rutland, where rank and fashion made a bold display, and fun and folly joined in merry laughter. The decay of old customs and ways carry with them at the moment, but few regrets. Their omission at a given moment proceeds generally from a sense that they have become inappropriate to the time, and that all concerned will be more honoured in the breach than in the observance, but, it is, perhaps, otherwise with the substantial evidences of a former age, when localities and places that Time has consecrated fall into the hand of the restorer or speculator, and soon lose all traces of their former identity.

It is now more than a century and a half when our ancestors gazed in amazement at the vast scheme of building that was projected at the northern side of the Liffey. Where waste lands lay, fine streets were planned, and all up to the Barley Fields, away by the windmills and glass works, rose up stately mansions and noble dwellings. This was the first moving out or "trekking," as we may call it, of the Dublin citizens. For one hundred years after this, there was comparatively little stir. Political events occurred which drew the wealthiest and highest of the residents from the capital,

and famine and want in the land prevented fresh enterprises being undertaken. Now, within the last fifty years, we venture to think, a great expansive movement has been at work, and more changes have occurred with that period than ever before. Within even a lesser time, and going on at the present day, wonderful have been the developments of Dublin. Pushed out into suburbs, joined on to country villages, connected with what were formerly quite separate and distinct places, the city has now completely changed its character, and no person visiting it after a considerable lapse of years could regard it otherwise than much altered.

There are old towns and cities on the Continent full of life and bustle, which have retained side by side with the modern requirements of the age all the ancient edifices which show their connection with the past. It is not so with Dublin. Year by year we have lost something, and were it not for the great landmarks of the Castle, the cathedrals, and a few other buildings, we would seem but a mushroom city of yesterday. It is not well to complain that it is thus; there was much that was undesirable in what has gone, and we have gained many advantages. There are broad thoroughfares and airy dwellings where formerly neither were attainable. The growth of the population has required that warehouses should stand on the open spaces that ranked as gardens to our forefathers, but better and more beautiful substitutes have been provided. We have still fine squares that date from the 18th century, but, in common with other places, they have fallen in some measure from the grandeur of their earlier days. The wave of fashion has decreed that the North side of the metropolis is no longer its dwelling place, and so the splendid residences that, as we have said, excited the admiration of all 150 years ago, when Italian artists decorated their walls, and the finest talent in Europe was engaged for

their adornment, have been deserted by their noble occupants, and are now emporiums of business and commerce. Earls, viscounts, and lords lived long ago in Sackville Street, and the locality around, and several of the dwellings in smaller thoroughfares, now lapsed into tenements, were then regarded as suitable for "families of the highest quality." Similarly, too, with portions of the southern side of the river that came later into vogue as a fashionable residential quarter. Great Government offices are now quartered in what were erstwhile the homes of our nobility, and whole streets that once held a goodly list of residents are now given over to retail "stores." No one now admits to remembering a sedan chair, they have disappeared together with the watchmen, the oil lamps, the uneven pavements, the dark alleys, Daly's Chocolate House, Pue's Coffee House, the old quaint signs, "Shakespeare's Head," "Black and All Black," the "Bible," and the thousand and one things that made up in former years the life and stir of the city, and that were accepted by the good, worthy people of those days as matter of course, just as we do now the electric light, the tram cars, the new caps of the police, and the shouting of the newsboys with the latest edition.

Our purpose, however, is just for a moment, in conclusion, as the preacher says, to linger over one bit of Dublin that is being changed at this moment out of all recognition. We allude to what is called the Bull Alley and Bride's Alley area. It is possible, nay probable, that many of our readers have never visited this quarter. The vicinity of the Cathedrals have, to be sure, brought crowds thither on special occasions, but few comparatively at other times. It is a pity, and a matter of regret, now when the sense of contrast is so strong, to those who knew well the neighbourhood in its former state. There is no more interesting part of the city, from its associations, than this old parish and district

of St. Bridget. It has a history of seven hundred years ; in its streets lived famous men, in its church (built and re-built many times over) were heard the most celebrated preachers of their day. Rank and fashion had their dwelling-places round about, and the thoroughfares were crowded with leading citizens, for here was the centre of life and business.

In the church of St. Bride, now completely demolished, were consecrated a number of bishops during the eighteenth century, and from the time of its erection in the twelfth century, the clergy connected with it were men of mark and renown, and, here, too, were invited all the great divines, such as John Walker, Dean Kirwan, and the Rev. Peter Roe, to aid the various charities that the parish had founded and supported. The congregations would seem to have been composed of those of the highest position and wealth in the metropolis. In the graveyard, now, too, obliterated, were interred many persons of station, and monuments were placed in the sacred edifice recording the good deeds of numerous benefactors. It is satisfactory to learn that all these relics of these past times have been treated with reverent care. The memorials have been put in an adjacent church, and the contents of the burying ground conveyed with all respect to Mount Jerome.

In glancing down the list of those who lived or had any connection with this old part of Dublin, one thinks naturally first of the great Dean who must have often traversed the byeways round his cathedral. "The best of his relations," his uncle, William Swift, was buried, indeed, in St. Bride's, and another uncle, Godwin, lived at the corner of Bull Alley. Dr. Dopping, Bishop of Ossory, died at his residence in Bride Street 160 years back, and such men as Lord Kilwarden, the father of Wolfe Tone, and Napper Tandy, were parishoners here long ago. Sir Francis Burdett put up at the

“Queen’s Head,” in Bride Street, a good inn a hundred years back, as was also the “Robin Hood,” in the same street. There were schools and almshouses well supported by benevolent people, and the names are recorded in the *Annals of St. Bride’s* of the liberal help given for all good works that were undertaken in the parish. In all that pertains to Old Dublin frequent mention is made of this old church, now no more, and while we rejoice to see the splendid transformation that is now going on, where, by the united efforts of the Corporation on the one hand, and the munificence of Lord Iveagh on the other, a handsome new district has been called into being, it may be permitted to give a small sigh of regret for the vanishing away of an old time spot, hallowed by much that made the history of our past, and was for many years an important portion of the city.

It is of special interest at this moment to recall—when the question of forestry has again come into notice—that some two centuries ago an Act of Parliament required every county in Ireland to plant a certain number of suitable trees at the proper seasons of the year. Some 21,000 were appointed to be put down in the County Dublin, and “Ye number of Trees, Oke, Elme, and Fire to be planted by ye Parrish of St. Bridget’s amounted to two hundred.” But in 1702,—two hundred years ago—the authorities of the church met and decided that “they doe find that there is not Land in ye said parish to plant ye said Trees, and they doe, therefore, find ye Exercution of this Act as to ye said Parrish of St. Bridget’s wholly Impracticable;” and now, in this year of grace, 1902, trees have been planted, and a fine open space laid out and adorned will be known soon as St. Patrick’s Park.

THE RELICS OF THE OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

Now that over a hundred years have passed since the last Irish Parliament met in College Green, it is of interest for a moment to try and see what relics there are remaining of the old building where the Lords and Commons of Ireland conducted the affairs of State for many a long day. By relics is meant, of course, the interior fittings of the historic House; for, as the Bank of Ireland, the edifice itself remains in good condition, and is well known both inside and out to all citizens of Dublin. Various writers of former times agree that the appearance of the Irish Houses of Parliament was extremely imposing. James Malton, in the last century, wrote :—

“ The Parliament House of Ireland is the noblest structure Dublin has to boast. The inside corresponds in every respect with the majesty of its external appearance. The Commons room is truly deserving of admiration. Its form is circular, 55 feet in diameter, inscribed in a square. The seats whereon the members sit are disposed around the room in concentric circles, one rising above the other. The House of Lords is also a noble apartment. On the two long sides of the room are two large pieces of tapestry now (1794) rather decayed—one represents the famous Battle of the Boyne, and the other the Siege of Derry. The Viceroy on his throne appears with more splendour than his Majesty himself on the throne of England.”

Sir Jonah Barrington, being present at the trial of the Earl of Kingston in the year 1798, speaks thus of the Commons House where the trial was held :—

“ Whoever had seen the interior of the Irish House of Commons must have admired it as one of the most chaste and classic models of architecture. This fine chamber was now fitted up in such a way as to give it the most solemn aspect. The compartment



PARLIAMENT HOUSE IN 1784.



COLLEGE GREEN.

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of seats in the House was covered with scarlet cloth and appropriated to Peeresses and their daughters. The Commons, their families, and friends lined the galleries, the whole House was superbly carpeted, and the Speaker's chair newly adorned for the Lord Chancellor."

And again we have the testimony of the Rev. John Wesley, who, writing in 1787, says :—

" The House of Lords at Dublin far exceeds that at Westminster, and the Lord Lieutenant's throne as far exceeds that miserable throne (so called) of the King in the English House of Lords. The House of Commons is a noble room indeed—it is an octagon, wainscotted round with Irish oak, which shames all mahogany, and galleried all round for the convenience of ladies. The Speaker's chair is far more grand than the throne of the Lord Lieutenant."

The tapestry above alluded to, is we believe, still to be seen in its old place, viz : the House of Lords, now used as the room of the Board of Directors of the Bank. The scenes depicted on the pieces of tapestry are imaginary, and the work was manufactured by Robert Baillie of Dublin, and cost, we are told, no less than £3 an ell ; they were hung in the House of Lords in the year 1733, and were at the time considered to be quite as good as some that had been made in Brussels to commemorate the victories of the Duke of Marlborough. The original idea had been for Baillie to make six pieces of tapestry, the four other subjects suggested being the landing of William III. and his army at Carrickfergus, his entry into Dublin, the battle of Aughrim, and the taking of Cork and Kinsale by Marlborough. The contract was, however, curtailed, and for the loss that Baillie sustained by this the House of Lords gave him £200. There has been a considerable amount of interest attached to the Mace of the Irish House of Commons. To the residents of Dublin in the last century it was a familiar object. The Speaker had his private residence in Molesworth Street, and when the weather was fine it was his custom to walk down in his robes to the

Parliament House. He was on these occasions always preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms carrying the Mace, and the honours accorded to him by the spectators were equal, we are told, to those given to royalty. The Mace occupied a prominent position in all the transactions of the House, and it is an historical fact that when after the Union the English Government demanded it, the last Speaker, the Right Hon. John Foster, declined to give it up, saying in those memorable words, "that until the body which had entrusted the Mace to his keeping demanded it, he would preserve it for them." It is still in the possession of his descendants, the Massereene family, and has found a home at Antrim Castle, where, with other mementoes, it was shown to Lord Carlisle when, as Lord Lieutenant, he paid a visit there in 1856. Here also is to be found the official chair alluded to by the writers mentioned above, and of which we read again in the description of the closing scene of the Irish Parliament on the 7th June, 1800 :—

"A momentous and melancholy murmur ran through the benches; scarcely a word was exchanged among the members, nobody seemed at ease, no cheerfulness was apparent, and the ordinary business for a short time proceeded in the usual manner. When Lord Castlereagh had finished, the Speaker rose from the chair which had been the proud source of his honour and his high character. For a moment he resumed his seat, but his strength of mind sustained him in his duty, though his struggle was apparent. With that dignity which never failed to signalise his official actions, he held up the Bill (the Act of Union); for a moment in silence he looked steadily around him on the last agony of the expiring Parliament. He at length repeated in an emphatic tone, 'As many as are of opinion that this Bill do pass, say Aye!' The affirmative was languid but indisputable, another momentary pause ensued. Again his lips seemed to decline their office. At length, with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed, with a subdued voice, 'The Ayes have it.' The fatal sentence was now pronounced, for an instant he stood statue-like, then indignantly and with disgust flung the Bill upon the table, and sank into his chair with an exhausted spirit."



COLLEGE GREEN AND VOLUNTEERS IN 1784.



COLLEGE GREEN (TUDOR, 1753).

The last meeting of the Irish Parliament took place on the 2nd August, 1800. A writer in a London journal in the year 1856 makes the interesting communication that some historical paintings that previously had adorned the House of Lords were at that time (and we presume still are) in the possession of the Earl of Roden, at Tollymore Park, County Down. These pictures are stated to be descriptions of the escape, disguise, and concealment of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester. They were painted by Fuller, to whom Colonel Careless, Colonel Lane, and the Pendrills sat for their portraits at the instance of the King, who presented the pictures to the Irish House of Lords. As the Mace was claimed by Speaker Foster, so did Lord Clanbrassil, the last occupant of the Woolsack, consider he was the owner, in virtue of his office, of these pictures, and removed them from the panels of the House of Peers to his own residence in the North. In the Examination Hall of Trinity College there is suspended from the ceiling a very handsome carved-oak gilt candelabrum. It formerly occupied a similar position in the House of Commons. It is designed to hold sixty wax candles, and when lit must have presented a beautiful appearance, as it is light and graceful in design. It is, however, long since it was so used, as the extremely brittle nature of the material of which it is composed renders the utmost care necessary when it is lowered even for the requisite cleaning. At the time of the dissolution of the Irish Parliament, this chandelier was presented to St. Andrew's Church, in which parish the Parliament House stood. After the fire which destroyed the "Round Church" in 1860, the candelabrum, having been wonderfully preserved from damage, was given to Trinity College. This is not the only souvenir possessed by the University from the old Houses of Legislature, for a few years ago a large handsome book-case that was made for the Peers' Chamber was, by the bequest of a well-known Dublin

citizen, left to the authorities. It is a fine piece of furniture, although not of great intrinsic value, but derives its interest from its age and associations. It is placed in the gallery of the Library, as owing to its size it was found difficult to get a suitable position for it. In the Library also hangs what is, perhaps, the most interesting relic of all, a framed roll of autograph names of the members of the Irish Parliament between 1773 and 1790. Here can be seen "Henry Grattan," as written by his own hand, "Sir John Parnell," "Boyle Roche," and a host of others well known in the history of their country. From the names of the members we turn to see what has become of the seats or benches that they occupied while doing the business of the nation in the "Legion Club." It is curious that in two very different places in Dublin we meet with these useful articles still rendering good service and in good preservation. We quote the following concerning those in St. Patrick's (Swift's) Hospital:—

"Along the corridor of the main or central building are arranged ten of the seats which formerly belonged to the old Parliament House, College Green, and which were rescued from the fire by which the House of Commons was destroyed in 1792. These seats are of Demerara mahogany, and are about six feet in length, with high backs, segment-shaped. The ends of each seat are fitted alternately with mortice and tenon, so as, when joined together, they form a regular circle."

This description corresponds with that given above by James Malton, in saying "the members sit on seats disposed round the room in concentric circles." In the Royal Irish Academy House may be seen several of the benches also of the House of Commons. They are used by the members during their meetings, and are capital examples of the good workmanship of long ago. In another branch of labour testimony has been borne lately to the extreme skill shown by the Dublin workmen in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with regard

to book-binding. The bound volumes of the *Irish Lords and Commons Journal*, beautifully and artistically finished, extending from the years 1634 to 1800, and which are preserved in the Public Record Office, were alluded to in a lecture delivered a short time ago in connection with the Arts and Crafts Society of Ireland, in which it was stated that in all probability the superb set of bindings were executed in the establishment of the Bradley family, who held the office of King's Stationer for the greater part of the last century. It will be remembered that during the Anti-Union riots in 1759, when a mob succeeded in effecting an entrance inside the Parliament House, these Journals were in great danger of being destroyed, the people having called on the clerk to bring the Journals so that they might burn them, and only altered their intention when he told them they would thereby be destroying the only records they had of the defeat of the English interests in 1753. We conclude this incomplete tracing of those things of the past that remain to us (hoping it may induce others to record the homes of other "relics" they may know of) by mentioning that the division bell of the Irish House of Commons was used afterwards for half a century in the old Theatre Royal, Dublin, and was lost in the great fire that occurred there in 1880.

TEN MINUTES WITH SOME OLD DUBLIN NEWSPAPERS.

NEWSPAPERS, some eighty years ago, were small affairs compared to the broadsheets of to-day. They were dear, too—fivepence for Carrick's *Morning Post* and the *Freeman's Journal* of two single pages, with four columns only on each side. One picks up items of interest, however, in these journals of the past, and if, as is said, the newspaper becomes the record of the history of the time, so can social facts and events tell us something of the lives of those who lived in the days in which they were written.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1819 was Alderman M'Kenny, and so successfully had he carried himself when in office that a society called the Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty decided to give him a public dinner in recognition of it, and held a meeting at Morrisson's Hotel (now demolished) in furtherance of the project. The brig *Hibernia* is announced as having arrived at Sir John's Quay from New York, after a passage of twenty-three days, while one of the new packets, the Duke of Leinster, sailing between Dublin and Liverpool, is described as a new, elegant, and remarkably fast sailing, copper-bottomed cutter, and was to leave on the following Monday at ten o'clock in the morning from the Pigeon House dock. We notice that the dividend to holders of Bank of Ireland Stock in 1819 was five per cent., and the price of the quartern loaf at the same time was 10¼d. The Rev. Charles Elrington, F.T.C.D., is advertised to preach the Annual Charity Sermon on behalf of the Mascnic Female Orphan School in Saint Patrick's Cathedral. The school at that

time educated and supported twenty-two children, and in asking the public to attend on this occasion, when Divine Service was to commence at half-past two o'clock, attention is drawn to the fact that owing to the humane disposition of the Very Rev. Dean Ponsonby, the use of the Cathedral has been given to the cause of the charity, and the edifice itself "has recently undergone such alterations as add greatly to its external beauty, its commodiousness and comfort—and the utmost care will be taken to convert the two latter circumstances" to the accommodation of those that attend, but it is particularly requested "that none will occupy the Cathedral who do not intend to contribute to the funds of the institution." A number of journeymen carpenters were arrested in Sycamore Alley on a charge of conspiracy, and some bludgeons were found under the seats of the building where they were assembled. They were committed to Newgate for trial, and the police highly praised for their prompt action in securing them.

Under a paragraph headed "The Mirror of Fashion," one reads that the Earl of Castlestewart has left Morrisson's Hotel for Abbeyleix, Lord Viscount Monck for Charleville, the Lord Bishop of Elphin for the Palace, Elphin, Colonel Cullen for the country, Lady Godfrey and family for England, and Lord Spencer Chichester and Sir Stephen May for Belfast, while a large number of distinguished persons were chronicled as still remaining in the hotel.

In the beginning of 1820 a general election was taking place, and among the notices to freemen and freeholders of the city of Dublin is the following:—"Gentlemen, and fellow citizens, I have the honour once more to offer myself to your consideration for the purpose of representing your city in Parliament. I have to thank you for past favours—I shall not forget the eternal obligations I owe to the city of Dublin. Should you

return me again, I shall receive the trust with gratitude, and serve you with fidelity. I remain, gentlemen, your faithful, humble servant—Henry Grattan, Tinnahinch.” Among the advertisements is one to sell or let the garden and lawn in Harcourt Street, known as the Coburg Gardens, and also two fields at Blackrock, Cuff’s field and Dunleary field, nearly opposite Seapoint House, all of which were the property of the Earl of Clonmell, who, it will be remembered, had a residence in former times in Harcourt Street and a country seat at Blackrock. Carlingford oysters were six shillings and sixpence per hundred in the good old days, eighty years back, and could be had in prime condition at Parker’s Carlisle Tavern, Bachelor’s Walk. Persons intending to travel to England are informed that a vessel will leave Howth every morning for Holyhead at half-past eight, and by these steam packets passengers are carried across always in daylight and generally in time for the London mail, which leaves Holyhead in the afternoon, and arrangements can be made before starting to book seats in the coaches—the Chester and London Royal Mails, and the Prince Regent’s Post Coach to Shrewsbury. We find Mr. O’Connell speaking at a meeting in Essex Street relative to the journey Mr. Grattan desired to make to London, and which his physicians considered could not be taken without the most imminent danger to his life, and an address being adopted by those present, on the instigation of Mr. O’Connell, entreating him to postpone it for the present. The Lady Mayoress gave a masquerade ball in the Mansion House, and, as all the dresses were to be of Irish manufacture, it caused great stir and business in the city, and at the same period all and everyone were advised to take “time by the forelock,” and purchase tickets and shares in the forthcoming lottery, which could be obtained at the offices of the Lucky Horse Shoe in College Green and Capel Street.

The Rev. Mortimer O’Sullivan preached one Sunday

in St. Catherine's Church for the schools of that parish, and the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, on the same day, in Townsend Street Chapel, for the Hanover Street Free Schools. A bookseller in Mary Street announces a Monody on the Death of her late Excellency the Countess Talbot, and Mr. Leedom, of Moore Street, presents the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity with a quantity of soap to be given to the spinners of the district, in compliment of their increasing cleanliness.

A WALK AMONG OLD FURNITURE.

DURING these dark winter days there are worse places in the world to spend an hour than our own National Museum, and we purpose to wander for a brief period with our readers in that portion of it wherein the specimens of antique and curious furniture are collected. There is something strange in viewing these articles made for use, and which in bygone days were doubtless of good service and utility. Now in their old age, and by reason of the splendid workmanship which formed and framed them, they are deemed worthy of an honourable rest, and are consigned to the safe keeping of the nation as trophies of a bygone art, and the skill of a hand that has long ceased to labour.

The history of furniture is of peculiar interest, and is ably dealt with in the little guide books supplied by the Museum authorities, and we can there learn the progress of the various articles that came into existence as civilization demanded increased comfort and the taste of the people developed. We do not purpose here to enter into details of furniture which are here to be seen and which are described at length in the penny guides we name, but just to draw attention to the fascination that awaits all lovers of beautiful old things who will stroll awhile in the department wherein they may be found. We have here oak chests, inlaid cabinets, carved chairs, coffer, commodes, mirrors, and settees.

We turn from Chippendale to Sheraton, from an Italian cassone to a Louis Seize secretaire. There are embossed panels and engraved coffer. France in the fifteenth and Italy in the sixteenth centuries show each in turn how high art rose. There are inlaid cabinets,

caved console tables, and a quaint "panettiere," wherein in olden times the new-made bread was kept.

One passes in wonder from chair to chair, each different in design and make, all with lines of beauty and yet no two alike. A bedstead that once was owned by Dr. Bartholomew Mosse claims more than a moment's attention, and its great four posts present a formidable appearance of a bygone fashion in domestic furnishing. A Spanish rosewood strong box and an Italian cassone or coffer call for notice. Beautiful mirrors and an ancient clock next catch the eye. Each article has its history and tells its own story. Some adorned a king's palace, and others maybe a peasant's cottage. Here a settee whereon many a secret was whispered, there a commode (or chest) where wearing apparel of costly texture was stored. In that fine armoire, or cupboard, were kept the good things for the household. What merry parties gathered round this table, and how comfortable were those arm-chairs with rounded backs and easy rests. We look now at the inlaying and the carving of the woodwork, but in the days of long ago, perhaps their owners valued them for their usefulness. We gain fresh knowledge of the homes of our ancestors as we look on these relics that have stood the wear and tear of time, and which have come down to us as proofs of the taste and skill of the workers of old and of the appreciation of those for whom they laboured.

DUBLIN STREET CRIES.

IN the early summer months comes the cry of "ripe strawberries" in the streets, and the sound is pleasant to hear, for we know that the first fruit season is at hand, and the glorious harvest of the garden is before us. There are but few of the old street cries remaining to us at the present; advertisements and placards do all that is necessary to induce persons to buy, and the splendid shop windows show forth the various goods in brilliant array. The itinerant disposer of wares is becoming rarer each year, and this old-time fashion of disposing of commodities is falling into disuse.

One of the most popular in olden days in the eating line, was the muffin-man, whose bell was the signal for the domestic of the household to lay in a supply of the teacakes that contented our worthy grandmothers. The muffin-man, indeed, only retired from business a short time ago, and many who are not very ancient can recall the delight and joy of the juvenile portion of the household, when the sound of the bell was heard in the street, and the basket of muffins, covered with a white cloth, found its way to the halldoor. The honey-man still plies his trade, though he must find a strong rival in the numerous bee-keepers, who, with modern hives and bar-sections, and other contrivances, send up quantities of the toothsome preserve to the capital, and fill the shops with brilliant boxes of the wholesome native industry.

Is there any one who remembers the pikelet (is this the right spelling?) woman. She seems somehow to have preceded the muffin-man. The pikelets were also teacakes of the crumpet or muffin sort, and the lady

who carried them through the streets, with her cry of "fresh pikelets," had a snowy napkin over them to keep them safe from rain or dust. On the Fridays of the year there is fish cried for sale on the roads and streets of our city, and the peculiar tones in which "Dublin Bay herrings" have resounded, must be taught from generation to generation of the fishwives. The oysterman is much more silent of late. Time was when "oysters, fresh oysters," was the signal for a supper of the same, and a hundred could be bought for a third of their present price, and the vendor did a good business as he opened them quickly to satisfy the wants of his customers. "Lavender, sweet lavender," is one of the pleasant autumn cries, carrying with it the scent of the little blossom beloved of careful housewives when arranging their store in the linen press. We are, indeed, inundated at the present day with the cries of the newspaper vendors, but the shrill voices of the little lads who actively dispose of the evening editions, and render the word *Mail* into three syllables, will hardly cause them to be placed in the same category as those who have made their vocal advertisement an art, but they are a necessity of the age, and perhaps suit it.

AN ENCHANTED PALACE IN KILDARE STREET.

AT our very door stands a treasure house, a scene of wonder and enchantment. Aladdin's palace fades into insignificance, and the marvels told in the *Arabian Nights* are as nothing, compared to what we may see if we enter our own National Museum. It is a remarkable fact, and commented on before this, that many most worthy persons will visit some poor little museum in a foreign town or city, nor think their holiday wasted by inspecting what has been collected by other nations, who have left undone the beholding of similar store-houses in the place where they themselves reside. Of course, the reason is not far to seek. "What is always there can be seen at any time," and so we pass and re-pass the entrances of the handsome building devoted to the accumulation of all that is great and curious in art and industry in our native city, and have often to admit that we are but slightly acquainted with its contents. Every summer now sees a long line of cars bringing many strangers from afar, who have marked down the Museum as an important place not to be omitted in the day's programme of sight-seeing, and tired and hot as numbers of these North of England visitors look, they go through bravely with what they have put before them to accomplish.

When the days are cold and gloomy without there are worse places in the world to spend an afternoon in than these spacious halls and galleries, comfortably warm and lighted, with plenty of seats and constant variety. Let us try for a few moments and gather up some idea of the wealth of interest and instruction that comes here to one's hand, if only we will take it. Be our

tastes what they may, they will here be gratified. If natural history delights, birds, fishes, reptiles, are to be seen. If we fancy old furniture, here are specimens of every maker of fame. Lovers of botany and geology can spend hours in inspecting the cases devoted to these things. Here are trophies and spoils of war, that tell of great deeds done, and battles fought. Here are the dresses and weapons of savage nations, and to those less fortunate than some, and whose travels are bounded by narrow limits, are shown within these walls the wonders of art and decoration as achieved by foreign peoples whose civilization is long anterior to our own. There are Greek and Roman antiquities, as also a marvellous number of coins belong to the same two nations, and which show the money in use several hundred years before the Christian era, and examples of all that have been coined under the rulers of the ancient world. Passing through the statuary groups and plaster casts, what various claims distract our attention. Here are cases of watches, curious and cumbersome, each bearing a secret history of its own. Who wore it, and when? Just as the stand of dainty fans recalls the beauties of a by-gone age, when they fluttered them with the best, so do the snuff boxes call to mind the beaux of former days, who tapped the lids of these splendid little receptacles, which played their part in the fashions of our ancestors. Do we desire to see a piano, that once belonged to Tommy Moore, and which is believed may have helped him in his charming compositions. Would we wish to look at a butter-dish that was in use 130 years back, or a spoon that was serviceable two centuries ago, or a table inlaid by Bossi, or an Irish magnifying mirror of the eighteenth century, or a Spanish arm-chair, or an Italian coffer? If we do, we can see them here. Who fancies pottery or porcelain can journey from Staffordshire by the way of France, Germany, Italy, Russia, straight away to Mexico, China, and home again to Dresden, Sevres,

Worcester and Belleek. What a history is revealed by the needle work, the drawn thread work of the sixteenth century, and the darned netted work, the needle point lace of the Venetians, and the pillow lace of the Belgians, all so old and yet so wonderful, kept through the generations and lying here for our eyes to see, and wonder at the patience and skill of the workers who have so long since rested, though their labours last.

How these Italians excelled in their furniture making, with its carving and inlaying! And hardly less interesting are the cabinets and armoires of their French neighbours, while Sheraton and Chippendale provided very comfortable and handsome articles for English homes, the first Thomas in the beginning, and the second Thomas towards the close, of the great period of art and taste—the eighteenth century. Space does not permit to name even half the wonders that are met at every turn—the ivories, the armour, the Irish antiquities. Here an Irish bagpipe, there a German guild-collar. Here a case of shoe-buckles, here a group of dolls in national costumes, Chinese embroideries, postage stamps of every country, seaweeds, casts of human skulls, a skeleton of the great Irish deer, a tiger from India, and a lioness from Africa. Indian battle-axes, Russian helmets, Galway marble, and geological specimens of the eruption of Krokatoa, thus briefly we pass from one country to another, gathering up some knowledge of its history, and people, taking in somewhat of the store of information that is here collected, an object lesson to be pondered over, bringing before our minds the achievements of man and the wonders of nature, and uniting under one roof the gifts and products of each land. Surely the people of Dublin have here much to be proud of possessing, but do they fully appreciate it?

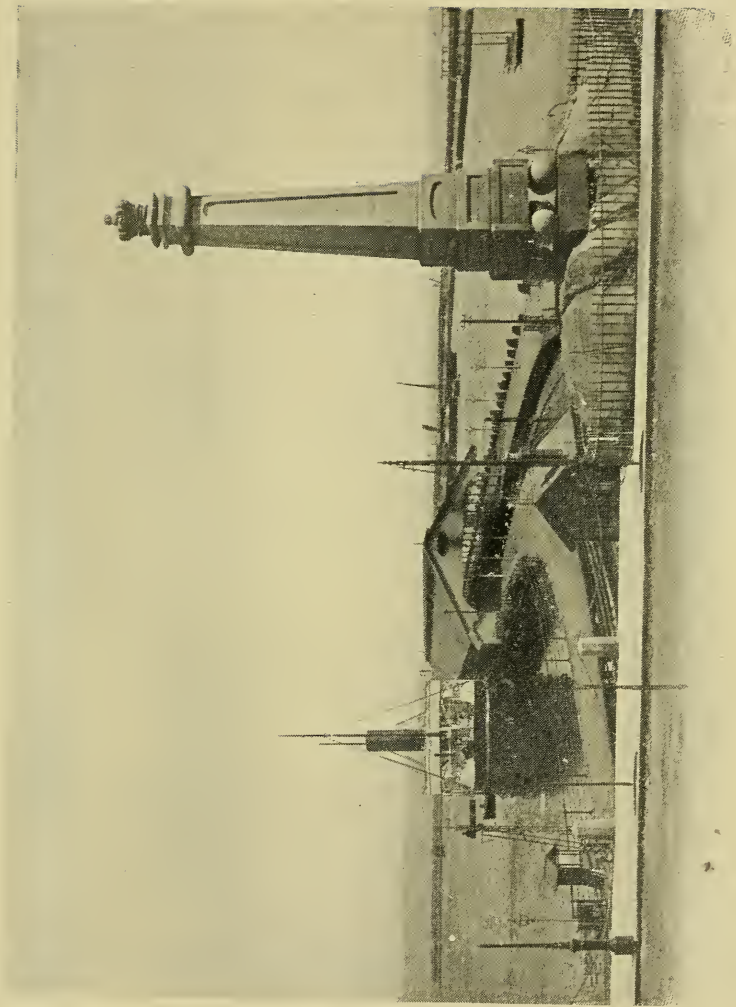
WHEN THE LAST KING CAME.

IN the year 1821 his Excellency Earl Talbot ruled in Dublin Castle, Abraham King, Esq., occupied the Civic chair at the Mansion House, and Mr. Jonas Greene was the Recorder. These important personages, together with others of note in the city, and with the co-operation of thousands of the residents of all classes, were, in the summer time of eighty-two years back, preparing for the coming of the King. His Majesty, George IV., had expressed a desire to visit the Irish metropolis, and it was determined that every effort should be made to impress on the royal mind the loyalty of his Irish subjects. Accordingly preparations were made on an elaborate scale, as much as was known in those times, to decorate the streets, and to give the heartiest welcome possible. The Dublin of eight decades back was lacking in many of the advantages that belong to the twentieth century, in its paving, lighting, and public vehicles. However, the splendid buildings, and ranges of private dwelling-houses existed, and the impression created on the King, and those he brought with him, was one of surprise, at the beauty and splendour of our metropolis, that they had not anticipated.

King George landed at Howth on Sunday, the 12th August, and got a warm greeting from the crowds who had collected there on this fine Sunday evening after church. He drove out direct to the Viceregal Lodge, and did not make his state entry into the city for a few days. This took place on Friday, the 17th, which happened to be his birthday, and which he regarded as a pleasant omen. Triumphant arches had been erected in several of the thoroughfares, and the houses along the route were gaily decorated. By common consent a shade of blue had been adopted as a "welcome colour," and this was in evidence in all directions, and

liberally used by the ladies of distinction in their personal adornment. An edifice was erected at the top of Sackville Street, and here the King was to receive the city keys after passing beneath what represented the old city gates. At an early hour crowds of persons made their way to this point, and windows along the route of the procession fetched fabulous sums. The procession was of extraordinary dimensions, and quite unlike anything that could be seen now.

In addition to the Royal Party and the military attendants, the civic officers and ecclesiastical dignitaries, who all assembled at the barrier to receive His Majesty, a concourse of some twenty thousand gentlemen on horseback, wearing pink or blue scarves, with also a "welcome medal," and, having a baton in their hands, followed after the Royal cortege down Sackville Street to the Castle, while another interesting feature was the contingent of the weavers, who, at that time, constituted a large part of the trade of Dublin, and who on this occasion displayed some emblem of their work in silk or tabinet. The ceremonial at the "Gates," was similar to what took place at Leeson Street Bridge, when Queen Victoria came here a few years back, with the difference, perhaps, that the then Recorder in a scarlet robe read an address, to which the King replied. During the drive to the Castle his Majesty recognised many of his friends as they waved and cheered from the windows of their houses, and he accepted the hearty greetings of the people with pleasant affability. In front of the General Post Office a balcony had been placed, and here were seated all the foreign Ambassadors and their families, while in every window and point of vantage persons were gathered to see what was probably the grandest sight ever seen in Dublin before. The King expressed himself in terms of great gratification in words audible to those near him, and in response to the cry raised "God bless you. Ireland loves you," said "I love Ireland."



THE OBELISK, KINGSTOWN.

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During his stay in the capital his Majesty held a levee and drawingroom, attended Divine Service in Christ Church Cathedral, was present at a review in the Phoenix Park, and at a performance in the Theatre Royal, went to a ball at the Rotunda, and held an installation of the Knights of St. Patrick in the National Cathedral. Everywhere was he received with the greatest enthusiasm, and gained golden opinions from the populace by the genial manner with which he received their ovations. The Royal Dublin Society gave a *fete champetre* in the Leinster Lawn, and here large numbers of the fashionable world assembled, and the King was received by 150 members of the society who all wore the "welcome" decoration. Among other festivities joined in by His Majesty was a grand dinner in the Mansion House, and another in Trinity College. He visited the Bank of Ireland, and was received by the governor, Mr. Arthur Guinness, and he also went to see the Linen Hall.

The day for his departure was arranged for the 3rd September, to take place from Dunleary, which from this date received the now well-known designation of Kingstown, and has as a memorial of the event a granite obelisk with a crown on top bearing the date and names of some of those who took part in the great "send off" of the King, from the exact spot on which it stands, facing the Carlisle Pier. The scene was a memorable one, for such crowds had never before visited the fishing village, as it then was. The pier (there was but one in those days) was crowded with the upper classes, and for two miles along the roads where the King was expected to travel were carriages of all kinds, and hundreds of persons waiting to see him pass. By arrangement, he had lunched with Lord Powerscourt, where a splendid banquet had been prepared, and the health of the King proposed in a happy speech by his lordship, and an ode, written by Moore, sung with much applause. His

Majesty reached Kingstown or Dunleary at 7 o'clock, and received an address from the Lord Mayor (who had been made a baronet some days before), and a laurel crown from a deputation of the citizens headed by Daniel O'Connell, who was accorded a hearty shake-hands by the King. Then, after a few words expressive of his thanks and pleasure at the success of his visit, King George ran down the slope leading to the royal barge and jumped into it, when it immediately moved out to the royal yacht. The excitement and enthusiasm of several of those present was so great that they followed the boat into the sea, and but for their powers of swimming might have fared badly. The police and military did their best to preserve order and enable the immense crowds to disperse, but it was a matter of much time and difficulty. Every article of food and liquid in the neighbourhood was quickly used up, and the places of business, such as then existed, closed their shutters, as they had nothing more to dispose of. The Royal Squadron met with bad weather on the return journey, and Milford Haven, the port for which it was bound, was not reached until the sixth day after, and it was not until the 15th September that His Majesty found himself home again in London. He had caused a letter to be written to the Lord Lieutenant on the day of the departure which appeared in the newspapers next morning, thanking all those concerned in his reception, and expressing himself in warm terms of appreciation of the way in which the people showed their attachment and affection. Thus ended this great Royal visit, in which the good people of Dublin—our predecessors—took part. They have all, or nearly all, passed away, and now to us under far different conditions falls the same pleasurable duty of welcoming in a suitable manner, and worthy of the reputation of our people and our country—the coming of our King!

HOW DUBLIN KEPT THE QUEEN'S CORONATION, JUNE, 1838.

At the present moment, when the minds of many people are concerned with the modes and methods of celebrating the Coronation of the King, it is of some interest to turn back a page or two of history, and see what our grandsires were doing in this direction sixty-four years ago. They were in a different position from that which we are in to-day, for only seven years had elapsed since they had gone through a similar experience, whereas two or three generations are conscious of the novelty of the present situation.

Queen Victoria was to be crowned on the 28th June, 1838, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin, a few weeks previous, issued a proclamation calling for a general illumination of the city "to testify the universal joy on the Coronation of our young and beloved Sovereign." There was then, as now, some few who objected to the scheme; but the reason on this occasion put forth was that a very large number of destitute persons occupied the Mendicity Institution, and several worthy gentlemen considered that their case should be first considered, and that the money going to be spent on illuminations could in this manner be better employed.

It is, however, satisfactory to know that not only was the city very handsomely lit up on the night of the 28th June, but the 3,000 poor people who were in the Mendicity were on that day regaled with an excellent dinner of prime beef, bread and beer at the expense of the Lord Lieutenant (Earl of Mulgrave, later Marquis of Normanby).

What strikes one in the notices for illuminating is the difference that prevails between the means of doing

so then and now. Persons are informed where supplies of candles that will not require snuffing can be obtained. Variegated lamps were evidently great novelties, and any effects in gas are specially chronicled. Spanish oil was particularly recommended for illuminating purposes, and several shops in the city advertised large consignments of it, and the proprietor of the Chemical Mould Candle Manufactory, anticipating the unanimous determination of all classes of his fellow-citizens, rich and poor, to do honour to the youthful sovereign by a public illumination, prepared an extensive assortment of mould and dipt candles, and requested that orders should be sent without delay, as it "was possible the illuminations will extend to a second night."

There were Coronation medals in those times, also rings, ear-rings, and brooches specially made for the occasion, and the following advertisement did not, we are sure, escape the attention of the juvenile portion of the population of June, 1838:—"The Coronation—Imperial Parliament, House of Commons—Irish Estimates, &c., &c. Immense public grants voted to Parliament House for the Coronation supplies—Hurra—Lots of cakes; who cares for money all next week. Blessings on the sweet Countess Mulgrave. She lost no time in procuring the receipts for making the Grand Coronation Tea Cake, and forwarding it to her favourite Fancy Bakery and Confectionery Bazaar, Parliament Street, where twenty thousand are made for sale this day at sixpence each, and will be continued for ever after, as assuredly nothing else will in future go down."

One of the most fashionable places of amusement in the thirties, and many years after, was the Royal Coburgh Gardens at the rere of the houses on the south side of St. Stephen's Green, long ago the private ground of the Earl of Clonmell, and now owned by Lord Iveagh, and attached to his town residence. On the 26th June, 1838, the gardens were open to the public to witness a

grand display of fireworks, which the proprietor informed his patrons would include many new and popular devices suitable to "the Coronation of our youthful and beloved Queen." The price of admittance was one shilling, children half-price; the entrance opened at 7 o'clock, and the firing commenced at eight.

The journey to London was considerably longer in the year 1838 than in 1902, but there were, doubtless, many who undertook it, and we notice that a firm in Dame Street begs to inform gentlemen going to the Coronation that "they have a variety of portmanteaux, carpet bags, and hat cases." One of the persons who opposed the project of illuminating the city, signed himself in a letter to the newspaper, "No Light," and he suggested that everyone should hand over to the Lord Mayor the amount he intended to spend on illuminations, and that the Chief Magistrate could devote the money to the poor in the Mendicity, and that whoever gave the most should get a gold medal. This writer considered his idea would be "far more likely to gratify our Queen, pour balm into the wounded heart, preserve the peace of the city, and save the public from the terrible danger and loss attendant upon the idle display of lighting the houses." Wiser counsels, however, prevailed, and another writer warmly takes up the matter, saying, "Let us not allow the historian of a future age to write that when Victoria I. was crowned Queen of Britain, Dublin, the second city of her Empire, sat in darkness, and evinced no sympathy or loyalty to its Sovereign."

Notwithstanding unfavourable weather, very large crowds assembled in the park for the Review, which was a brilliant affair. There was a brigade of Artillery, and the 2nd Dragoon Guards, the 17th Lancers, the 8th Hussars, the 7th Fusiliers, the 42nd and 79th Highlanders, and the 38th foot present, and at twenty minutes past one a Royal salute was fired, and, at the conclusion all the troops joined in a joyous and heart-

stirring cheer. At this moment the scene is described as most beautiful. Brilliant sunshine occasionally lit up the Dublin Mountains, while dark masses of cloud came up from the west, and flashes of lightning were seen, and peals of thunder heard between the volleys of the artillery, while the rain still fell heavily. When the proceedings were concluded, the immense assemblage left the Fifteen Acres and adjourned to the Zoological Gardens, which were open free to the public for the day. The 7th Fusiliers camped on the ground, and pitched a number of tents, which rose on the field as if by magic. The managing committee of the Zoological Gardens had decided, in honour of the auspicious occasion, to open them free for the day, and from an early hour the invitation was largely taken advantage of by the "middling and lower classes." The crush, we are told, was tremendous, the number of visitors between the hours of 11 a.m. and 6 p.m. exceeding 14,000 persons, all of whom "seemed to enjoy the utmost gaiety and amusement without the least restraint." Another place of entertainment open gratis on this great day was the Royal Hibernian Academy in Abbey Street, but the account of the experiment is thus related by one writer—"Much as we admire the liberality and loyalty of the Academy, we cannot refrain from observing that in our opinion they might have been more particular and select in their admissions, some of the persons admitted being of the lowest class—such as bare-footed boys and girls, sweeps, and pickpockets. For the first hour and a half the company was respectable and fashionable, but throughout the rest of the day active services of the police and military were required to keep the applicants for the privilege so kindly offered to them in order."

At the Rotunda, in addition to the performance of Madame Rossini in her hazardous feats on the elastic cord, the gardens were beautifully illuminated, bands played, and fireworks set off, and the transparency of

Her Majesty was shown bearing the shamrock, rose, and thistle in one hand, and extending the other to the relief of a woman and her infant children. The illumination of the city is described as magnificent, and the entire population of Dublin, and the suburbs, are said to have poured into the streets, and on all sides sounds of joy and merriment resounded. Long lines of handsome carriages passed slowly through the thoroughfares, and the gaily dressed occupants added, it is said, to the brilliancy of the scene. The Lord Mayor went on foot in the principal streets, while the High Sheriff patrolled the same on horseback, attended by the police. It is recorded that, notwithstanding the great crowds which filled the Metropolis, no single act of violence or disturbance of any kind took place, and nothing occurred to mar or disturb the universal joy that prevailed. The illuminations were of the kind usually shown, in most cases the letters V.R., with wreaths, crowns, and harps predominating. The principal buildings had handsome devices, and over the chief entrance to the Castle was a full length transparency of the Queen, with two cherubs in the act of placing the crown on her head; while over Lamphey the cutler in Dame Street, was one representing two bishops engaged in the same act. From Atkinson's Tabinet Factory waved two white poplin flags over the letters V.R. in gas jets, and the words beneath, "May She Reign Long and Happy."

Many windows were ornamented with natural flowers, and "Equal Justice to All" seemed to be a favourite motto with many. In front of the Ravensdale Mill Company, Wellington Quay, were the lines :—

God save the Queen,
Let every subject shout :
Long may she reign
To feast on stir-a-bout.

From Trinity College were displayed the Royal Arms, and the Collegiate Arms, and the appropriate motto,

“Tantus amor laudem, tantoe Victoria curoe,” and at midnight a number of fireworks were set off from the roof. At Mitchell’s in Grafton Street could be seen the crown and royal initials, and Mr. Morgan had a medallion of Her Majesty. There were stars and crowns, and in some instances sparkling shamrocks, shown in the gas jets on many of the hotels and larger establishments, while Spadicini’s Hotel was brilliantly lighted with 400 wax candles, and the G.P.O. had the inscription “God Save the Queen.”

All the squares and leading private streets were lighted, we are informed, “in a superior manner,” and the general effect was both attractive and striking. Gresham’s Hotel had a full length portrait of the Queen, surrounded by four splendid stars, and the “enterprising proprietor kept open house for the entertainment of his friends and patrons in the most sumptuous manner.” From the summit of Nelson’s Pillar were fired several shots during the evening, and the joy bells of St. George’s Church rang merrily. The Custom House was illuminated in the rear in what was described as *a la Français* in the lower windows, and variegated lamps in the upper, while the pillars of the building were wreathed in coloured lamps, and the top adorned with lights representing “drapery, or a hanging curtain,” and at the Flint Glass Works, Potter’s Alley, was shown a beautiful harp of glass, and the Four Courts the words “Victoria Regina.”

Of the many festive entertainments given in honour of the great day, that by Messrs. Mallett’s was probably the largest. They invited 150 of their workmen to a substantial repast, and at 6 o’clock, John Mallett, Esq., took the chair in one of the large rooms of the manufactory. A most enjoyable evening was spent, all present thoroughly appreciated the good things provided (which included an imperial quart of Guinness’s XX porter to each guest, and a moderate supply of punch

afterwards, in which to drink the toasts). The health of the Queen was proposed by the chairman—"H.M. Victoria the First, this day crowned Queen of Britain, may she reign long, and prosper in promoting the happiness of her subjects, nine times nine," long cheering following, and the other toasts followed, while later a piper of the 42nd Highlanders entertained the men with some music on his pipes, in addition to the band which had played during dinner. On the Tuesday following the Coronation Messrs. Guinness gave their employes a dinner in honour of the occasion, and we read that the governors and directors of the Bank of Ireland came to the decision to give each of the gentlemen on their staff a guinea apiece, so that they might celebrate the event by dining together.

Nothing, we are informed, could exceed the exertions of the Lord Mayor and High Sheriffs Jones and Quin in preserving order, and everything passed off in a most satisfactory manner. The various suburbs round the city shared in the illuminations, and Kingstown, as viewed from the harbour, presented a brilliant *coup d'œil*, and a Coronation Regatta was held there on the 29th June. Among the edifices illuminated in Dublin should be mentioned the Roman Catholic Church of St. Michael and St. John, which displayed fine lights in the pinnacle of the Cross. All over the country the day was celebrated in joyous fashion, and never before was a Coronation kept in so universal a manner, as that on the 28th June, 1838, which fell that year on a Thursday.

FLOWERS IN THE DUBLIN STREETS.

It is only within the past few years that the sale of flowers in the streets of Dublin has become at all general. One can easily recall the time when the number of places where they could be procured were limited, the flowers scarce, and the prices high. Tradition has it that the introduction of flowers into the Covent Garden Market came by accident, and that the first consignment was simply sent as a present, with some fruit that had been ordered from the south of France. The little gift, however, was quickly sought in purchase, and a larger supply was asked for in the next fruit order, and soon a flourishing trade was established.

Here in Dublin we were accustomed in former times to journey out to nurseries when a bouquet was required—flowers for drawingrooms, or dinner-tables, were unknown, except on very grand occasions, and even then in far distant fashion to what is at present the manner of it. A big épergne, or bowl, in the centre of the table, represented our immediate ancestor's ideas of decoration, and the liberal profusion of the present day would have filled them with amazement.

We have, indeed, much beauty and brightness in our thoroughfares at the present time by means of the sweet flowers that meet us at every turn. We have no cause now to envy the foreign market places that attract the travellers in other lands by the gay display of cheap bunches when the *Marche des fleurs* is open. We have flowers now here at home all the year round, beautiful flowers, rare blossoms, gorgeous in colour, delicious in perfume, and all for a few pence each. Down the principal streets are located fine shops devoted to this

industry, and the display in their windows equals what can be seen in London or Paris. They have caught the gift—the Dublin florists—of setting forth their wares attractively and a rich show of “nature’s jewels” are on view for all the world to see.

There is, however, a still larger class of flower sellers in our midst, and however much we may regret that a more picturesque appearance is not theirs, they still carry great brilliancy with them. At this moment grand masses of yellow daffodils meet us at every turn, fresh and beautiful, and the same hands that thrust forward with eager gesture their tempting goods will in succession have the other “flowers that bloom in the spring,” followed by the roses and lilies of the summer.

Time was when it would have caused immense surprise to find camelias and violets and other dainty blooms freely offered on the pavement by itinerant sellers, but we have them all now, and no season leaves us without something to cheer and brighten our homes.

There is one respect in which the residents of Dublin lack in what would add to the charm of the city, and that is in the window and balcony decoration of their houses. In London it is almost universal in the better residential quarters, and the effect is excellent, the long trails of the Virginia creeper and the bright geranium add much to make London less gloomy and dark.

It is, however, not so long since the English capital woke up to this way of redeeming much that was plain and uninteresting in its thoroughfares, so we over here may, too, in a short time make a start in this direction. There is a fashion in flowers as in other things, and while long ago none but those of rare species found favour, now the simplest and most ordinary are equally sought after.

From Holland come most of the flowers of this season. The Dutch have a passion for horticulture unknown to us as yet; and they have turned their taste and their

skill to profitable account, and the prices paid for tulips have reached a fabulous figure. The hyacinth, a native of the Levant, is believed to have been brought to England in the reign of Elizabeth, but the double hyacinth owes its origin to a Dutch cultivator named Peter Voerhelm, who lived at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The first one that he succeeded in producing he called "Mary," in honour of the English Queen, and the third double hyacinth that he brought to perfection he named (after William III.) "King of Great Britain." A bulb of this flower has been sold for as much as one hundred pounds. Within the last few years more attention has been paid to the cultivation of home flowers, and with an industry so well established in public favour—for who could now do without flowers?—a great future should be before both the producers and the sellers of the flowers that the people of Dublin require.



S. PATRICK'S STREET.
(Before the formation of the park).

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THE OLD CLOTHES MARKET, PATRICK STREET.

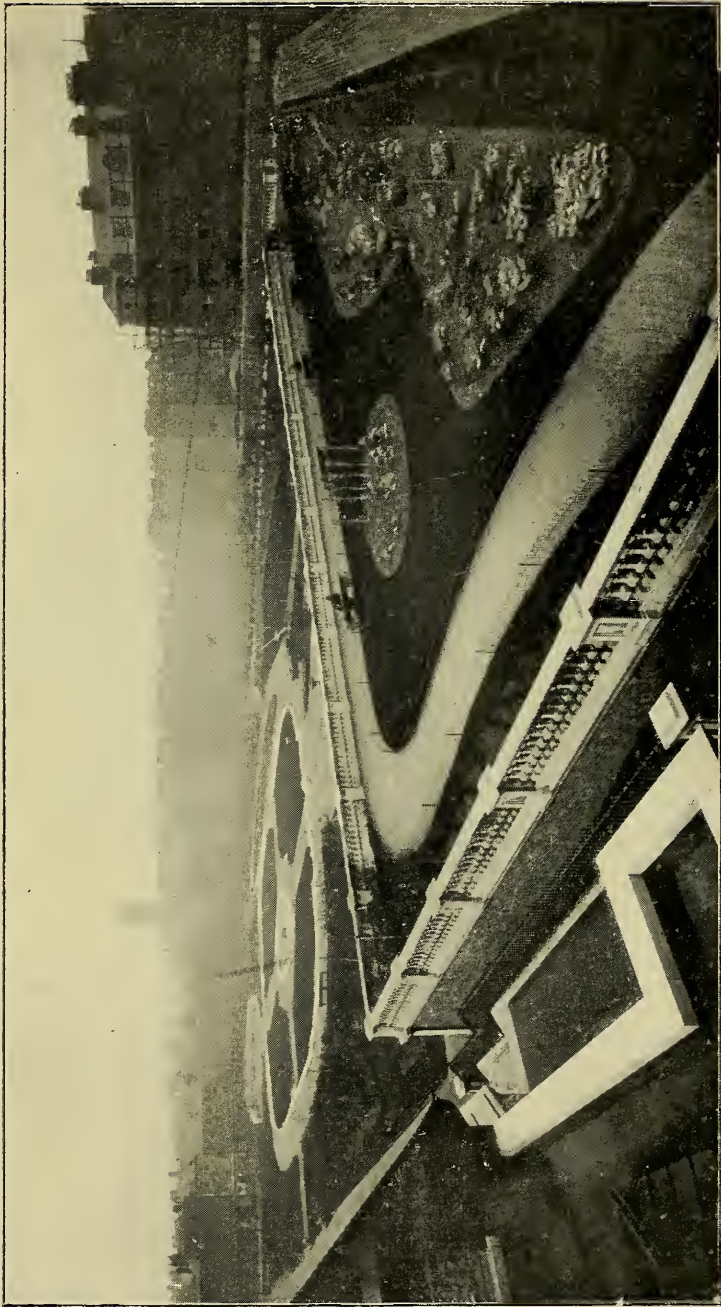
IF it is true, as is often stated, that one half of the world has no idea how the other half lives, it is equally true that the clothes one division of the community throws aside are taken up and worn by the remainder. Reader, have you ever been to that part of our ancient city where the very poor buy their clothes? It is a curious scene, and well worth a visit, and that the trade is an extensive one, and regularly recognised, is attested by the fact that Lord Iveagh, in his great scheme for the regeneration and improvements of the district round the National Cathedral, has included in his projects the erection of a permanent market or hall, wherein the vendors of cast-off garments may ply their business in greater comfort and security than at present.

For many years, however, the *modus operandi* has been simplicity itself. The Madame Worth or Madame Manning of this West End of Dublin placed her bundle of goods on the pavement of the open street, it formed a table in itself for the display of her wares, and she stood herself behind it. A long line of such women with such bundles form the market, generally bonnetless, perhaps shawlless, for the better working of their profession, as we shall see these hard-worked women possess strong voices and a splendid flow of speech. Their customers cluster close round and examine each article put up for sale with a critical eye and touch. They are not easily cajoled into buying, and, as credit is evidently an unknown commodity, they have less temptation to purchase, except what they actually want and can get at their own price or the amount in their pocket.

There is an immense amount of cleverness in the

manner and method of the sales-woman. She raises a garment aloft, shakes it, and waves it about in the breeze, expatiates on its beauties and its cheapness at the eighteen pence with which she has started the bidding. Meeting with no response on the part of the public, she rapidly reduces it in price, and taking off a penny each second she gives it a final thump, rolls it up, and thrusts it into the arms of the nearest possible customer, begging them to take it for, perhaps sixpence. This all occupies about a minute, and the article in question being returned on her hands (for her bestowal of it by no means signifies acquiescence of the other party to the transaction), she quickly produces something else, swings it about, turns it inside out, if such can be done, and rattles away as before. There is real humour, too, in these Dublin women merchants at their strange and rather unsavoury calling. They must have the quickness of an auctioneer, and pass on in their praises and prices without delay, and yet angle gently when they see a lingering fancy in the faces and fingers before them towards a serviceable skirt or useful quilt that they are offering for the ridiculous sum of ten pence. Then the clothes—where do they come from, and to whom did they once belong? Everything is here. Dresses, petticoats, underclothing, men's trousers, children's frocks, showy blouses, out-of-date jackets, all bearing evidence of having played a brave part in some show place of the world, "Lined with silk" is one of the recommendations put forth regarding a very grand bodice composed of grey and blue material, and the various odds and ends of forgotten fashions are recalled as the bundles produce new treasures in the hope of catching a purchaser.

There is much to reflect on, perhaps sadly, in this passing on of old clothes, things that have seen their best days, to persons who would be much better with garments fresh and new if even withal coarse and plain in style, but our poorer people do not dress so, and



ST. PATRICK'S PARK—THE IVEAGH TRUST BUILDINGS IN THE DISTANCE.

custom and long habit has willed it, that with their few pence they find here what supplies their wardrobes, and they, like their betters, evidently delight in a bargain.

The cool winter breeze blows pleasantly across the open spaces at the rear of St. Patrick's, for these old garments can hardly be described as fragrant, and the quick tones of the women make an active sound in the crisp atmosphere. Close at hand are the bootstalls, with rows of well polished foot-gear of all sizes and all sorts, and the hum and the stir of this quaint phase of Dublin life goes on in the now darkening afternoon, with the great cathedral bells ringing loudly overhead.

MY GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S WEDDING.

AN OLD DUBLIN LOVE STORY.

My great grandmother sat working at her embroidery frame when the first stroke of the Christmas chimes sang out from St. Patrick's Cathedral in the City of Dublin about one hundred years ago. It sounded loud and clear in the quiet stillness of the room where my great grandmother was, being, indeed, the best parlour of my great grandmother's house next to St. Patrick's Close. The old house stands still, and is now let in tenements and occupied by very poor persons, who pass up the narrow passage from Kevin Street to their mansion without much thought of its former occupants, I dare say. While my great grandmother is listening to the Christmas bells with a happy smile on her face, we will take a look at her, and must fain admit she does not at all resemble the popular idea of the reverend relative on whom I must bestow the thrice honoured title. She was a girl of seventeen, this winter night so long ago, and her portrait painted on ivory which faces me as I write, shows that she had fair ringlets, a pretty pink and white complexion, and large dark blue eyes. The bells of the cathedral had just finished when the noise of quick footsteps sounded on the stones of the court outside, and the setting down of several sedan chairs, while a bustle of voices and opening of doors followed, and my great grandmother folded up her work hastily and was ready to receive her mother and sisters, who were returning from a Christmas Eve party, and which, from the accounts they all gave of the company, the play, and the refreshments, they appeared to have

enjoyed hugely. Hurried good-nights followed, as it was so late, and the next morning everyone was early astir, as the big family dinner of the festive season had to be ready by four o'clock, and much preparation must be made.

What a crowd of never-known, long-forgotten relations of mine gathered round the table that Christmas Day, and how proud was the host in his newly acquired dignity of Master of the Ancient City Guild to which he belonged, and what drinkings of healths and proposing of toasts. Such huge joints and immense pasties, such large helpings and such persuasion, such merry jests and loud laughter. Oh, old ancestors, who then were young. I have stood by your graves in the churchyard of St. Patrick yonder, and have wondered what you thought of life and the Dublin of your day, with its narrow boundary, oil lamps, sedan chairs, quaint citizens, and the best part of a week's time between you and London. I envied you for some things—one being that some of you knew the great Dean Swift in the flesh; he most likely had dined with you, and the opportunity was yours if you took it to cross over and hear him preach in his cathedral, but altogether the twentieth century is a better time all round than the eighteenth, I imagine, but there can be no doubt that the good people then knew how to enjoy themselves, though their ways were more boisterous than ours, and they probably drank more than was good for them. Long did the older folk linger over the well-filled decanters that were reflected in the mahogany shining beneath, and the cousins and young people were allowed their own amusement upstairs as they willed. There were games and romps suitable to the season, and little notice was taken of my great-grandmother as she discoursed in whispers with her cousin, some three years her senior. Their respective fathers sat below in the parlour, ladling their punch in easy fashion, well satisfied with themselves and the way

the world was treating them, and had little knowledge that up above their young people, or at least two of them, were carving out their lives after a manner of their own, and quite independent of the parental wishes.

What a queer old house it was, with its heavy mahogany furniture, covered in horse hair ; a large sarcophagus, wherein were kept stores of tea and sugar, too valuable and expensive not to be under lock and key. A big drum of figs stood beside it, which came each Christmas " for the children " from London. The glasses and decanters shone with the rich brightness that " cut Waterford " is so valued for in these modern times, though it was reckoned but ordinary enough then, and in daily service. The gayest day comes to an end, and bonnets and cloaks were sought for in the gloomy apartments, wherein our forefathers slept in huge four-posters closely canopied and ascended into by means of steps. The guests departed, the adieus were made, and the man servant lighted their way down the short court, and Kevin Street showed brilliantly in the darkness with a couple of oil lamps swung across the thoroughfare.


The home party retired very pleased with the success of their Yuletide entertainment and the renewal of family attachment and good will. It was early next morning when my great grandmother went forth holding tight the arm of her old nurse, and wended her way to St. Werburgh's Church, where within a brief space she said those words that made her the wife of her boy cousin, the apprentice of her father, the busy attorney, and the great secret that the two had planned and plotted for so many weeks came to completion. It was the element of romance that enchanted them. No attempt had been made to obtain permission, no leave asked, but bravely into the unknown world stepped this boy and girl, entering on the cares and duties of life with little thought or reflection beyond the moment and what it brought. A hackney coach in waiting carried

them away, and nurse went home to tell the tale. The village of Enniskerry re-echoed a few days later to the sound of a horse's quick gallop, and the rider halted at a house from the windows of which a rather frightened young couple looked forth at this messenger from the city and wondered what kind of missive he carried in response to the appeal for forgiveness they had sent when the future began to loom rather unpleasantly before them, and funds showed signs of running low. "We expect you will both dine with us next Sunday," ran the note, and the post-script added "Bearer has ten pounds for you." When the following Christmas bells were ringing *my* grandfather combined in his own small person the joint names of *his* two grandfathers, and the christening festivities were joined to those on Christmas Day, and my great grandmother was the proudest of the party. They tell me that I have her eyes, and I know that her pearl necklace lies in my jewel case.

THE END.

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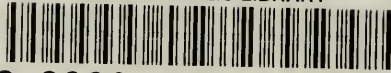
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